

Athenianism :
OR, THE
New Projects
OF
Mr. John Dunton,

Author of the Essay entitl'd,
The Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance

BEING,
Six Hundred distinct Treatises (in *Prose* and
Verse) written with his own Hand; and is an *Entire*
Collection of all his Writings, both in Manuscript, and
such as were formerly Printed.

To which is added,
Dunton's Farewel to Printing.
In some serious Thoughts on those Words of
Solomon, Of making many Books there is no End, and much
Study is a Weariness of the Flesh.

V O L. I.
With the Author's *Effigies*, to distinguish the
Original and *True Copies* from such as are *false* and *imperfect*. Take Care also of being cheated by *Wooden Cuts*:
the right is that which is drawn and 'grav'd by those
Two Celebrated Artists, *Knight* and *Vander Gucht*.

To this Work is prefix'd an *Heroick Poem* upon
Dunton's Projects, written by the *Athenian Society*; with an
Alphabetical Table of the several *Projects*, *Questions*, *No-*
velities, *Poems* and *Characters* inserted in this Volume.

L O N D O N :
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THE
DEDICATION
TO THE
Athenian SOCIETY.

Gentlemen,

ATHENIANISM being first and entirely my own Project, and my self being Honour'd so far as to be chosen and continu'd a Member of your Society, for the whole Time the Athenian Mercury (or Question-Project) was publish'd; for these Reasons you lie under a sort of Necessity to Patronize whatever bears the ATHENIAN Name: And since the Athenians thought they cou'd not make a more pleasing and agreeable Present to APOLLO, (the Name of one of the Projects in this Volume) than by sending to his Temple at Delphos their First Hare, (which they consecrated to him, as the First Production of their Brain) this makes me hope that the Athenian Society will not refuse to Patronize this, not only First, but entire Collection of all my Writings. Besides, 'twere the highest Piece of Ingratitude not to pay the First Fruits to that Sun under whose kind Influence they ripen'd and came to that little Growth you now see them in. I dare not, Gentlemen, presume to attempt a Strain of Panegyrick, lest when I have done my utmost Endeavours, the World shou'd condemn me for speaking too little on so Eminent a Subject. However, (tho' I know I shall offend your Modesty) I shall venture to say, your Learned Character is so well known in the World, I cou'd not with Honour, or Prudence, have dedicated Dunton's Projects to any other Patron but your selves,

The Learned and Famous Verulam delivering his Opinion of the Dedication of Books, declares himself no Friend to Addressees of that Nature, Because Books ought to have no Patrons but Truth and Reason. Then I am sure, had that great Man been now living, he wou'd have Licens'd the Dedication of these Projects to the Athenian Society, or at least those Three Illustrious Hero's (the late Marquess of Hallifax, Sir William Temple, and Sir Thomas

Pope Blount) wou'd have approv'd of this Dedication, as they all honour'd the Athenian Mercury so far as to call it the most entertaining and useful Project this Age has produc'd; with many other Encomiums, for which I refer you to my Sixth Project, entitl'd—Dunton's Apollo; or a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle.

Now, Gentlemen, having produc'd Three such great Authorities, to prove the Athenian Society the fittest Patrons for this Work, I shall make no further Apology for this Dedication, since you see by the Joint Suffrage of Three of the greatest Men of the Age, my Six Hundred Projects have a just Title to your Learned Patronage; and tho' it wou'd much advance the Reputation of Dunton's Athenianism, to prefix your Names in the Front of it, yet, Gentlemen, I shan't presume to put your Names to this Dedication, because I know your Inclinations lead you to more solid Learning than you'll find here; yet guessing that a Variety may not be unpleasant, I have ventur'd so far as to put the Initial Letters of your Names to the First Volume of Dunton's Projects; and to dedicate them to you under that Cover, as hoping they may serve for your Diversion, when tir'd with graver Studies.

Gentlemen, I need not tell you (you have heard it so often in Letters sent to the Black Raven) how universally the Writings of the Athenian Society have obtain'd in the World; for the several Editions of the Athenian Oracle sufficiently evince it: But tho' ATHENIANISM was entirely John Dunton's Thought, (I mean both the Athenian Mercury, the Athenian Oracle, and even the Athenian Society it self) yet this Age affording more Poets than Patrons, (for NINE MUSES may travel long e'er they can find one Mæcenas) I had not presum'd to inscribe The General Collection of all my Writings to your celebrated Names, had not your great Humility, as well as Learning, unanimously voted the Athenian Society the fittest Patron to protect, and defend a Work entitl'd ATHENIANISM. If it were not that most Writers have a sordid present Gain in View, when they design a Dedication, I am confident we shou'd see few Noblemen's Names at the Beginning of their Works, since it must be confess'd, 'twou'd be more for the Advantage of their Reputation, to chuse one another for Patrons, a Writer being better qualify'd to defend that which he has once espous'd with his Pen, than any great Man with his empty Name, or a long Catalogue of Titles. Besides, great Men make but small Reckoning of such Presents as these, in Regard they are often above their Understanding, or disagreeing from their Genius, or (which is as bad to an Author) are so far from rewarding his fulsom Praises, (for most Dedications consist of little else) they han't the Soul sometimes to pay for the bare Book they present him with; (of which I cou'd name several Instances) but for my Part, I prefer Piety before Birth, and Learning before Dignity, and consequently chuse rather to address these Six Hundred Projects to the Athenian Society, than

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to any other Person whatsoever. At least, I am sure no Man will think my Choice of Patrons improper, when he shall consider how well able you are to protect my Failings with your Invincible Pens, against all those who shall hereafter attack them: Nor will the Defect of what I have writ make me at all despair of your favourable Reception, since every Action ought to receive its Value from the Intention, not the awkward Manner of Performance.

So that you see, Gentlemen, Honour, or Applause, or a Present of Guineas, was the least Thing I minded in this Dedication; no, Gentlemen, to be plain with you, I rate my Time and Freedom higher than to CREEP Three or Four Days to a great Man, (for perhaps a NOD, or a Brace of Guineas) because the DUKE that wears it rides in his Coach and Six. I value no Man for his splendid Equipage, or strutting Titles, but only for his Piety, Humility, and Learning. Every Fool can put the Sweat of his Tenants in his Pocket, but he's the Darling of Fortune that (like the Athenian Society) carries his Estate in his Brains. Then, my Athenian Brethren, if you'll smile upon Dunton's Projects, I shall think my self more honour'd; than if a Duke, or Lord, had condescended so far as to have ask'd me to dedicate this Volume to him.

So that you see, Gentlemen, there's many Reasons why I should dedicate my Six Hundred Projects to the Athenian Society; neither durst I venture 'em abroad under any Patronage but yours; for to whom could Athenianism more justly fly for Protection, than to the Athenian Society, who (my unworthy self excepted) are acknowledg'd by all to be so truly Masters of it: The Muses have long acknowledged you their Sovereign, and indeed your General and Curious Learning deserves this Eminent Title much better than the Apollo's, Reviews, P—vey's, and those other Interlopers that (merely for the Sake of Bread) have presum'd to ATE my Athenian Project; "since you have not only encourag'd them to write by your Munificence, but by your Example, which is always more efficacious: But tho' (Gentlemen) this were Glory enough for any other Person but the Athenian Society, yet WIT is not the only shining Quality for which the World admires you: To a Happy Imagination and Lively Genius you have reconcil'd the Severity and Profoundness of Judgment. So that I may well dread presenting Six Hundred Projects (but more especially my Projects in Verse) to your Critical Eye; but as you are a great Judge of Wit and Poetry, so you are likewise my Friend, (which I presume to call you, as I've been concern'd in your Noblest Passions, and are the Secret Oracle I consult in all doubtful Matters) and I hope will excuse what Errors you find in this, and those succeeding Volumes that are to compleat Dunton's Athenianism; for tho' the Generality of Readers are govern'd by Opinion and Humour, instead of Reason, and will run down a Book when they have scarce read the Title Page, yet I hope you will give Sentence like a just and merciful

ful Judge; and my late Essay entitl'd— The Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance coming to *SIX EDITIONS* in London*, (*besides those Printed in Holland, Edinburgh, Dublin, and in the University of Oxford; where, as Mr. Swinnock informs me, 'twas re-printed several Times*) it has encourag'd me to hope that even my Enemies, as well as my Friends, will be very kind to the General Collection of all my Projects, which I entitle Athenianism. The Thurians had a Law, that whoever abolish'd an old Law, or establish'd a new, shou'd present himself before the People with a Rope about his Neck, that if his Project was not approv'd, he might be presently strangl'd. I shou'd scarce have ventur'd my Question-Project (tho' an Invention of General Use) upon that Bottom, and much less Dunton's Six Hundred Projects, as they all *DRIBL'D* thro' one Quill—— However, 'twas the kind Reception the World gave to my— Christian's Gazette— Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance— Panegyrick on Jeffery's Cruelties— and Satyr upon King William— (which is the Eighth Project in this Volume) that encourag'd me to revise all my Writings formerly publish'd, and such as I had still by me in Manuscript, and to publish the whole under the General Title of Athenianism; and (Gentlemen) how far they'll deserve that New and Celebrated Title you'll soon see, if you'll either consult— the Titles of the several Projects,— or at least will be sensible of it by that Time my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd.

Gentlemen, My chief Design in writing and publishing these Six Hundred Projects, is to furnish the *VIRTUOSI* with Matters fit for pious and ingenious Conversations, which perhaps I have perform'd in some Measure, because of the great, and not unpleasant Variety of Things they contain. I speak every where my Mind with a Philosophical Freedom, neither blaming other Mens Fancies, nor presuming too much upon my own Conceits; for to polish my own Notions, I consulted not only your learned selves, but the best Authors I cou'd find on the Subjects I was treating of, and made the best Improvement I cou'd of 'em; for I judg'd it safer, where my Projects were Nice and Curious, to build upon the Foundation of learned Authors, than to obtrude my own raw and indigested Notions (meerly for Novelty's sake) upon the Publick: Or if any Reader shou'd condescend so far as to ask for such new Thoughts as are entirely my own, they'll find it in my Projects entitl'd— The Double Courtship— Satyr upon King William— Dunton's Apollo— New Creation— Judas— Dunton's Shadow— He-Strumpets— Dissenting Doctors— Mounted Beggar— Dunton's Sermon— (for I think I have as much Authority to preach as Daniel de Foe, who lately made his *REVIEW* a Pulpit and himself the *PAR-*

* With those Three Editions the Pyrate-Printers rob'd me of.

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SON) in which Ten Projects I scarce consult either Author, or Friend.

But, Gentlemen, as I publish every distinct Treatise for Real Athenianism, and give it the Name of a NEW PROJECT, 'tis necessary I here tell you what I wou'd have understood by those Words, Athenianism— and New Project.

“ All Ages (as if Athens had been the Original) have been “ curious in their Enquiries, (that is, Lovers of Novelty) Curiosity it self is so much a Part of Nature, that 'tis seldom “ laid aside 'till the whole Frame is dissolv'd; which made Dr. Wild say,

We all are seiz'd with th' Athenian Itch,
News and new Things do the whole World bewitch.

'Twas this Love to Novelty, together with my Correspondence with Madam Singer, (as you'll find in my First Project, entitl'd The Double Courtship) put me on writing Six Hundred Projects; neither is that Number to be wonder'd at, for the Mind of Man is naturally active, and prone to Thoughts, 'tis daily forming some NEW PROJECT; in a Moment, with the Slight of a Thought it mounts from Earth to Heaven, and back again, from Age to Age: from present to future; like Lightning it shoots from East to West, vanishing in Appearance. So that a Project (or New Thought) design'd for the Press, has no other Being but what it borrows from the Author's Fancy, which (did the World but give him Encouragement) might as well produce Six Thousand as Six Hundred Projects. So that you see, Gentlemen, A New Project (or delicate Thought) is the finest Production of the Mind, and the Flower of Wit— But such as are curious to know more than's reveal'd, are a sort of Madmen, that to be cur'd of the Athenian Itch, go to the Devil for Brimstone. One wou'd think indeed one cou'd not be too curious, nor delicate, in searching after Novelties; but Men over-refine sometimes with thinking too nicely, and then the Thought (or Project) degenerates into a Subtilty which stretches into what we call Vain Curiosity. This subtle Projecting is an exquisite Affectation, or as an Italian calls it, “ A Distillation of the Brain: But Athenianism (or a Search after Novelties) may be so refin'd as to become a Duty. The ingenious Hurst being sensible of this, directs his Hearers* how they may enquire after News, not as Athenians, but as Christians; and I hope, Gentlemen, there will be nothing found in the following Projects that I need blush to own, or another to read.

Every Day is so crowded with New Books and Pamphlets, that some think that the only Project that is now wanted in the learned

* See Mr. Hurst's Sermon in the Casuistical Morning Exercise. p. 400.

World is— A Look back into antient Times— for something more nice and valuable than our Modern Authors have yet publish'd, which gave Birth to that Collection of Rarities entitl'd The PHENIX, which was a Project entirely my own. 'Tis A Revival of such scarce and valuable Pieces as are found only in the Closets of the curious, or such as I have been purchasing in Auctions for Twenty Years (as any Auctioneer can tell you.) But this Phoenix Project (of which there is Two Volumes already publish'd) being a Project of large Extent and of great Expence, I have resign'd the sole Management of it to the nice Judgment and great Fidelity of Mr. D——, and do believe the Phoenix to be (the Athenian Oracle excepted) the best Project I ever yet propos'd to the World: But I know our Athenian Gentlemen will be ready to say, "There is no Novelty in old Books, and to look back into antient Times is to discover nothing but what we know: Then pray Mr. Dunton, don't amuse us with old Stories, but tell us something we don't know.

Gentlemen, I hope my Athenianism will satisfy your Fancy in that Particular; for it discovers to you Six Hundred Projects that are wholly New. As my Project entitl'd The Phoenix is to present you with nothing but what is old, scarce, and valuable; so my Project entitl'd Athenianism, is wholly the Reverse of the Phoenix Project, being only to present you with what is new, strange and surprizing.

But, Gentlemen, if in these New Projects I seem to be somewhat Paradoxical, 'tis no more in Appearance perhaps than in Reality; for these seeming Paradoxes, if not overlook'd, may appear to an unprejudic'd Reader, undeniable Truths, or at least, not to be altogether improbable. (as were many of the Paradoxes in my Two Projects entitl'd— Athenian Spy— and Athenian Sport— which Paradoxes shall be continu'd in Dunton's Athenianism, tho' under other Titles, till those Two diverting Projects are both compleas'd) Of such Subjects 'tis free to every one to dispute Pro and Con, as it serves his Turn, or present Fancy, wherein I cou'd never conceive any thing of a Pedantick Humour, but a very lawful and laudable Exercise of Wit and Ability; which I designedly add, because some I know are of Opinion, that all kind of Learning and Ingenuity shou'd be banish'd from a free and familiar Converse: But I conceive such Men to be either of the dullest Sort, or meer Epicureans, as taking Delight in nothing but what may please their Senses, or revive the Images of their past Pleasures. Thus some Homebred Gentlemen make a long Story to every one they meet, of what they daily eat or drink, others talk perpetually of their Amours, Mistresses, and new Intrigues, and not a few (like the Female Tatler) abuse your Patience with severe Reflections on their Neighbours: But, Gentlemen, since you are not guilty of such Irregularities, I had no other Reason than your Learned Cha-

Character to prefix your Name to Dunton's Projects: 'Tis true, your new Honour (for all Men adore the Rising Sun) might have engag'd me to make you this Present, had I been of an Humour to value Men only by their Out-side, I mean by what is without them, and not rather by their real Parts, and if I may so say, Intrinsick Nobility. I owe indeed an outward Respect to a Duke, or Lord, &c. yet I shall pay him no inward Homage, if nothing else recommend him but the Greatness of his Family; whence you may easily judge, that how considerable soever you may be in the Eyes of the World, by your New Preferments, I do value you most for what is really your own, I mean your Ingenuity, Discretion, Wisdom, yea, and Virtue too, so seldom to be met with in this corrupted Age we live in. As these Endowments of the Mind are far more taking with me than any other Advantages of Fortune whatsoever, so they were my chief Inducement to ask your Patronage of this Work: And the Truth is, as you thought good to Honour me so far as to dedicate one whole Volume of the Athenian Mercuries to my self, and another to the Pindarick Lady*, (whose Poems so greatly recommended the Athenian Project, and to whose Platonick Friendship my Six Hundred Projects owe their Birth) 'twou'd be a high Ingratitude, shou'd I dedicate Dunton's Athenianism to any other than to the Athenian Society. What tho' our Athenian Brother (Dr. N——) is prefer'd, our Divine (Mr. W——) dignify'd, (and I wou'd say deserv'd it, had he not left the Whigs that gave him Bread, to Herd with the High-flyers) and our Mathematick Brother (Mr. Sault) has exchang'd his beloved Algebra for a Demonstration in Heaven: However, Gentlemen, I hope your New Preferments have not so far made you forget our former Intimacy and Friendship, as to deny your Patronage to this Work; or if it does, I must beg your Pardon, if I recommend to your Reading my Twelfth Project, where you'll see how the Beggar looks, who being Mounted, rides to the Devil: But this SATYR can no ways affect you, for "your Great Advancement has made no Alteration in your former engaging Tempers and Carriage; you are still as free, as pleasant, and as affable to your meaner Friends as you were before; whereas we daily see many Persons whom a little Honour, or Advancement, changes from all the good Qualities they once possess'd, to Lustiness and Pride; whom an high Station fills with as high Thoughts, and who cannot, from their more exalted Condition, look upon such as are below them without Contempt and Scorn: But you are Gentlemen and Scholars, and as such are above Pride, and I don't fear but will condescend so far as to patronize a Work that is to perpetuate and compleat the Question-Project, under the new Word—ATHENIANISM—and 'tis hard,

* Madam Singer.

if amongst Six Hundred Projects that are to furnish out that Word, you don't find ONE that shall deserve your Patronage. 'Tis true, these Projects were all Hatch'd in the Retirements of a Country Cell, and now fly abroad, not so much to boast the Paint of their Plumes, and Elegancy of their Dress, as the Newness of their Garb and Habit, wherein they appear; and for that Reason they are entitl'd ATHENIANISM. Not (Gentlemen) that I presume to discover any thing you don't know, you have advanc'd so far in all Art and Science, as that the utmost of my Projects (were the Six Hundred enlarg'd to as many Thousands) can't contribute one Thought to further your Progress, neither is it possible for me to flatter you, your Learning (but much more your Humility) has set you so much above it; and for that Reason I here dedicate my Six Hundred Projects to the Athenian Society, as believing that celebrated Name a sufficient Recommendation, and your Learned Patronage the Highest Honour that can be conferr'd on your undeserving Athenian Brother.

Gentlemen— Having told you what I mean by that new Word— ATHENIANISM— what by— NEW PROJECTS— and shewn the Necessity you lie under of PATRONIZING those Six Hundred Projects that were either written, translated, abridg'd, or paraphras'd with my own Hand, 'twill be necessary in the next Place I give you a brief Account what the Six Hundred Projects are: And here I am first to acquaint you, (what you'll find more at large in Dunton's Apollo) "that having been an ATHENIAN (or Lover of Novelty) almost "from my Infancy, I hope to present you with Six Hundred Projects that are wholly NEW, (either as to the Subject, or Method of handling) or that are so scarce, that they are not to be purchas'd in London; of which— my Projects call'd— The Art of living Incognito— Abdicated Prince— Merciful Affizes— Parable of the Magpies— Satyr on King William— and Night-walker— are but Six Instances of near an Hundred I cou'd name, which are so SCARCE, that I am yet to seek for Copies to print 'em by: And as I shall reprint (under the General Title of Athenianism) what TREATISES I formerly writ, and are now out of Print, so I shall mix them with great Variety of Manuscripts which I have been long preparing fair for the Press, and have never yet seen the Light; of which you have at least Fifteen Instances in this First Volume, and perhaps may have as many in the Second, my Design being to furnish out Dunton's Athenianism with at least Five Hundred Projects that are wholly new, the Number of those I formerly writ and publish'd being, as near as I can judge, about One Hundred Projects.

Thus (Gentlemen) you see what the Six Hundred Projects are that you are to expect in this and the following Volumes. I suppose 'twill

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'will be needless to give you any further Account what the Six Hundred Projects will treat of, only you may please to take notice, that under the General Title of Athenianism there is included HISTORY, both Civil and Ecclesiastical, PHILOSOPHY in all its Parts, PHYSICK with its Train of wonderful Cures, and PHILOLOGY with all its known Criticisms; and in a word all Dunton's Athenian, Serious, Historical, Amusing, Comical, Letter, and Poetical Projects. Malvezzi seeking out the Reason why NOVELTY is pleasing says, 'That Men being necessitated to die behold not willingly decay'd Things, which put them in mind of that unavoidable Necessity. I own Descartes asserts that NOVELTY is but Oblivion, and KNOWLEDGE but Remembrance; and if this were true, all my Search after Novelties is but an Endeavour to restore to Posterity those lost Arts and Projects which render Antiquity so venerable: But with Submission to the Judgment of that great and learned Man Descartes, I hope to prove there is something new, (and that my Six Hundred Projects are so many Instances of it) and therefore I hope the World will be kind to this General Athenian Project, if not for the Pains I have taken, yet for the NOVELTY they will find in it; for as I have put the Word—ATHENIANISM—in my Title Page, I am in a manner oblig'd to treat of nothing but what is NEW, but I intend more particularly to discourse of whatever shall occur NEW in Divinity, History, Projecting, and Conversation, &c. for which End I have establish'd a general Correspondence both Abroad and at Home, not that I intend to confine my self altogether to what is NEW, but in several Projects will reserve a Liberty to divert into the Paths of Antiquity, (as I have done in my Two Projects call'd Double-Hell and the Secret Narrative) view the Recesses of former Ages, and enquire into the Productions of ancient Learning, so that by that time my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd I hope to present the Athenian World (or Lovers of Novelty) with a compendious View of UNIVERSAL LEARNING. I confess 'tis a BOLD PROMISE, but that my Athenianism (when compleated) may make it good, the first Project in my Second Volume shall be—The Philosophick Spy: Or a new Search after Vanity in the Arts and Sciences, &c. which SPY I design to continue in all my Athenian Volumes, 'till my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd; and in the last Volume that compleats these Projects I shall add a FAREWEL TO PRINTING in some serious Thoughts on those Words of Solomon: Of making many Books there is no end, and much Study is a Weariness of the Flesh. And then if a Man goes to Bed 'till he dies, nor wakes 'till the Resurrection, Good Night to you here, and good Morrow hereafter; and JOHN when thou art so repos'd,

Lie still in thy Grave for the Quiet o'th' Nation,
Nor canst thou write more without flat Conjurat[i]on.

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Gentlemen,—after giving this last Farewel to this Life and World (the Mind I am in) I shall trouble the World with no more PRO-JECTS, but having printed Seven Hundred Books written by other Persons, I was willing to add Six (or perhaps Twelve) Hundred of my own writing, to convince the Lovers of Novelty how much I have labour'd to gratifie their CURIOSITY.

Gentlemen, in all this great Variety of Books I never printed another Man's Copy without his Leave, or ONCE stole his Thought or Project; bad Mr. S—— and Mr. P—— consider'd this sure they would never have interlop'd with my Question-Project, and afterwards (to advance the Credit of their British-Apollo) treated me with such mean and scoundrel Language, for they can't but know my Estate in Land, (when all my Debts are paid, which should be next Minute were I releas'd from my Wife's Jointure) would buy out their WHOLE SOCIETY of British Apollo's, (which THE REHEARSAL tells you consists of—Abennigo, Simpleton only)—at least forty times. Then judge what a SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN this is, (Men of the brightest Parts, as they call themselves) to RATTLE so much of my great Poverty, and to publish so many Poems writ by themselves in their own Commendation; and tho' I intend to forgive 'em, (for he's below himself that is not above an Injury) yet the Wrong they did me in their ADVERTISEMENT was so spiteful as to deserve CORRECTION, and therefore (as they pretend to be Gentlemen) I resolve to demand Satisfaction, when and wherever I see 'em, for you know the Athenians and Lacedemonians were ever at Daggers drawing, of which TOM BROWN was a scandalous Instance, 'till we suppress'd his Interloping-Mercury, by re-answering all the Questions that were sent to him; which Method I will take again in a Paper I intend to entitle Athenian News, &c. and will abridge all the British Apollo's they have yet publish'd, if these just Resentments don't teach their Apollo the Golden Rule, or at least lash him into better Manners, than first to STEAL a Man's Project, and then abuse him to justify the Interloping.

Thus (Gentlemen) having given you a brief Account of my PROSE-PROJECTS—— I shall say something of those in VERSE—— and so conclude with a short Remark on Dunton's Effigies facing the General Title to his Six Hundred Projects, and shall add a Word or two about the Errata, and then farewell, my Athenian Brethren, 'till I make you a Personal Visit, to request your best Thoughts upon those many nice and uncommon Questions which I intend to insert in my NEXT APOLLO.

Gentlemen, as to my Projects in Verse I am here to acquaint you that I have (for Variety sake) equally divided my Projects into Prose and Verse, so that Project 1. is Prose, and Project 2. is Verse, and my Six Hundred Projects shall be all continu'd in that Method (viz. one in Prose, and one in Verse) 'till they are all publish'd.

Gentlemen

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Gentlemen, I will not call this Poetical Part of my Projects my WORKS, they were my RECREATION; the Poet calls his Books his CHILDREN: For, says Randolph,

If I a POEM leave, that Poem is my SON.

That Poetical Project (that is to run thro' my whole Athenianism) is but a DAUGHTER, slight, trifling, slender, impertinent, yet the RARITY of the Projects encourage me to hope that what cannot satisfy because not so useful, may please for the sake of Rhiming and Novelty, not that I am ambitious to be thought a Poet, for they are generally Beggars; the famous Butler, (if you'll believe Oldham)—was forc'd to die and be interr'd on Tick.—Yet I have ever had a great Love to the Muses, but shall never deserve the ILLUSTRIOUS Name of a Poet, for tho' in the Eight Lines under my Picture you are pleas'd to say,

And's Heraldry he from the Muses Farms,
For Pegasus thou'd be a Poet's Arms.

Yet (Gentlemen) I reckon you there call me POET in meer Compliment, or for the Verse sake, and perhaps make PEGASUS my Coat of Arms, (as a sort of New Project) to supply the want of a real Coat, but be it as 'twill, the Name of Poet I neither slight nor cover; however, I have ever been a sort of Persecutor of Nature, and would fain have chang'd the dull Lead of my Brain into finer Metal, and I hope I may be allow'd to say, if my Soul had been improv'd equal to some others, (I mean, if I had not discontinu'd my Studies for that Twenty Two Years I was an Apprentice and Trader in the Stationers Company) it might have produc'd better Things; (a fuller Stream than HELICON'S may be drain'd that has no Showers to supply the Current.) But tho' I am not worthy to hold the Stirrop to PEGASUS, (notwithstanding you make him my Coat of Arms) yet I thought it no great Presumption to attempt a Frolick in Verse upon merry, odd, barren and trifling Subjects,—— and I fear no Rival in such Projects, for our English Bards are too conceited to own themselves Authors of meer Impertinence; and the Truth is, our FIRST-RATE-POETS have some reason to value themselves above the unthinking Crowd, for good Poetry is such an immortal thing, that, were it put to my Choice, I would sooner chuse to be Author of Cowley's Works, Garth's Dispensary, or Watts's Horæ Lyricæ, &c. than to be a Sovereign Prince; and for that Reason I have in my Projects entitl'd, The Irish Huckster,—The true Gentleman,—Wedding-Legacy,—— wrought in many curious Thoughts that I met with in Cowley, Dryden, Garth, Congreve, Sedley, Gold; and this I have done without quoting the Authors, that the Criticks may rail at Cowley, Dryden, Garth, &c. when they think they rail at me; but if at any time I have borrow'd a sparkling Thought, yet still
—— The

—— The Projection, Plot, and Method —— of every Project (both in Prose and Verse) is entirely my own, and so for the most part are the Words; yet there's few extraordinary Thoughts in any of our modern Poets but are brought into Dunton's Athenianism, but they are so much alter'd, enlarg'd, or adapted to new Purposes, that the Original Author can't pretend any Right to 'em; and if after all the Pains I have taken my Poetical Projects should only wipe —— I shan't complain, for not one POEM in Twenty is worth reading; then what must my MUSE expect that has but a JADE to ride on? To the making of a good Poet it is requisite that he should have a round-Stock of Learning, a Conversation with the Court, and the Art of versifying, these Things, besides a GENIUS, (which is the Soul of all) are so connected with each other that a Man can never be said to be FINISH'D without them all; then (Gentlemen) you can't expect in my ARTLESS Performance the least Perfection, or any of those shining Graces of Poetry that adorn the Works of the famous Dryden, &c. I have attempted what he could have made compleat. To have Proportion, good Sense, Beauty and Harmony in a POEM belongs not to Six Men, there are very few that arrive to any Perfection in Poetry; I scarce know any but Cowley, Dryden, Garth, Stennet and Watts, &c. that deserve the Name of a Poet. But if the World should be kind to the Poetical Projects in this Volume, in my Second Volume I will insert a Poetical Project, which I'll venture to call —— A PROVERBIAL POEM, (or the Wit of the Age reduc'd to Practice) in which, (if I live to compleat it) I shall present the Reader with A Poetical View of the World in Characters. Since then Poetry has had the good Fortune to become the Favourite of the Age, I hope my POETICAL PROJECTS, being as numerous as the PROSE, will not fall short of their own End, and my Design, which is to divert and please. And (Gentlemen) how far I have consulted this will appear from my Poetical Projects entir'd, —— The Nightingal, —— Dignify'd and Distinguish'd, —— Weeping-Elegy, &c. —— which great Variety of Poems cannot but be grateful, and a MISCELLANY must needs yield more Delight than one continu'd Poem, for the same Reason I presume as at an Entertainment most People are pleas'd with Variety of Courses, when a standing Dish would not at all gratify their Appetites; or if any Reader is so morose as to be disgusted with that pleasant Variety he'll find in my POETICAL PROJECTS, if he can be so much the Master of his Passions as to read himself over in these Projects, (for 'tis Ten to one but he'll meet with his own Character, if he begins with the first and reads on to the last Volume of Dunton's Athenianism) with Patience, and without either CURSING this Author or his Projects, I shall begin to hope there may be a Possibility of his Reformation; 'till then I value as little the Censure of such a Man as I do his Friendship: So that if any are displeas'd with the Rhiming Projects in this Book, such (as — The Parson's Son, — Mathematick-Funeral, — Purple Monarch, —

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March, &c.— I have no Reason to be concern'd, for if I have mix'd
Divine Subjects with such as are more cheerful, 'twas in hopes

A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies.—Herbert.

And (Gentlemen) I believe you'll own there be some Readers
wou'd not look upon a serious Book, if something more AIRY did
not allure them to it: But tho' some of my Projects, (but more especi-
ally the POETICAL) are more serious than others, yet I don't know
one Line in the most facetious Project that can justly offend the gravest
Reader, and therefore if any thing prevent the perfecting of Dun-
ton's Projects 'twill be only the Censure of wise and good Men; but
yet there are so few of them, that I think for that Reason I am pretty
safe, and the more because they are Men of the greatest Candor,
the slowest to Censure, the easiest to excuse, and the readiest to
pardon; and which I the more expect, as there shan't be one Poetical
Project in Dunton's Athenianism but what is either innocently
pleasant or really profitable; or if any serious Christian is of another
Opinion, if he'll send his NAME and CORRECTIONS to my
worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. Daniel Waghorn in Noble-Street,
to whom I'm oblig'd for the GREATEST SECRETS in this Vo-
lume, and for that miraculous Narrative emit'd,— The Appariti-
on-Evidence) they shall be all inserted in the Second Edition of this
Book.

I shall now (as I promis'd) conclude with a short Remark on
Dunton's Effigies facing the General Title to his Six Hundred
Projects.

I shall introduce what I have to say of Dunton's Picture with a
short Account of the Original of Drawing Faces, for 'tis so little
known the Discovery of it is a sort of Novelty.

The first LIMNING that ever was owes its Rise to — the Part-
ing of Two Lovers, — in this manner: When the Daughter of
Deluriades the Sycionian was to take Leave of her Sweet-heart, now
going to Wars, to comfort her SELF in his Absence she took his
Picture with a Coal upon the Wall, as the Candle gave the Shadow,
which her Father admiring perfected it afterwards, and it was the
first Picture by Report that ever was made. — But the
Drawing OF Dunton's Face — owes its Rise to the great
Wrong done me by H —, and other Pyratrical Printers, and not to
LOVE, (as was the Case of the Sycionian Limner) for being mar-
ried my SPOUSE and I wear each others Pictures in our Hearts, (be-
ing drawn and hung there) and so have no Occasion for an outward
Picture to comfort us, for neither Absence, Time, nor scarce Death
itself, can fade the Colours where a united Heart's — the Frame,
— and — the Picture — true Affection; so that you
see (Gentlemen) 'twas meer Right and Property, and not the fear
that my Wife should lose the Idea of her Husband's Face, that
compell'd me to the Exercise of so much Patience as to sit THREE
TIMES

TIMES to have (an't please ye) my Face Drawn, to be star'd on as often as the Reader pleases; yet I might affirm, (did not Modesty forbid me to give 'em their just Praise) — that Knight and Limn'd, Vander Gucht grav'd, — and Freeman (a) work'd off my Picture so much to the Life, you don't flatter 'em when you say,

They make my Picture seem to think and live.

A Gentleman seeing a very good Picture of S. Bruno, the Founder of the Carthusian Order, and being ask'd his Opinion of it, Wonders not it, says he, for his silent Rule it would speak. So I may say of Dunton's Picture, ('tis Drawn so much to the Life, 'bating a little Flattery) that were not Pictures resolv'd on a perpetual Silence (that is, had they not a RULE to hold their Tongues) this Picture would talk as LOUD and as often as the Original does by which 'twas Drawn: So that (Gentlemen) you might well say of my Two Limners,

Their Pencil sure was made of Flesh and Blood.

For as SPEECHLESS as my Picture is 'tis Drawn so much ALIVE 'tis hop'd 'twill guard Dunton's Athenianism from all Pyrratical Printers, by distinguishing the original and true Copies from such as are false and imperfect.

So that you see (Gentlemen) I'm guilty of no PICTURE-VANITY in putting my handsom Phiz (for if I'll banter my self who can help it) in the Front of my Writings, for I do it to secure the Profit of my own Labour, and to prevent the Pyrratical Printers cheating the World again with sham and imperfect Copies of Dunton's Projects; and if this innocent Countermine (or Picture-Project) don't secure my Right and Property I must bid Farewel to Printing before I have writ that Farewel to it I promise in the Title to this Work, for the Pirate Printers ever since the great Sale of my Essay on A Death-Bed-Repentance, rob me of all the Copies I now publish with my own Name, or that they think I am any ways concern'd in writing. (My Satyr call'd — The He-Strumpets was pirated in Two Hours after 'twas publish'd, as Mr. CURL and several others can tell you) and therefore 'tis I put my Picture to DUNTON'S PROJECTS, to distinguish the original and true Copies from such as are false and imperfect: Take care also of being cheated by Wooden Copies for no ATHENIANISM is publish'd by me, (or has the thirtieth part of my Original Copy) but what has my EFFIGIES in Copper, Drawn by those Two celebrated Artists Mr. Knight and Mr. Vander Gucht. But what a wicked and thievish Age do we live in that there should be any occasion for this Caution? Surely that CHARITABLE

(a) Mr. Freeman the Rolling-Prefs-Printer is here meant, who lives in Bishop's-Head-Court in Grays-In-Lane,

PIRAT

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PIRATE did not consider, The Receiver is as bad as the Thief, who (if the Report be true) sent to H——H—— to desire him to print Sir W——D——s Sermons with what speed he cou'd, for they were much esteem'd, and if he cou'd have them at a small Price, he wou'd give away several Hundreds: But if —— The Receiver be as bad as the Thief—— (as all acknowledge) 'tis strange to me, that any Booksellers of Credit, or honest Buyers, shou'd so far encourage these Thievish Practices, as either —— to sell or buy —— those stoln Copies that are publish'd by Pirate Printers (not for the Benefit of the Poor) but to cheat the Publick; for as De Foe * observes, "This wronging of Authors, by publishing their Works imperfect, and robbing the Booksellers, by mangling and re-printing such Copies they had honestly bought, is the Shame and Scandal of the present Time, and gives a liberty to daily Invasions of Property, equal in Villany to robbing a House, or plundering an Hospital. Nor is this all, it is a Discouragement to Industry, a Dishonour to Learning, and a Cheat upon the whole Nation; by this Practice a Man that has studied several Years to perform the most elaborate Work, has perhaps been at 500*l.* Charge to print it, besides all the other Pains, and to whom such a Work might otherwise be an Inheritance, and to his Family; has his Labour destroy'd, his Expences lost, and his Copy printed by Sham and Piratical Booksellers and Printers, who eat the Gain of the poor Man's Labour, destroy and spoil the Work it self, cheat the Buyer, by performing it imperfect, and ruin the laborious Author: Upon this Account, I with so much Detestation abhor the Practice; and therefore if the Stationers Company ever think good to attempt so good a Work, as the Regulation of the Press, they shall not fail of all my Assistance, both as to Labour and Charge—— Thus far Daniel De Foe, and seeing H—— H—— is the Printer that is chiefly saviriz'd in these Reflections, I shall here tell that **ARCH-PIRATE**, and hard'n'd Wretch, that I verily think he is as much obliged to make Restitution for the Wrong he has done to my self, in Printing The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance—— And to Daniel De Foe, in Printing his *Jure Divino*, &c. as if he had pick'd our Pockets, or robb'd us on the High-way; and I wish he may not find it so in the other World, whatever **JEST** he may make of his Thefts in this, for all Divines are of this Opinion—— That without Restitution, there is no Salvation; and I can say for my own Share, I'm damag'd by him above an Hundred Pounds, in that one Book call'd, The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance; but I wou'd freely forgive him cou'd I see any Sign of his Penitence, but I have no hope of a Thief that defends and makes a Jest of his Piracy; for he says, "When a Book is

* In his *Weekly Review*.

"publish'd,

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" publish'd, every Man has a Right to print it : However, since the Receiver is as bad as the Thief ; surely every HONEST BUYER, being thus forewarn'd, will no longer have a Hand in cheating himself, as he really does, that buys Duntton's Athenianism without my Effigies, or any Book with my Name to it, if not publish'd by John Morphey.

So that you see, Gentlemen, 'tis merely the securing the Benefit of my own Copies, that has put me to the Charge of a Copper Plate, and not the Ambition to have a Face cut in Brass, with a Laurel about my Head, and Pegasus for my Arms, and eight Verses under my Picture, writ by the Athenian Society.

I shall now add a Word or two about the ERRATA, and then, Gentlemen, Farewell, till we meet at E—— or at Smith's (the old Athenian Coffee-House) in Stocks-Market.

As to the ERRATA, all I shall say is this—— Humanum est errare—— (for why else was the ATHENIAN MERCURY once suppress'd for answering an ensnaring Question concerning an old Gentleman that had two Daughters). We transgress in all the Ways of our Lives ; nay, even Life it self is little else than Digression : Then let him that stands take care of Falling : The World's a Lottery, and he that preaches against pardoning my Faults to Day, may want it for himself and Family to Morrow. The best Man living (says Bishop Usher) does enough in the Day, to bring him on his Knees at Night. Then no Wonder so mean a Writer, as JOHN DUNTON can pretend to little else than Mistakes, and ERRORS, not only in this Book, but throughout the whole Course of my Life but tho' my ERRORS are many (and some of them scarce pardonable) yet to do my two Printers * Justice (tho' I scarce think they are perfect) I have no ERRORS to charge them with, and for my own MISTAKES (as to this Book) the most material are to be found in those two Projects entituled—— The Scotch Commencement—— and Dissenting Doctors—— where for Dr. Benjamin Calamy, read Dr. Edmund Calamy—— and for Dr. Nathaniel Oldfield, read Dr. Joshua Oldfield.

Gentlemen—— as to any other ERRORS you may meet with in this Book, I hope your good Nature will be as ready to forgive 'em, as your Wit is able to find 'em, for my Projects are NEW and as I venture to embark for Terra Incognita, I hope the Hazard I run to oblige the CURIOUS will be accepted, when my Errors in Sailing never so many. Besides (Gentlemen) 'tis some small Excuse for the Errors you'll meet with in this Work that the great Variety and Usefulness of the Subjects, that go to compleat it, might well have employ'd all the Time and Care of REAL APOLLO ; and yet have fall'n short in the Performance where the Project (like mine) was a Universal Entertainment.

* Mr. Robert Tookey, and Mr. Thomas Darrack.

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But, Gentlemen, if I enlarge, I shall make an ERRATA in my very ERRATA; I shall therefore conclude with this one Request, That the Ingenious of either Sex (but more especially your selves) wou'd send such Pieces in Prose and Verse, as may properly be inserted in my second Volume; but more especially you are desired to send what may compleat my History of strange Conversions——Frolick in Verse——Dunton's Apollo, or any Project, Question, or uncommon Subject, not yet inserted in Dunton's Athenianism; and I hope, as many of the Rhiming Frolicks in this Volume were sent to me by unknown Hands, that others will follow that generous Example, that Dunton's Athenianism may present the Curious with such Novelties, as may effectually cure the Athenian Itch, by that time my Six Hundred Projects are all publish'd: What Novelties you send, direct them to John Dunton at the Sword in New-Street, and for those that desire it, they shall have their Names publish'd as Benefactors to this NEW PROJECTION; I call it NEW, as in these Sheets I have advanc'd many Things wholly New, and design every succeeding Volume shall consist chiefly of Novelties, of which you have several Instances in the Projects entituled——The Court and Character of Queen Mary——Dunton in Mourning——Satyr on the Mathematick Professors——Mistical Cases——and in my Project entituled The Benevolence——And will have yet more surprizing Novelties in the second Volume of Dunton's Athenianism, my Generous Friend Mr. Daniel Waghorn, having promis'd me another Pacquet of Secrets to furnish out that Volume, and I hope my Third, Fourth and Fifth Volumes, &c. will be oblig'd to some (as
UNKNOWN BENEFACTORS.

Gentlemen——I am further to acquaint you that you have in this First Volume of Dunton's Athenianism, Twenty Four of the Six Hundred Projects promis'd in the Title to this Work; it wou'd too far anticipate my own Design of presenting the World with Novelties, to tell you what the [576] remaining Projects besides to be particular in that Discovery, wou'd take up more time than this Address will allow of; I having exceeded the Bounds of most Dedications already: However, Gentlemen, I will so far indulge your Athenian Itch, as to promise you in my second Volume, the Projects entituled,

1. The Art of Living Incognito; being an hundred Letters on many uncommon Subjects; written by John Dunton during his Retreat from the World and Business. The Second Edition corrected and much enlarg'd; with an Alphabetical Table to the whole Undertaking.

2. Death-Bed Charity, or Alms and no Alms, a Paradox, being Madam Jane Nicholas giving Fifty Pound a Year to the poor of St. A———was no Charity, but as she (vainly) thought, a sort of compounding with God Almighty, for giving nothing to the

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the Poor in her Life-time ; with Reflections on the Panegirick Sermon, preach'd at her Funeral, by Dr. C ——— Arch D ——— of St. A ———

3. Mother Sparges : Or a Congratulatory Elegy to the Poor of St. A ——— upon the Death of Madam Jane Nicholas : This Project is a Poetical Description of a Miser's Funeral, or rather, an enumeration of all those distinct Species of Beings, that rejoyce that Madam Nicholas has now no more than her Length and Breadth in the Abby-Church of St. A ———

4. The Wedding Legacy : A Poem, shewing all the Good Madam Jane Nicholas ever did with her Estate, was to give on her Death-Bed, an Annual Pension of Five Pounds to Mrs. Elizabeth Ben — (now living in Barkhamstead) which has help'd her to two Sweethearts (and probably to an Husband) in her Fortieth Year.

5. Jane Nicholas Ghost, lamenting her unjust Will, and promising to haunt all that perswaded her to it : Fancied in a morning Dream.

6. Dunton's Creed : Or, the Religion of a Bookseller, in imitation of Dr. Brown's Religio Medici : Dedicated to the Stationers Company : The fourth Edition. To which is added, The Author of Fortune; or a Panegirick on writing for Bread.

7. The Double Life : Or, a new Project to redeem the Time by living over to Morrow before it comes.

8. The Merciful Assizes : Or, a Panegirick on the late Lord Jeffreys's hanging so many in the West : In a Letter to Madam Hewling, who had a Son hang'd and quarter'd at Taunton The Second Edition.

9. The lost Rib restor'd : Or, an Essay attempting to prove the Relation between Man and Wife is not dissolv'd by Death, but abides for ever ; and that those Virgins who die unmarried, are yet related to Husbands, and will be united to 'em in the other World.

10. The Conforming Dissenter : A Paradox proving a Man may change one orthodox Way of worshipping God for another, and yet be no Turncoat ; occasion'd by Mr. D ———s Mr. P ——— and Mr. H ——— sets, &c. being educated amongst the Dissenters and preaching in a Conventicle many Years, and now conforming to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.

11. The Royal Diary : Or, King WILLIAM's Closet Book. The Fourth Edition ; so greatly enlarg'd, as to complete the Diary.

12. Alter Ego : Or, Dunton's Character of his worthy Friend Mr. George Larkin, Sen. By Way of Elegy.

13. The Methodizer : Or secret History of Mr. Sault, Author of the Second Spira ; with the Narrative of that Imaginary Wretch, and Dunton's Affidavit, clearing his Innocence, and any Sham or Fraud in publishing of that Narrative.

14. The Funeral of Mankind : A Paradox, proving we are all dead and bury'd.

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15. A House to be let : Or a Widow in mourning.
16. The Irish Huckster: A Satyr on the engrossers of Corn; but more especially on DIVES (one of the dear Joys) with the Character of his two P——ks.
17. The Surprize: Or History of such as have dyed suddenly from Eutichus down to Mrs. Fuller in Noble-Street, who was well and dead in the same Moment.
18. A Proverbial Poem: Or the Wits of the Age reduc'd to Practice.
19. The weeping Poet: Or, Elegies describing the Lives and Deaths of the eminent Dissenting Ministers that dyed in the last Century.
20. Deceptio Visus: Or, Seeing and Believing are two Things.
21. The Saint Allamode: Or, a view of the Piety and Morals of some high Pretenders to Religion, without Respect to Parties: With an Alphabetical Table of the several prophane Wretches and modern Hippocrites characteriz'd and expos'd in this dis-obliging Project.
22. The She Club: Or Sixty Maids at Confession.
23. The Religion of Brutes: Or, the whole Duty of Man as taught us by Beasts, Birds and Fishes.
24. Non Entity: Or, a grave Essay upon Nothing.
25. The Poet in Love; or the Courting Project.
26. The Philosophick Wife: A Poem on the Arts and Sciences.
27. The History of Slander (or Acquital of innocent Persons) from our Saviour's Time, down to the publick Clearing of Dr. W——s.
28. The Querists: A Satyr on Interloping; dedicated to the British Apollo.
29. The Athenian Catalogue: Or, Private Instructions for erecting a Library, with Dunton's Notes, containing his Observations on Books and Learning, for the two and twenty Years he traded in the Stationers Company.
30. The Chymical Beggars: Or, a Satyr on the Philosopher's Stone.
31. Dunton preaching to himself: Or, every Man his own Parson: Dedicated to the most Reverend Father in God——
32. The Secret Oracle: Or, a modest Answer to such Love Questions as were formerly sent to the Athenian Society by the mask'd Ladies and Town Sparks.
33. The Spiritual Hedgehog, a Project (or Thought) wholly new and surprizing.
34. Dives and Lazarus, an Heroick Poem, in Twelve Books.
35. The History of Ingratitude: Or, Dunton's Experience of pretended Friendship throughout the whole Course of his Life.

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Gentlemen— These with other Manuscript Projects are what you may expect in the Second Volume of Dunton's Athenianism, and in the Interim, if my Time and Health will allow it, I shall publish a Weekly Paper I shall entitle,

Athenian News: Or, Dunton's Apollo, containing Twenty distinct Posts, viz. 1. The Post-Angel; Or, a divine Improvement of every Remarkable Occurrence. 2. The Philosophick Post; Or, Learning freed from the Intricacies of the Schools. 3. The Lame Post: Or, a Review of Miraculous Events, from Adam down to the present Year. 4. The Question-Post: Or, a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle, upon very nice and uncommon Subjects. 5. The Secret Post; Or, a Word in your Ear about Matters not fit to be spoke aloud. 6. The Courting Post: Or, News for the Ladies. 7. The Post-Pigeon: Or, a Project to send Letters invisibly to the most Eminent Persons in Church and State. 8. The Whipping-Post: Or, a War with the Authors. 9. The Rhiming Post: Or, a Poem on any Subject desired. 10. The Whoring Post: Or, a Detection of Lewd Women, from the Royal Miss, down to the Common Strumpet. 11. The Lying-Post: Or, Fictions prov'd Realities. 12. The Preaching-Post: Or, a Project to reform the Pulpit, being a weekly Sermon preach'd by Moderation, Chastity, Temperance, and so on, till all the Virtues have held forth. 13. The Conjuring Post: or an infallible Almanack for the Year 1710. 14. Dunton's Post: Or, the History of all his Projects. 15. The Merry-Post: Or, News to divert every Body. 16. The Ratler: Or, Travelling-Post. 17. The Naked Post: or, a dying Farewel to this Life and World. 18. The Sick Post: Or, diverting Physick for every Disease incident to the Soul of Man. 19. Memento Mori: Or, the Funeral Post. 20. The Post-Devil: Or, a Flaming Pacquet from Charon's Passengers.

Thus, Gentlemen, you see, that as every British Post, carries different Pacquets, viz. The English, Scotch, Dutch, and Spanish, &c. So to comply with Custom, and to please the Lovers of Novelty, I have here named Twenty distinct Posts, to furnish out that Weekly Paper, I call Athenian News, or Dunton's Apollo; and if I find these Twenty Posts are not enough to cure the Athenian Itch, I shall enlarge them to double the Number, which shall all take their Turn in my Weekly Paper (for Forty Posts can never come into one Sheet) as the Wind of Occasion blows, or the several Posts arrive: So that my Weekly Paper (call'd Athenian News) will consist of Occurrences that neither the Gazette, Post-man, Post-boy, or Flying Post, &c. takes any Notice of, and that which will render this Weekly Paper the more useful; I shall insert no NEWS, or Occurrences, if it, that (like other Mails) is useless after 'tis read, but such as is truly Remarkable, and will be worth reading as long as we live. For Dunton's Apollo will consist of every thing that may gratify a Curious Palate, and will be so manag'd as to be made a Universal Entertainment.

Gentlemen—

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Gentlemen — If I find these Twenty Posts too many to gallop through Dunton's Quill, I shall Press a TROOP of New Athenians, which I'll call — Number Twenty — and will oblige every one of these Listed Authors to affix his Name to his own Post, that so if the British Apollo shou'd charge the Athenian Troop, (i. e. fling Dirt on Dunton's Apollo) our Twenty Posts may be all defended by Twenty courageous Champions; for as the ingenious Montaign observes, "When I have my Pen in my Hand, and subject in my Head, I look upon my self as mounted my Horse to ride a Journey, wherein, altho' I design to reach such a Town by Night, yet I will not deny my self the Satisfaction of riding a Mile or two out of the Way, to gratify my Senses with some new and diverting Prospect, or to CHARGE Error and Impudence, if it shou'd attack me — Now he that is of this rambling Humour, will certainly be pleas'd with my Whipping-Post (or War with the Authors); however in this I have the Honour to imitate the great Mortaign, whose Umbrage is sufficient to protect every one of my Twenty Posts against any one Age of Criticks; but observe, Gentlemen, I only promise to command and lead this Athenian Troop, in case I han't Time or Health to ride and defend these Posts my self; so that if ever I publish this Weekly Paper the Labouring Oar will be my Lot, and for that Reason I call my Twenty Posts, Athenian News, or Dunton's Apollo.

Gentlemen, these are but brief Hints of the Novelty and Usefulness of my Athenian NEWS, or Weekly PROJECT, but by what they are, you may judge what will follow; consider therefore this only as the Design of a Work which Time will better polish.

Gentlemen — This Athenian News (or Dunton's APOLLO) will be publish'd every Tuesday, in a large Octavo Sheet, of the same Size and Letter with Dunton's Athenianism, and this publick Notice is given of it, that so the Ingenious of either Sex, may send such Discoveries in Verse or Prose, as may properly be incerted in either of these Twenty Posts, directing them for Dunton's Apollo, at the Sword in New-Street: And when this New Volume of Dunton's Athenianism is compleated, there will be added, for the sake of those that take in the Sheets weekly, An Alphabetical Table of the several Noveltyes contain'd in it.

Number 1. Of these weekly Sheets, shall be given Gratis, to all those Gentlemen, and London Coffee-Houses that ask for 'em, being willing that my Athenian News (as well as my Six Hundred Projects) shou'd live or dye by the Judgment of such as read it with unprejudic'd Eyes, and not by the malicious and silly Banterers of such frothy Scriblers, who write for Bread, which I never did nor never will.

Gentlemen, as for those Six Hundred Projects, which now beg your Patronage, I am not insensible, that many of 'em lie out of the

The DEDICATION.

the common Road of Thinking; and may upon that Score, incur the Censure of those narrow spirited THEORISTS, who confine their Speculations to the Limits of Antiquity, Resign up (as the ingenious Norris expresses it) the natural Prerogative of their Understandings, to the Tyranny of Dead Authors; and prefer Lead and Copper, so it wear the Stamp of Authority, before the finest and noblest Metal that has not the Luck to be a COYN.

But, Gentlemen, I need not fear your Disapprobation of Dunton's Projects on this Account, whose Active Souls have long since travers'd o'er The whole Field of Truth, and whose Temper is so unprejudic'd and even pois'd, as to receive the most Novel Hypothesis (were it possible for any to be such to you) without starting and amuzement; and if true, to embrace it, tho' with the Censure of Singularity; and, Gentlemen, you'll find by the several Projects inserted in the First, Second and Third Volume of Dunton's Athenianism; your Love to NOVELTY was (besides your consummate Learning) the chief Motive I had to beg your Patronage to Dunton's Writings; but to make amends to such as love nothing but what has already stood the Test of the Men of Sense and Piety, in my TWENTIETH VOLUME (if I live so long) I intend to insert that serious and instructive Project, entituled, The Athenian Catechism, and will enlarge it to about Two Hundred distinct Chatechisms; and seeing the kind Reception the World has given to my Essay on a Death-bed Repentance — was that which put me on this GENERAL PROJECT of Printing A Collection of all my Writings — I shall revise that Answer to Dr. Kennet's Sermon, and insert it in my — Third Volume of Dunton's Athenianism — And to render this NEW EDITION compleat, I shall add to it, — My Third and Last Answer to Dr. Kennet's Sermon, preach'd at the Funeral of W— D— of D— wherein is further discuss'd, the Hazard the D— run, in deferring his Repentance to a Death-Bed, under four general Heads, viz. 1. The History of the converted Thief on the Cross: Shewing how far the End of that dying Penitent suits the Case of the D— of D— and other Death-bed Repenters. 2. Answers to all the Arguments brought to prove the Possibility of a Death-bed Repentance. 3. Conjugal Perjury: Or, a further Address to the Husbands of Quality that keep Misses. 4. The secret History of the Authors Failings; published to shew his Impartiality in this and his two other Answers to Dr. Kennet. To which is added, The CAT's-FOOT: Or, an Answer to that witty Gentleman who pretends to vindicate Dr. Kennet from those pernicious Errors he is charg'd with in the foremention'd Sermon: The whole compleating my Remarks on the Dean of Peterborough's Sermon preach'd at the Funeral of the D— of D—

Gentlemen

The DEDICATION.

Gentlemen—— I have only to let you know that besides the SATYR here and there scatter'd in Dunton's Projects, there are many Things which want a KEY, and are like to do so (without new Provocation), for they were not writ for every Body; tho' (I hope) there's enough intelligible to entertain the World with a great deal of Profit and Diversion.

I wou'd enlarge, but having been too tedious already, I am barr'd further Impertinence, by the Haste I take to subscribe my self;

Worthy Gentlemen,

Your Athenian Brother, and very humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

A N

HEROICK POEM

Upon Mr. Dunton's Six Hundred Projects;
but more especially upon his PICTURE,
facing the Collection of his Writings, entitled
ATHENIANISM.

By the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Here's Dunton's PHIZ, that New * Athenian Swain,
Who hatch'd Six Hundred Projects in his Brain:
The Brood is large, but give him Time to sit,
He will Six Hundred Projects more beget;
As like his MIND, as this is like his PHIZ,
For in this Face, Art and the Graver kifs:
Yes, Knight and Gutch are here at equal Strife,
To draw John Dunton's Features to the Life;
First Knight did limn, what Van-Gutch after drew,
They are matchless Artists, every Line is YOU:
For all do say that see this painted Frame,
That 'tis not Dunton's Picture but the same.
Surely this PHIZ wou'd to their Praise redound,
Cou'd they but give the SHAPE they made, a SOUND:
What wants the ECCHO of a living Creature,
But SHAPE, and what but VOICE this manly Feature;
Yet both can't meet together, God alone
Will have this SECRET ART to be his own:
Yet Knight and Gutch here copy so from Nature,
We don't know Dunton's dead from living Feature.

* Referring to his Athenian Oracle, or Question-Project; as also to OLD ATHENS, mention'd in Acts 17. v. 21.

Such

An Heroick Poem

Such Art! such Life! A PHIZ so nice and good,
Their Pencils sure are made of Flesh and Blood!
 So just a Form they to his Picture give,
 So like [*J. D.*] that it appears to live:
 This very SHADOW charms Beholders more,
 Then Dunton's real SUBSTANCE did before:
 D—— view it not, such is its Power to move,
*Narcissus, * like you, may your Image love.*
 So LIVELY is the Shade your Limners drew,
 That Heav'n alone cou'd finer Painting shew,
In Flesh and Blood, when it had finish'd you.
 In Maids this Phiz will fond Desires create,
 For painted Fires will serve to ogle at,
 When they are DRAWN —— *so much resembling Heat.*
 If to this DRAUGHT D——'s Projects Love cou'd give,
 He, like *Pigmalion †*, soon might make it live;
 And court those very Maids that long to wed,
 For Picture Marriage || gets a Maidenhead,
When that a Woman is resolv'd to breed.
 Thus Knight and Gutch, in Art have equal Shares,
Prometheus ‡ Work in Dunton's Phiz appears,
 And from their Paint it got the Fires it bears:
 Nay, Dunton's Phiz is here so nicely wrought,
 That we can in his Aspect read his Thought:
 Or in one Word —— to sum our Thoughts extent,
 The perfect Piece ALL DUNTON does present;
 So many Projects ev'ry Line indites,
You'd swear the very Picture lives and writes.
 Yet D—— himself has drawn with better Grace,
 His Book's his Picture, there's his Living Face.
 Fam'd Knight and Gutch DREW but the outward Rhind,
 But Dunton's Projects DRAW his very Mind.
 When D—— beheld his Picture, and perceiv'd
 How vain it is our Portraictures to leave;
In Lines and Shadows (which make shews to day
Of that which will to Morrow fade away;)
 And saw what mean Resemblances at best,
 Are by mechanick Instruments exprest:
 He thought it better much to leave behind him,
 Some Draught, in which his living Friends might find him;

* *Narcissus, a beautiful Youth who fell in love with his own Shadow.* † *Pigmalion (if you have Faith enough to believe it) made an Image of Stone, and then blew Wind in its B——ch till it could breath and walk.* || *By Picture-Marriage, we mean that cuckoldly State of Life, (for it often proves so) when an old Man marries a young Woman.* ‡ *Prometheus Son to Japetus, who stole Fire from Heaven to put Life in his Image.*
 And

Upon Dunton's Six Hundred Projects

And which in Absence, will more truly show him,
Than *Outward Forms*, to those who think they know him :

A *Picture* tho' with most Exactness made,
Is nothing but the Shadow of a Shade :
This made him DRAW his Soul in Black and White,
Six Hundred Projects club to do him right,
Half Prose, half Verse, and "DRAW with equal Might.
As for his Projects that are DRAWN in Prose,
They have the ITCH * (that's DRAW *Athenian News*).

We do believe *John Dunton* never writ
A Line in Prose, or Poem did beget,
But what was NEW, or made so by his Wit.
His meer Collections are so finely wrought,
They are more surprizing then the *Newest Thought* :

His BROTHER the Melifluous *Humble-Bee*,
Projects like him, both DRAW by *Chymistry*.
For both pick up whatever Sweets they ken,
One with his TRUNK, and t'other with his PEN :
ATHENIANISM, here is DRAWN so fine,
There e'nt one Piece of Wit or sparkling Line,
In *Singer*, *Prior*, *Garth* or *Addison*,
(Or any other First-Rate Rhiming Don)

But he *New Draws* it till 'tis all his own.
Thus DUNTON draws his very Soul in Prose,
Nor can we hear the MUSICK of his Verse.
But leaving Earth, we strait with Heav'n converse :

If we must use as MORTAL what we have,
And as IMMORTAL, keep what Fortune gave ;
His *Rhiming Projects* then will never dye,
They'll DRAW his Fame to all Posterity
D—— in his PROJECTS will for ever live,
In these he does (as 'twere) himself survive :
When Death displays his Coldness in his Cheek,
Or D—— in D—— does his own *Picture* seek :
Tho' D—— is alter'd, this remains the same,
As it was DRAWN, retains the Primitive Frame :

Behold what *Frailty* we in Man may see,
Whose Shadow is less given to change than he:
For famous *Knight*, who did this *Picture* DRAW,
Will swear, next Year, D——'s Face he never saw,
Time draws so Course, altho' it draw in SNOW.

And Six Years hence will so much alter D——
This will the SUBSTANCE, D—— the SHADOW be:
Thus *Art* and *Gravers* did in Council sit,
The Last to shew his Face, the First his Wit ;

* Alluding to that Distick, written by Dr. Wild:

We all are seiz'd with the *Athenian Itch*,
News, and New Things do the whole World bewitch.
But

An Heroick Poem

But not being able for to joyn in ONE,
 TWO Things, where each might claim Perfection;
 Themselves they did divide, and Parts they took;
 The *Gravers* drew his Face, and *Art* his Book;
 And what *JOHN DRAWS* for ever is endor'd,
 The *Picture of his Mind* can ne'er be lost;
 'Twill be preserv'd, tho' not in glorious Tombs,
 In *LIBRARIES*, which are more noble Rooms;
 'Mongst all the Helps of *Art and Nature's* Care,
 It is the *POET* only *DRAWS* you fair:
 Nay, we have heard some say, that cou'd not Rhime,
No Verse, no Text; no Poet, no Divine.
 Then *Dunton* may a First-Rate *Norris* be,
 For he can Rhime and Preach as well as he;
 That's he ne'er rails at Whigs, or Impotence;
 What tho' he han't *JACK's* metaphysick Sense,
 He preaches best who has most healing Brains.
 And yet (which shews good Preachers have their Stings)
 He *DRAWS*, that's Preaches on the boldest Things.
 His Sermon to *John L* ——— in this Book,
 Shews he dares face, and *DRAW* the lewdest Rook:
 And what he preach'd to *S* ——— and *Dr. K* ———*,
 Shews no Man preaches bolder Truths than he;
 And yet his Sermons do so well unite,
 The Priest may own all that the Poet writ:
 His Verse *Draws* Love, yet soars, no Muse can reach
 His *Lawrels*, or can match his Rhiming Pitch;
 His Face, and Out-side, Artists may design;
 But stop Sir *Gutch*, you can no further limn;
 'Tis sacred, 'tis *APOLLO* all within †:
 For what *Pindarick Cowley* did unfold,
 Or smooth *Tongu'd Dryden* to the World hath told;
 What came in Reach of *Waller's* tow'ring Mind,
 Or *Oldhams* snarling Brain cou'd ever find:
 All their Rare Arts *John Dunton* does display,
 All Stars mix here, and *DRAW* a *Milky-Way*:
 His Numbers are so full that he alone,
 Had been an *Oxford* had we wanted one:
 He sweetly guides the nimble *Lyrick Feet*,
 And makes the thund'ring *Epicks* aptly meet:
 Let other Limners *DRAW* the Body whole;
 Our Poet's Pencil can pourtray the Soul:
 Thus *Dunton's* Paint exceeds fam'd *Knight* and *Gutch*,
 He *DRAWS* the Jewel, they but draw the *Hutch*;

* His Answer to *Dr. Sacheverel's*, and *Dr. Kennet's* Sermon is here meant. † Alluding to the Sixth Project in this Volume, entituled; *DUNTON's APOLLO*.

Upon Dunton's Six Hundred Projects.

That's Dunton **DRAWS** the Beauties of the Mind,
 But they but **DRAW** the Shell or outward Rhind:
 They with a matchless Art have drawn his Face,
 But *D——* has **DRAWN** the Jewel to this Case,
 And which is more, **DRAW** it in *Prose and Verse*:
 And tho' *Six Hundred Projects* **DRAW** his Soul,
 His Matchless Wit does **ATHENIANIZE** the whole:
In short —— (And with those Words we bid Farewel)
 His **PROJECTS** do Eternity intail:
 For tho' no **PROJECT** can prevent his Death,
 Yet in the following Sheets he'll ever Breath.

ATHENS.

DUNTON's Reflections upon the *Heroick Poem* written in Praise of his *Six Hundred Projects*. In a Letter to the Athenian Society.

Gentlemen,— Tho' I have been so far lost to all Sense of Modesty, as to insert that *Heroick Poem* your Society sent to me (as a Sort of Bush to my bad Wine) yet to be plain with you, I think it necessary to bestow a few Reflections upon your Satyrick Praises; I call 'em so, as I can't see how your *Heroick Poem* shou'd advance the Reputation of Dunton's Athenianism; for, Gentlemen, you use me as ill Painters, who while they labour to make Faces fair, neglect to make them like. I'm so far from thinking my *Six Hundred Projects* deserve your high Encomium, I'm sensible there are many great Errors and Omissions in 'em: However, Gentlemen, I know you are all great Promoters of the Reformation of Manners, and I'm resolv'd (as much as Sacheverel rails at 'em from the Pulpit, for he was asham'd to do it from the Press) that every good Thing that any of that Society speak of me, shall, like the Blast of a Trumpet in War, animate and encourage me to a closer Pursuit of a Nobler Virtue. Or did I Draw (as you say I do) the Features of my **MIND**, with as much Art as Knight and Gutch have drawn those of my **FACE**; yet I should begin to suspect my Performance, that very Minute I value my self upon it. However I've neither the Fondness nor Vanity for Dunton's Athenianism, to prefer a Noise about it to its own silent Merit (if it has any); and therefore, Gentlemen, tho' I deny nothing of that Athenian Character you give me, but the **MERIT** (for as to my Design, it is what you say, To present the World with *Six Hundred Projects* that are wholly New;) yet I had not inserted your *Heroick Poem*, but that the World might see (in your lavish Panegyrick) how far a Nice and Curious Judg'ment, may be blinded by Friendship and Gratitude: But being guilty (at least) of as many Errors as there are Projects in Dunton's Athenianism; I shall be always obliged to subscribe my self, Your undeserving (tho' Athenian) Brother,

JOHN DUNTON.

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ATHENIANISM:

OR, THE

New Projects

OF

JOHN DUNTON.

PROJECT I.

The Double Courtship, (according to the Mode of Plato, and Opportunity) or Dunton's Character of Madam Singer, writ when he was a Widower; in which is exemplify'd the Primitive Christian, or a nice Pattern of holy Living.

ATHENIANISM being the Name I have given to those Six Hundred PROJECTS that were either written, translated, abridg'd or paraphras'd with my own Hand, shou'd I not introduce these Projects with a Subject that was wholly New, my first Project wou'd give the Lye to my Undertaking, and prove it to be no *Athenianism*: Resolving therefore to begin the Revival of my own Writings with a Subject that was new, and surprising enough to justify the Title of this Work, I thought no Project cou'd be so proper to lead the way (to the Six Hundred that are to follow) as to attempt the Character of *Madam Singer*, (deservedly call'd, *the Pindarick Lady*) * as 'tis only here (her Brain and

* In the Athenian Oracle, and in all other Books writ by the Athenian Society.

2 *The Double Courtship ; or*

Tongue is such a flowing *Mint* of Wit and Verse) we shall ever find *Athenianism* (or something New) ; and I the rather chuse to make *Madam Singer's* Character the Leading Project to all the rest, as I owe my chief Reason of Writing and Printing Six Hundred Projects to that *Platonick Love* (or innocent Pleasure) I found in corresponding with her for Six Years.

Yes, *Cloris* *, I did so refine my Love,
That for Six Years I lov'd like those Above :
No Love more Chaste, all Pure and unconfined
Was that bright Flame I bore thy brighter Mind ;
No stragling Wish, or Symptom of Desire,
Came near the Limits of this Holy Fire ;
Yet 'twas intense and active, tho' so fine,
For all my Pure Immortal Part was thine :
'Twas thus I lov'd, nor burnt with common Fire,
Mine was the meet Perfection of Desire.
But this Love being in the Body plac'd,
The Sex crept in, and fair wou'd have a Taste,
And then as Flesh prevail'd, my Love decreas'd.

That is, when from courting her *SOUL*, I fell to courting her *BODY*, (and that's the Reason I call this Project the *Double Courtship*) our Friendship (*Mutually*) chill'd ; whence see the Folly and Madness of Praising a Woman's Virtue 'till (in the dull Way of Matrimony) we desire to get to Bed to her.

Then Flesh and Blood farewell : Affire my Soul,
And to this End thy carnal Love controul,
Leave pleasing Sense to Epicurus Train,
And be thou Plato's Proselite again,
Be gone, and stretch thy Pinions wide,
Swim with the Current of th' *Ethereal Tide*,
And then let them ascend above,
A Place fit for *Platonick Love*.
Hence gilded Lusts and Mistresses are driven,
For there's no *Double Courtship* found in Heaven.

So that you see (Reader) I have all the Reason in the World to begin my Projects with a Character of *Madam Singer*, and my Obligation is yet the greater to this Lady as 'tis to her *Platonick Friendship* and Correspondence I owe the Refining of my Grosser Part, which was now

* The Name I gave to *Madam Singer* in those Private Letters that pass between us.

grown

Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. 3

grown errant Flesh and Blood (by a *Double Courtship*) into meer Soul and Spirit again: So that 'tis to Madam Singer I owe my Best (or Intellectual) Pleasures, and in a great Measure my Love to Scribbling (being never pleas'd but when I was writing to her or hearing from her). Nay, I might truly say, my very *Athenian Oracle* it self, had never been so kindly receiv'd (as to come to a Tenth Edition*) had not Madam Singer's Poems so often recommended it to the nice Palates of the most Ingenious of both Sexes; and indeed I could scarce miss of Success as *Philomela*, in the second Letter she sent to me, honour'd me with this Promise, viz.

Mr. Dunton,

Assure your self, all the Poems that I have, or shall for the future compose, are designed for the Gentlemen of the Athenian Society, to which 'tis suppos'd you belong

So that you see, Reader, *Athenianism* is a fit Title for Dunton's Writings, and that my first Project, (as it owes its Rise to a distinct Address to the Soul and Body of *Philomela*) is properly call'd *The double Courtship*; Double, as 'tis an Amour, according to the Mode of Plato, and Opportunity. e. My first Courtship was a chaste Address only to the Soul of *Philomela*, according to Plato's Idea, who held a Man might admire the Soul of a fine and beautiful Woman abstracted from all gross Desires: And I endeavour'd to follow this Mode of Platonick Love, (till by the Death of *Iris*) † Corporal Courtship became as Innocent.

Yes, *Philomela*, you were so refin'd,
My first Address was only to your Mind;
And that so Dazled thro' its earthly Case,
I scarce could tell which spread the finest Rays.
You are the first and brightest Soul that e'er
Was sent from Heaven, to shew us Mortals here,
What Angels and Translated Saints are there!
To see you once, is every Charm to know,
Of Peace Above, or Purity below,
Imagination cou'd no further go.
The Saints as well may those bright Forms express,
That in a Rapture they conceive of Bliss,
As I can give such Inward Charms their due,
Or dress in Words my brighter Thoughts of you;

* Including all those 20 Single Volumes first Printed by my self, under the Title of *Athenian Mercury*, and since Re-printed by Mr. Bell, under the Title of *Athenian Oracle*.

† It is was a Name I gave to my first Wife in those Letters that I sent between us before our Marriage.

The Double Courtship ; or

Charming and gay your fair Idea seems,
 As Gay as if compos'd of Love and Beams;
 A Form more fine, more accurately wrought,
 Was ne'er conceiv'd by a Poetick Thought:
 Such pleasing Looks in midst of Spring adorn
 The flowry Fields; so smiles the beauteous Morn;
 So mild your Eyes, so beautiful and bright,
 That finer Eyes did ne'er salute the Light.
 With such a gentle Look, and such an Air,
 So lovely, so exceeding sweet and fair,
 To me the heavenly Messengers appear;
 Whilst that bright Soul that Heaven has plac'd within,
 Makes every Charm with double Lustre shine.
 The gentle Cowley in a mournful Strain,
 Once of Injurious Fortune did complain;
 But thought not then, that our obliging Times,
 Wou'd recompence his unrewarded Rhimes:
 For now presented at Alstrea's Feet,
 His Noble Muse her full Reward does meet:
 The MISTRESS whose bright Charms such Fame did gain
 Was but a fair Creation of his Brain.
 And Nature griev'd to see the ART of Thought
 Exceed the finest Pieces she had wrought,
 Resolv'd to try the best her Power cou'd do,
 Expresses all his fancy'd Charms in you:
 Since then in you those REAL BEAUTIES live,
 That to those POEMS such Applause cou'd give,
 No wonder that I feel a FLAME for you,
 Beyond what Cowley e'er describ'd or knew,
 For mine's Divine — just so did Plato woo.
 Then think, when Cowley's tender Lines you see,
 Your Self the Mistress, and the Lover me.
 But own withal, (for Truth was ever bold)
 My First Address was only to your Soul.

Thus, Reader, you see my First Courtship was a chaste Address only to the Soul of Philomela, according to the Mode of Plato, and my Second being a more sensual Adventure. I call it a Courtship according to the Mode of Opportunity, as the greatest Platonick I ever knew, was no longer so, when (with Justice and Honour) he cou'd be otherwise; and that justifies my calling this Project, *The double Courtship*: But Double Courtship to the same Woman, being a Sort of Paradox (or New Solicism in the Art of Love), I shall give yet a more particular Account of my Double Courtship to Philomela.

First then, I call this Project *The Double Courtship*, as my first Amour was a Courtship according to the Mode of Plato, i. e. as 'twas a chaste Address to the Soul only of Philomela.

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Philomela, abstracted from all sensual Thoughts and Desires, which was so truly my Case, with Respect to Philomela, that made her a solemn Promise (which I sacredly kept) never to see her in a marry'd State, or to desire any Favour of her, but barely the Pleasure of Corresponding with her upon Subjects that were *Nice and Curious*, which she readily granted, being convinc'd our Correspondence was begun and carry'd on by the Consent of *Iris*, (with whom I liv'd as well and happy for 15 Years, as if every Day had been the first of our Marriage) as appears by the following Letter.

Madam,

I Was much concern'd at that unhappy Accident which threatned the putting a Stop to the Correspondence between you and Philaret, * for I ever esteem'd Platonick Love to be the most Noble, and thought it might be allow'd by all; but some wise Persons are afraid lest the Sex should creep in for a Share: Here was no Danger, for tho' Nature and Art have done their utmost to make Cloris charming to all, her Wit and Beauty being beyond most of her Sex, yet Philaret, having for Fifteen Years, given such Testimonies of a Conjugal Affection, even to Excess, (if such a Thing can be) I fancy'd their Friendship might have been honourably continu'd to the End of Time: I hope what Difficulties they meet with at their first setting out, will heighten their Friendship, and make it more strong and lasting: So wishes

Your Humble Servant,

I R I S.

This Letter was sent to Cloris upon the first News that ARGUS (the Frome-Spy as he call'd himself) had discover'd our Correspondence, and sufficiently convinc'd her, I had no other End in my Platonick Amour, but innocent Diversions, and improving my Time to the best Advantage, by corresponding with such an Excellent Person as Philomela; I call her so, as 'twas the Opinion of the Athenian Society, there was not a Lady in the Three Kingdoms of finer Accomplishments, or a better judge of Platonick Love and Poetry than Madam Singer, and for that Reason they call'd her *The Pindarick Lady*; and my self, without any more Ceremony, was in Platonick Love with her.

Not dull and smoaky Love, but Fire divine,
That burnt not to consume, but to refine.

* Philaret (or a Lover of Vertue) was the Name that Cloris gave to me in all the Letters she sent to me during the Time of our Correspondence.

Cloris Answer to my first Letter, was so ingenious and metaphysical, I thought at my first Reading of it, I exactly knew her tho' I never saw her Face, and was ready to leave my Body behind to search her out, to have purer Communication with her Spirit : So that now a *Platonick Courtship* was actually commenc'd between *Philomela* and *Philaret*, and it continu'd, for six Years, with so much Spiritual Love and Innocence, that during our whole Correspondence,

*We wore no Flesh, did one another greet,
As Blessed Souls in Separation meet.*

The Sun and Moon have courted and pursued each other, these Six Thousand Years, and yet are as Chast and Innocent as you'd desire, and so (if you'll believe a *Platonick Lover*) may different Sexes do, with all the Strength and Innocence of Affection, that the very Angels wou'd not be ashamed to entertain the like Fires.

I know, Reader, you'll say, That *Platonick Love* has ruin'd half the Female Sex, and they can't but know as much, and therefore seem to admit the Pretences of it, only with a Desire to be undone more plausibly, and to retain the Shadow of Innocence, when the Substance is vanish'd; they guild their Poison, and then fancy 'tis good Food or Physick.

To this I answer, *Platonick Love* (or a Tender Friendship between Persons of a different Sex) is not only innocent, but commendable, and as advantageous as delightful: A strict Union of Souls (as *Plato* asserts) is the Essence of Friendship: Souls have no Sexes; nor while those only are concern'd can any thing that's Criminal intrude. 'Tis a Conversation truly Angelical; and has so many Charms in't, that the Friendships between Man and Man, deserve not to be compared with it. The very Souls of the fair Sex, as well as their Bodies, seem to have a softer Turn than those of Men; while we reckon ourselves Possessors of a more solid Judgment, and stronger Reason, or rather may, with more Justice, pretend to greater Experience, and more Advantages to improve our Minds, nor can any thing on Earth give a greater or purer Pleasure, than communicating such Knowledge to a capable Person, who, if of another Sex, by the Charms of her Conversation, inexpressibly sweetens the pleasant Labours, and by the Advantage of a fine Mind, and good Genius, often starts such Notions as the Instructor himself wou'd otherwise never have thought of: All the Fear is, lest the Friendship shou'd in Time degenerate, and the Body come in for a Share with the Soul, as it did among *Boccalini's Poetesses* and *Virtuoso's*, and in *Dunton's Second Courtship*, when he fell to

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to love *Philomela*, according to the Mode of Opportunity; but, whilst *Ira* lov'd, there was no Danger from Opportunity; she does me the Honour to tell *Cloris*, (and always said) I lov'd her even to Excess.

No, Reader! Dunton was never yet so fond of his own Ruin, as to like it the better for being dress'd in Petticoats. Who'd place his Happiness where the dull Plowman, or the Carrier's Horse can find it out? Shall Souls refin'd not know how to preserve a noble Flame, but let it burn out to Appetite?

*Beasts love like Men, if Men in Lust delights,
And call that Love which is but Appetite.*

I confess Beauty is a delectable Philtre, especially where the Glances of the Eyes are amorous: But if Dunton may be believ'd, 'twas the Soul, and not the Body of *Cloris* he was charmed with. 'Tis true, *Alexander* thought all Cost too little to make a Casket to keep *Homer's* Poems in, and *Cloris* Body was as curiously wrought as if Nature thought the same by her Soul. But as to her Person (were it ne'er so young and charming) I now valu'd it not, but as 'twas the Case of the finest Soul in the World. In short, Reader, my first Courtship, or Address to *Philomela*, was the Love of Angels, for I lov'd and admir'd nothing but her Soul.

*Love thus is pure, which is refin'd
To court the Beauty of the Mind:
No pimping Dress, no fancy'd Air,
No Sex can bribe our Judgment there;
But like the happy Spirits above,
We're blest in Raptures of Seraphick Love.*

*Such chaste Amours may justly claim
Friendship, the noble manly Name:
For without LUST we gaze on Thee,
And only wonder 'tis a S H E.
Only our Minds are Courtiers grown;
Such Love endures when Youth and Beauty's frown.*

Thus you see, Reader, in my first, or Platonic Courtship, that uninterrupted Joy was the Product of my Passion (if it merit so gross a Name) without any Mixture of Pain, 'twas like the Vestal Fire, burning without material Fuel; whereas Corporeal Love (or that Love of Opportunity I shall treat of anon) dies and is soon extinguish'd, if depriv'd of its Fuel, Beauty, and the auxiliary Bellows of Strifes and Squabbles; but 'twould be endless to run thro'

The Double Courtship; or

all the Advantages the Platonick has above the sensual Lover; so that now, (believing a Marriage of Souls was possible, I was for stripping *Cloris* and my self into naked Spirits, to celebrate our Platonick Wedding in the Ideal World; and doubtless all this might be done with a World of Innocence; but perhaps, Reader, you'll say, Here lies the Mischief, there's Flesh and Blood in't: 'Tis true we are not quite undress'd into naked Spirits, and where's the Harm on't, our Sex don't love Apparitions; however I'm very positive, that during the whole Time of my Platonick Courtship, there was not one Grain of Flesh and Blood about me, but what was so chaste, an Angel might adopt it into Personal Union: I lov'd nothing of *Cloris* but her Soul, and had *Iris* liv'd I had always courted her as a walking Thought, or Incarnate Seraphina.

*For to secure my Heart from all Surprise,
I fixt a Guard of Vertues o'er my Eye:
And whilst dear Vertue guards my chaste Desires,
I'll flame and burn in such Seraphick Fires.*

And to do *Philomela* Justice, she was the best qualify'd of all her Sex for the Spiritual Amours of Plato, (where Flesh and Blood, with the whole Catalogue of sensual Satisfactions, are altogether unconcern'd) and perhaps, if I may be allow'd to praise my self, I knew as well how to court a Spirit, when dress'd in Flesh and Blood, as *Cloris* did to receive the Address of such a Lover. I knew the Nature of Platonick Love lay wholly in the disinterested Union of two Minds, which were made (as *Mr. Norris* and *Madam Assel's* *) were) of Inclination that was purely Spiritual. Then, Dear Platonick

I.
*Since Love hath kindled in our Eyes
A Chast and Holy Fire,
It were a Sin if you or I
Should let this Flame expire.*

2.
*What though our Bodies never meet?
Love's Fewel's more Divine:
The fixt Stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never join.*

* The Lady the Reverend and Learned Mr. John Norris corresponded with in his Book entituled, Letters concerning the Love of God, between the Author of the Proposal to the Ladies; and Mr. John Norris, &c.

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3.
False Meteors who still change their Place,
Tho' they seem Fair and Bright,
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their Light.

4.
If you perceive your Flame decay,
Come light your Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine fade away,
I'll take fresh Fires at thine.

5.
Thus when we shall preserve from waste
The Flames of our Desires,
No Vestals shall maintain more Chast,
Nor more Immortal Fires.

'Twas in this Manner, and with this Innocence, I made Love to the Soul of Cloris; and therefore in this Platonick Courtship I cou'd safely protest for an Hour together, upon the Sincerity and Chastity of my Intentions; nor was Cloris Friendship less kind or spiritual then mine, for in her both Letter, she there affirms; *She is so much the same with me, that she can scarcely distinguish the Motions of her own Thoughts from mine*; but this is her highest Flight, and I out-lov'd her here abundantly, for I told Cloris, *She cou'd breath into me no other Thoughts but mine, and that every Thought I had was so far from being scarcely distinguishable from hers, that I cou'd (almost) think 'twas moulded in her very Breast*: Nay, our mutual Friendship was grown so truly Platonick, that had we grown together, our chaste Hearts cou'd not have been more Spiritual, or more entire: In a Word, During this whole Platonick Amour, no Description cou'd reach the Height of that Spiritual Friendship I bore Cloris, since it admits not of any Parallel, but (being all Platonick) deriv'd its Value only from its Excess.

Reader, be charitable now, for tho' I run on at this warm rate, I'm certainly one of the most Platonick Lovers this Day living, for I can so innocently view and admire a Lady, her pretty pinking Eyes, her Ivory Neck and Breasts; and can gaze so long without one Irregular Thought, that you'd e'en wonder to see so much Ice in Flesh and Blood.

You'd stand amaz'd, and greatly wou'd admire,
How so much Water sprang from so much Fire.

Where Souls are wedded they need not wed Bodies too,
That were a needless Charge — Lie with Cloris! How vile
And horridly that sounds — No, if Men must be made,
left

lest the World should cease, we both desir'd, that Nature would expect such course and homely Drudgeries from Porters and Carmen, and not from us, (such Honey wou'd quickly cloy) besides, if we wed no further than Plato allows, we may lawfully beget *Reflections* in each others Eyes, and those immaterial Creatures cannot sin or inherit any thing; this Life the Angels lead, and to court thus, is to court like them, for they no Sexes know; but ever live in Meditation, not in Act: 'Twas in this spiritual Manner I courted the Soul of *Philomela*; I was not passionately, but only platonically hers, for I had not forgot what the old Philosopher tells us, *That when Passion is working, there's also an Emotion of the Blood and the Animal Spirits*; and I knew neither of these must have any Concern in a marry'd Platonick; however, were I so humble to own I was no better than I should be, yet I did not doubt but one single Smile from the Vertuous *Cloris*, wou'd have perfectly transform'd me into true Platonism at any Time: 'Tis true, Reader, I carry'd Flesh and Blood under my Coat, (as I said before) but 'twas so refin'd by Mortification, that I desired to make Love to her spiritual Part, and to nothing else.

*To such a subtle Purity I was wrought,
I was lov'd and fasted to a walking Thought.*

Then why, Reader, should I not have the Preference to all her other Admirers, for they but love her Body, but I her Soul, and nothing but her Soul; perhaps they'll tell you, they cou'd lose an Arm or Leg for a Nights Lodging, and was there no such Thing as Vertue, I shou'd not blame them, for all that sees her Person admire it, she is an Angel dress'd in Flesh and Blood.

*Saint like she looks, an Angel if she sing,
Her Eyes are Stars, her Mind is every Thing.*

But still there's a *But* in this kind of Love; for Beasts and Plants (as well as these) move to propagate their like; *Children* are the poorest Way of Immortalizing as can be, and as natural to a Beggar as a Prince, and therefore away with this Dull Enjoyment.

*Sense is enough, where Senses only woo;
But Reasoning Lovers, must have Reason too;
Bodies are finite, and do quickly cloy;
But Soules are infinite, and like themselves enjoy.*

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Then in spite of all her *Corporal Lovers* *, that court her body (not her Mind) commend me to love according to the Mode of Plato; for as long as I courted *Cloris*, in that spiritual Manner, we beheld one another with the Eyes of a Dove, and were mutually inflam'd with a chaste Affection: but alas, DUNTON was thus happy but six Years, when six Ages had been too little; but if I shou'd ever meet this Angel again, in a spiritual Courtship (for there's such a Thing as the Platonick Year, as well as the Platonick Lover); I'll live o'er our absent Years in that first Letter I receive from her, and then, (if she consents to a spiritual Marriage) love on to the End of my Life.

Perhaps, Reader, you'll here expect I shou'd describe the purity of that Love which such profess who distinguish themselves from the Herd of sensual *Inamoratos*, by the Title of *Platonicks* (or shew what 'tis to love according to the Mode of Plato): That I may impartially do this, it is requisite I inquire into the Original of *Platonick Love*.

Plato in his Dialogue, entituled *Convivium, or the Banquet*, (the Argument whereof is Honourable Love) bringeth in *Socrates*, a wise, grave, and chaste Philosopher, taking high delight in the Society of *Alcibiades*, a beautiful Youth; and loving him passionately, tho' virtuously, not for any sensual Respect, but (according to the Mode of Plato) only to impregnate him with that Knowledge, and those virtues, with which his own Mind was pregnant.

*This is the Point where circling Pleasures move,
When happy Lovers have Returns of Love;
Such Sweets can scarcely be by Death destroy'd,
Where not the Body, but the Soul's enjoy'd.*

Enduring, or *Platonick Love*, is ever built upon Virtue which no Man can see in another at once; he that fixeth on Virtue (i. e. He that only loveth the Soul, according to the Mode of Plato) shall find a Beauty that will every day take him with some New Grace or other: I like that chaste and pure Love, which by a soft Ascension doth degrees self in the Soul.

*When Essence meets with Essence, and Souls joyn
In mutual Knots, that's the true Nuptial Twine.*

This, Reader, is loving according to the Mode of Plato; for the Sum of Plato's Opinion concerning this kind of Love, is

* C—drus, B—ber—Celadon, &c.

this, That a Man, whose Mind is full of Wisdom, and other Vertues, is naturally inclin'd to seek out, and dearly affect some beautiful Person, of Age and Capacity to conceive, in whom he may by frequent Instructions and familiar Ways of Insinuation, beget or produce the like Wisdom and Vertues ; and that the Delight he receives therein, is very great, as the Motive to it is very Honourable.

Thus, Reader, have I given you a true Idea of Platonick Love, and shewn you how I courted the Soul of Cloris, according to that Idea, or Mode, and I hope by that have convinc'd you how innocently I lov'd the Pindarick Lady.

Having begun my Platonick Courtship upon this just and spiritual Foundation, I now thought I might safely and honourably love Cloris into pure Identity with my self, till our Understandings were mingled, and a spiritual Union run through every Faculty about us : But tho' I pursu'd this spiritual Amour, according to the Idea, or Mode of Plato, yet — The Banns of Platonick Matrimony — were never publish'd between the Soul of Philaret and the Soul of Cloris, but if either *Argus*, or any peevish Critick, know any Cause or just Impediment why we shou'd not be joyn'd together in spiritual Matrimony, (for as to Flesh and Blood, we have no occasion for that in Platonick Amours) ye are now to declare it, for this is the First, Second, or Third, Time of asking.

Now, Reader, you need not give your self the Trouble to entertain the least Suspicion of my vertuous Design in publishing these Banns of Platonick Matrimony, for there's nothing but Ingenious Innocence, and yet a World of Intellectual Happiness in the whole Amour : Yes Cloris I shall own!

*Celestial Flames are scarce more bright,
Than those your Worth inspires;
So Angels love — and so they burn
In just such holy Fires.*

In short, I was now courting the Soul of Philomela after the same spiritual Manner which the Angels love, that is, in all the purest Quintessence of Platonick Friendship ; and I was now for solemnizing this Platonick Wedding, according to that Form which I publish'd in the *Athenian Spy* *, for

* Where, as *Romantick* as the Letters look, a great Part of 'em are transcrib'd into this Platonick Amour, from those first hundred Letters that really pass between Philomela and Philaret during the Time of their Correspondence ; of which five hundred Letters, the Reader will find a large and distinct Account in the following Sheets.

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their sakes who wou'd innocently court the Soul of a beautiful Woman, distinct from any Love or Regard to her Body.

Thus, Reader, have I briefly given you the History of my *Double Courtship*, as 'twas an Amour according to the Mode (or Idea) of *Plato*.

I shall next give you the History of my *Double Courtship*, as 'twas a more sensual Adventure, or (in plainer Words) as 'twas a Courtship to *Philomela*, according to the Mode of *Opportunity*; and here I shall prove (what I hinted before) that the greatest Platonick I ever knew, was no longer so, when with Justice and Honour he cou'd be otherwise: We use to say, *Opportunity makes a Thief*; I'm sure 'twas *Opportunity* (I mean the Death of *Iris*) that first made a Corporal Lover of me, and then turn'd my Platonick Courtship to *Philomela*, into meer sighing and whining (and all but hanging) to enjoy her Person: Oh Intellectual Love whether hast thou led me!

*I first lov'd Cloris Soul, but see
How now her Eyes have conquer'd me.
I dare not yield, and yet I must,
Lest to my self I prove unjust.
And thus the wondring active Mote
Around the burning Candle flies,
A buzzing forth her harmless Note,
Till in the Flame she's catch'd, and dies.*

Thus (by a distinct Address to the Soul and Body of *Philomela*) I turn'd my first Amour into a *Double Courtship*, and considering I was now a *Widower*, and *Philomela* the only Woman cou'd Repair the great Loss I sustain'd by the Death of *Iris*; no Man can blame me for thus degenerating a second time into *Flesh and Blood*: 'Tis true (as Mr. Bowden* observes) Were we nothing but pure Intellect, were we strip'd of *Flesh and Blood*, and arriv'd at that perfect State the Saints above enjoy, then a bare abstraction of Thought, and orderly ranging of Ideas might serve the Turn; but while we continue such Beings as we are, while *Blood and Spirits*, *Imagination and Passion*, make up a Part of our Nature, these must have their proper Objects and Incentives, or we shall scarcely engage in the Quest of Glory; for what are these but a Sort of Wings to the Soul? She may creep but will hardly soar without them— So that you see, Reader, the Pious Bowden confesses that *Blood and Spirits*, *Imagination and Passion*, must have proper Objects and Incentives, or we shall scarcely engage in the Quest of Glory; and my ingeni-

* In his Preface to *Philomela's Poems*.

ous and reverend Friend *Ignotus*, is of the same Opinion, as to the Innocence and Necessity of a little Flesh and Blood [Proper Objects and Incentives, as Mr. *Bowden* calls it] or wou'd never have *Honoured* me so far as to have delivered one of my Letters to *Cloris* with his own Hand, or have reflected on her Poem, on *Platonick Love*, [beginning *So Angels love, and all the rest is Dross;*] in these Words, viz.

1.

So Angels love — so let 'em love for me,
As mortal, I must like a Mortal be;
My Love's as pure as theirs, more unconfin'd,
I love the Body, they but love the Mind.

2.

Without Enjoyment, can Desire be ill
For that which wou'd a Man with Pleasure fill?
This more intense and active sure must be,
Since I both Soul and Body give to thee!

3.

This Flame as much of Heaven as that contains,
And more, for unto that but half pertains:
Friendship one Soul to th' other doth unite,
But Love joyns all, and therefore is more bright.

4.

Neither doth humane Love Religion harm,
But rather us against our Vices arm;
Shall I not for a charming Mistress dye,
When Heaven commands — Increase and Multiply?

Thus far *Ignotus*, (for so I call'd this *Anti-Platonick*, in the several Letters that pass between us) and if, in the Opinion of two such pious and learned Persons as Mr. *Bowden* and Mr. C—— we can scarcely be Good and Brave, where there shou'd be an Innocent Mixture of Soul and Body, (which was my Case as a Widower) sure I am this justifies my Personal Love-Visit, and Double Courtship to *Philomela*, after six Years *Platonick Courtship*: 'Tis true, for Sensual, or such high-fed Love as this is, *Crates's Tripple Remedy* is the best that I know; either Fasting, or Time, and if both these fail, a Halter; and surely such a corporal Lover as I now was deserv'd it, for first robbing my self of my Ease, and then endeavouring to steal the Heart of the Finest Woman this Age has known; but Love is a Sort of Small Pox, all have had it, or are to expect it, and some Twice, which was my Case.

*The Proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above:*

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*A general Doom on all Mankind is past,
And all are Fools, and Lovers, first or last.*

Now to demonstrate this in Man; he having by Nature printed in his Soul an affected Desire, or earnest Inclination to that which seemeth good, is drawn, as 'twere by Necessity, to search it out in every Thing which he esteemeth fair and good; and finds nothing so apt to be the Center of Affections, and to correspond with his Nature (her Creation solely tending to that) as Woman: For after God created Man, and placed him in the Garden to dress it, it is not good (saith he) that Man should be alone, I will make an Help meet for him. Now seeing Man was created for this End, he could not continue without Generation, which he could not be, unless he were joyn'd to a Woman; which was before his Fall, a most pure and innocent Love; but now because of his Corruption, his Affections are irregular, and are made extream; there is nothing so greatly exciteth and carrieth away his Mind, nor cometh more near to his destruction, than this foolish Passion of Love; and if it seizeth our Hearts in Youth, (I mean before we arrive at our twentieth Year) 'tis rarely prudent or lasting: If Love admits discretion, if it ponder and consider, search and compare, and judge, and then resolves; 'tis Policy, not Affection, which made Cowley cry,

I.
Discreet! What means this Word, Discreet?

A Curse on all Discretion:

This barbarous Term you will not meet

In all Love's Lexicon.

2.
Jointure, Portion, Gold, Estate,

Houses, Household-Stuff, or Land,

(The low Conveniencies of Fate)

Are Greek no Lovers understand.

3.
Believe me beauteous One, when Love

Enters into a Breast,

The two first Things it does remove

Are Friends; and Interest.

So that I don't see why any shou'd blame me for turning my Platonic into a Double Courtship, nor can any Thing be added more to the Advantage of corporal Love, than that 'tis necessary in our present State of Life: When we come to be angels 'tis another Matter; but (if I might judge by my corporal Address to Philomela) there's something highly rational in

in the very Essence of Virtuous Love; 'Tis a common saying, None but a Fool can e're be guilty of Love; but so far from Love from being an Argument of Folly, that I challenge all the World to instance in a Fool that ever was in love: If there be no Reason below the Girdle, sure there's some above it, or else we are in a worse Condition than those which some esteem their Fellow-Reasoners, and Fellow-Lovers too, if they Love promiscuously, and make it all a Matter of Sense only. But that there's something more refin'd in corporal Love, is evident to any; who will but be at the Pains to reflect on the Cause and Manner of it, and nothing is more certain than that the Mind of Man perceives it is not, nor can be in it self compleatly happy: It therefore looks abroad, coasts about, and surveys the whole Creation, as the first Man did in Innocence, to seek for something like it, and suitable to it, till it meets at last with some embodied Soul, and that it loves, for were it the Body only, 'twould love a Carcass as well as an Animal, at least one Person as well as another, the contrary whereof is evident to all the World, and that only Brutes, or those who are very near 'em, have no Choice in these Matters. However, in my Corporal Amour (or making of Love to the Body of *Philomela*) I did but imitate the best and greatest Platonicks, who are so obliging to their carnal Appetites, as to let Flesh and Blood partake in all their spiritual Friendships, whenever they can do it with Honour and Safety (that is according to the Mode of Opportunity). So that now being a Double Lover (that is being now at *Frome*, innocently courting both the Soul and Body of *Philomela*) I cou'd no longer live on the airy Diet of Platonick Love, without now and then stealing a Kiss, or (if that was forbid) begining a Smile, or a kind Word, for Love's an insinuating Devil, and if he gets but the Tip of his Wing into your Heart, his Aguish Train of Pains and Joys, his huge Bow and Quiver, and a thousand poison'd Arrows quickly follow, and if you once talk of driving him out again, tho' he lurks there only under the Pretence and Mask of Friendship; how will the little Villain storm and rave, and try to be terribly angry?

So that you see, Reader, Corporal Love's an insinuating Passion; and that the Platonick-Tale (for the most Part) is either a Whim, or a Cover, or Friendship or nothing at all: It's true enough, nor can it modestly be deny'd, That the same sort of Love I have for a Man I may have for a Woman; but then for the most Part (except where Age keeps 'em innocent) the Sex will steal in and quickly make a Difference.

That Wag *Boccaline* has a pleasant Story enough (amongst a great many others) in his Advertisements from *Parnassus* to this Purpose — The *Virtuosi* there having fals

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Acquaintance of some *She-wits and Poetesses*, and thought
 myself for a long time extremely happy in a *Platonick*
Conversation with 'em — But 'twas not long before *Apollo*
 cover'd some such Familiarities and Intimacies betwixt
Virtuosi and the Ladies, that being afraid *Parnassus* wou'd
 over-stock'd if they continu'd there much longer, he im-
 mediateley expell'd all those *dangerous Creatures*, and or-
 d'nd by a perpetual Edict they shou'd never be admitted
 er —

I cou'd give a nearer and truer Instance to the same Pur-
 se — 'Twas not many Years since that there liv'd in
 London, a Sect of Persons pretending to Perfection, and per-
 petual Virginity — All their Love being *Angelick*, with-
 out the least mixture of Matter, tho' betwixt different Sex-
 every one having their particular Friend —

Thus things continu'd for some Months, they admiring
 their own Purity and Sanctity above all Mankind — When
 told — unluckily several of the Virgins began to *hurnish*
 and thrive amain, and at the usual Time, to the Amazement
 of all the Society, this their *pure Friendship* sent several
young Babes into the World — After which they were
 forc'd to drop their Principles, and be content with Matri-
 monial Purity instead of that Virginal One to which they
 first pretended.

Thus Opportunity makes a Lover as well as a Thief, and
 I am, no Friendship e'er languish'd, or look'd half so
 good as *Platonick Love*, when favour'd with Opportunity,
 it then turns to a sensual Flame, trembles and looks
 pale; and generally ends, like mine, in a *Double Courtship*.

A serious Lover can alone explain

In some well-order'd Speech his amorous Pain.

But when his beauteous Idol comes in place,

All's lost in Cringes and a begging Face:

Fear of offending and Desire to please,

Turns all to Blushes and half Sentences.

Yet that Confusion shews a Love more true,

Than all the Flow'rs of Rhetorick can do.

Platonick Lovers, they may pretend their Affections are
 pure and courageous as they please; however I can't be-
 lieve they wholly forget the Materials of a Woman, when
 they make love to her Soul, unless her Skin be turn'd into
 Cuckram: Nay, they'd e'en dispense with that, and a thou-
 sand worse Qualities, were there but a Fortune to smoothe
 and supple her; Surely these avou'd *Platonicks* must be
 troubled with Poverty as well as Age, or they'd never (when
 Opportunity presents them with a corporal Wife) take up
 B with

with bare Words that are only the empty Alms of Passion
 'Tis certain an honest Man can turn Necessity into Virtue
 and fly to the Spirit, when he is too impotent for the Flesh
 (or can't with Justice and Modesty admit it into the Court-
 ship) But Platonick Love (if the Words of *Plato* may de-
 termine the Matter) is not altogether refin'd from sensual
 Regards: I am sure he seems to relish the Kiss of *Agass*
 with all the Fire that can be found in a *Double Courtship*; and
 find the immortal *Cowley* of the same Opinion, for in his
Poems entituled *The Mistress*, he there says,

1.

*Indeed I must confess,
 When Souls mix, 'tis a Happiness,
 But not compleat, till Bodies too combine,
 And closely as our Minds together join:
 But half of Heaven the Souls in Glory taste,
 'Till by Love in Heaven at last,
 Their Bodies too are plac'd.*

2.

*In thy inimitable Part,
 Man, as well as I, thou art:
 But Something 'tis that differs thee and me,
 And we must ONE, even in that Difference be.
 I. Thee, both as a Man, and Woman, prize,
 For a perfect Love implies,
 Love in all Capacities.*

But however spiritual the Body too may be in Heaven, yet
 in this World were all *Plato's* Disciples as innocent as their
Master's Idea (or Mode of loving the Soul without Regards
 to the Body): It is not necessary their Love shou'd be there-
 fore Pure, or void of all sensual Respects, because (as the
 greatest Philosopher of our Age hath excellently observed)
*The Continent have the Passion they contain, as much, and more than
 they that satiate the Appetite.*

We have the memorable Confession of *Lais*, that she had
 more Philosophers (and those *Stoicks*) for her humble Ser-
 vants, than Men of lower Professions. Divine *Plato* (as the
 Learned know) confesses himself so passionately in love
 with his *Archianassa*, that forgetting his Doctrine of Ideas
 he knew none but that of her Face; and the Grave *Stagirius*
 as well sacrificed to his *Hepelius* as to *Ceres*. But leaving
Plato's Opinion and Mode of loving the Soul distinct from
 the Body, let us see how the Love which our modern *Plat-*
onicks pretend to be justifiable thereby, does agree there-
 with.

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First, Our Platonicks are generally of different Sexes; whereas *Plato* and *Socrates* (who so passionately made love the Soul of his Darling *Alcibiades*) were both Masculine. Secondly, Our Platonicks are commonly both Young, and the Canicular, or scorching Years of Life: But *Plato* and *Socrates* were ancient, and superannuated for the Incitements of wanton Desires.

Thirdly, Our Platonicks are generally far short of that Wisdom and those Virtues that are requisite to form the Excellencies in others.

Again, Our Platonicks pretend to love, because they would learn, not teach, and the Male Platonick (forsooth) never admiring and extolling the Content he takes in contemplating the Ideas of those rare Virtues, which he discovers daily in the Female; while she (good modest Soul) is much transported with those Perfections of Mind she discerns in him: When indeed, those Virtues and Excellencies are kept so close, that no Person else can perceive or such in either of them.

Lastly, Our Platonicks (especially the Women) are for the most Part, married to others, and so ought to propagate Virtue, (if they have so much as to spare) rather in their Husbands and Children, than in Strangers: But, alas! those Relations are despised in comparison of the noble Lover, who alone deserves to be made wiser and better.

I cou'd reckon up many other Differences more; but these are enough to let you see what vast Disparity there is, betwixt the Platonick Love of the Ancients, and that of modern Puritan Lovers, and how little Reason they have to surpass either the Example of *Socrates*, or the Mode of *Plato* in their Patronage: I hope therefore, Platonick Reader, you will not be offended, if I take leave (without Prejudice to that noble Amity, call'd Friendship) to suspect that your spiritual Passion is but an honourable Pretence to conceal sensual Appetite, and is (in plain Truth) Cousin German, at least, to that Love, which made the *Ephesian* Matron so gentle and obliging to the Soldier.

Reader— You know the End of Fishing, is Catching, not Angling — of Love; Wedding not Wooing — The Messenger is the Messenger of Love, not the Master; or suppose, Reader, you had neither Ears to hear your Lady speak, nor Eyes to see her Beauty, shall you not therefore be subject to the Impressions of Love —

If you answer, No, I can alledge divers born deaf and blind that have been wounded: If you grant this, then confess the Heart must have his Hope, which is neither seen nor hearing —

He that desireth to view a Lady, without any further Suit, is not far different from him that liketh to see a painted Rose, better than to smell to a living Violet, or to hear a Bird sing in a Bush, rather than to have her at Home in his own Cage — To plead for Platonick Love, and request nothing but Looks, is as one shou'd plow his Ground and never sow it, or saddle his Horse, and never ride.

Then, Reader, pretend no more to Platonick Courtship except you cou'd meet with such meer Angels as were *Cloris*, *Daphne*, *Sabina*, and the invisible *Ariadne*, with whom I corresponded many Years, without one sensual Wish or Thought; for I do think the End of Love, is the full Fruition of the Party belov'd; for it cannot follow in Reason that because the Sauce is good which shou'd provoke mine Appetite, therefore I should forsake the Meat for which it was made: Believe me, Reader, the Qualities of the Mind and the Beauty of the Body, are the Sauce to whet our Stomacks, not Meat to fill 'em; for they that live by the View of Beauty, still look very lean; and they that feed only upon Vertue, will go with a hungry Belly to Bed: But after all, Reader, you to your Fancy, and I to mine; for the Learned must differ. But if I en't partial to my own Notions, I think I have fairly prov'd what I said before, *That the greatest Platonick is no longer so, when (with Justice and Honour) he can be otherwise.* And therefore I'm afraid the Pretence of *Absolute Platonism*, is only a demure Bawd to secret Whoring; for 'tis a Matter of common Observation, that those have as gross Inclinations, as other People in a Corner, who seem to care for nothing but the Soul in Publick: But however it may be with such Platonicks, as follow not the Mode of Opportunity; I'm sure, as to myself, I found *Platonick Love* too thin a Diet to continue me long a Widower; and therefore when all is said that can be, in Defence of *Platonick Courtship*, I can't get over it, but (if a Wife dies, or a double Courtship becomes lawful) there's Flesh and Blood at the Bottom of it; for were there not some kind Design in't, our *Absolute Platonicks* (for Conditional Platonism I hold innocent, and was very necessary in my first Addresses to *Cloris*) wou'd never begin Courtship with the Soul, but that they know 'tis tagg'd to something else, which they resolve to wed if ever they are bless'd with a fair Opportunity.

Then, Reader, whenever you court the Soul of a beautiful Woman, especially if you can't be content with such Airy Diet as writing and loving at a Distance, but begin to sigh and wish, and think your self unhappy; then beware of Stings, for (if you'll believe my own Experience) there's certainly Poison (or *Flesh*, which is full as malicious

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and troublesome) that lies under the gilded Superficies; for these *Passions* seem not so properly seated in the Mind as the Body, or only in the insensible Soul, which is hardly different from it; for as I was now courting both the Soul and Body together, I was no longer for a distant View of *Cloris*, but for a close and distinct Gratification of both Soul and Body in a *Double Courtship*.

*Thus Cupid bath by's sly and subtle Art,
A certain Arrow shot and pierc'd my Heart :
What shall I do to be reveng'd on Love?
There is but one Way, and that one I'll prove;
I'll steal his Arrows, and will head them new
With Womens Hearts, and then they'll ne'er fly true.*

However, were Women never so false, they are Women still, and if we tenderly love their Souls, 'tis a thousand to one but at last we as passionately love their Bodies; for, Reader, you may as well talk of Love, without loving, as without desiring; and when you can shew the Love-Letters between a Pair of Souls, or the History of the Angelical Amours of *Nakar* and *Damilkar*, or can tell me the Taste of those immaterial Kisses that a certain Dutchess talks of, when I shall believe that our absolute Platonicks believe themselves when they talk of these Matters, and that they are full as spiritual as they tell us, or at least that they are as chaste as we Platonicks, who court and wed according to the Mode of Opportunity; not but I believe their Love may still be enough Platonical, and full as pure as was that of the Philosopher that gave it the Name, who if he were not very much wrong'd, never lov'd Virtue so refinedly, as to like or court her so passionately in a foul or homely Habitation, as he did in those that were more beautiful and lovely.

1.

*Tell me no more of Minds embracing Minds,
And Hearts exchang'd for Hearts;
That Spirits meet Spirits, as Winds do Winds,
And mix their subtlest Parts:
That two unbod'y'd Essences may kiss,
And then like Angels twist and feel no Bliss.*

2.

*I thought this true, 'till I saw Cloris Face;
But then my Love grew Flesh and Blood apace,
And I drop'd Plato in a close Embrace.
Nor doth a Glance, only a Glance beget;
One Look gets Love, the next doth nourish it.
This was my Case, there was no over-ruling;
So that Soul Courtship's but Platonick Fooling.*

B 3

. 3.

The Double Courtship ; or

3.

*I was that silly Thing that once was wrought
To practise this thin Love:
I climb'd from Sex to Soul, from Soul to Thought ;
But thinking there to move,
Headlong I roll'd from Thought to Soul, and then
From Soul I lighted at the Sex agen.*

4.

*I first lov'd Cloris for her Wit and Sense,
I thought all Flesh and Blood was banish'd thence ;
But Soul and Body do so close unite,
Where one does love the other claims a Right.
Then he that thinks his Flesh to over-rule,
Proves (as I did) a double Courting Fool.*

5.

*As some strict down-look'd Men pretend to fast,
Who yet in Closets eat ;
So Lovers who profess they Spirits taste,
Feed yet on grosser Meat.
I know they boast they Souls to Souls convey,
Howe'er they meet the Body in the Way.*

6.

*'Tis true, for Cloris, she was so divine,
She wou'd be courted like a Cherubim :
But Love, Camellion-like, can't live by Air
Of Womens Breath, without that courser Fare
Of double Courtship — This was Duntton's Stain,
For seeing Cloris, he turn'd Flesh again.*

Thus Reader, I have given thee *The History of my double Courtship to Philomela*, as 'twas an Amour according to the Mode of Plato and Opportunity ; and now you know what Platonick and Corporal Love is ; I'll tell you who 'twas lov'd.

Well then, having now seen the Person of *Philomela* (which I had never done, or desir'd, had *Iris* liv'd) I shall now proceed to draw her *Picture*, in the most lively Colours of double Courtship, or transporting View of her Person and Virtues for six Days, can assist me with.

We read of a beautiful young Gentleman, who being often in his Life-time requested to have his *Picture* drawn and courted to it by the greatest Masters of the Age, who desir'd it as a perfect Pattern of Masculine Beauty, utterly refus'd their Solicitations, telling them, *He intended it not to be done, till a few Days after his Burial* ; and that he wou'd have it drawn to shew to those that are proud of their handsome Faces, what a Change Death makes Which made COWLEY sing,

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*The Man who did my Picture draw,
Will swear (when dead) my Face he never saw.*

When this Gentleman died, his Friends opening his Sepulcher (in order to draw his Picture) they found half his face consumed by Vermin, and his Midriff and Back-bone full of little Serpents, supposed to be bred of the Putrefaction so short a Time had reduc'd him to, and so he stands fix'd amongst his Ancestors. So soon does Death change the fairest Beauty into Loathing; and in a few Years the Case will be just the same with Respect to the beautiful Body of Philomela; 'twill not be long e'er Madam Singer (as young and charming as she now is) but will look as frightful as this Gentleman, when his Face was consumed by Vermin: And for that Reason, though I must now draw her with the same Beauty and Grace as I'd draw an incarnate Seraphim; (I call her so, as whenever she speaks of Heaven, or any Divine Mystery, she seems rather an Angel fresh from the Scenes of Glory, than a Mortal who had only heard of those Wonders at a Distance) but tho' to draw her with these Perfections, is to do her Justice, yet I hope to remember what frightful Figure she'll make in the Grave, will (as it did the Youth that would not be drawn 'till after his Death) keep her humble at the Sight of her own Picture, shou'd I draw it ne'er so fine and lovely: But be it as 'twill, the first Picture that Phidias, the first Painter, shadowed, was the Portraiture of his own Person, saying, *If it be well, I will paint many besides Phidias; if ill, it shall offend none but Phidias*: And I am much of this Painter's Humour: So that if the Picture I am going to draw be lik'd, more of my Friends must expect theirs; but if I don't now temper my Colours aright, and draw Philomela just as she is (and 'twou'd be strange if I shou'd at this great Distance) I'll act as Phidias wou'd have done, had he ill succeeded, *Draw no more*: But I assure my self (tho' my Picture be ne'er so unlike *Cloris*) she has Friendship enough to forgive one, who had a Will, tho' not the Power to draw her better: But why shou'd I say she'll forgive me? When she's so averse to having her Picture seen, that in the last Letter she sent to me, she writes thus,

Sir — I am very sorry 'tis too late to have my Character rescu'd, but I beg you for the future to do nothing of that Nature without my Knowledge: I know you intend it as a Favour, but, Sir, 'tis my Choice to die in Oblivion.

So that *Cloris* will be much displeased with the following Picture, as she desires to have her Character rescu'd, and to die forgotten; but this is all owing to her great Humility, who, (as was said of the Countess of Essex) *Has nothing little, nothing mean, but a mean Opinion of her*.

her own Excellencies, and being little in her own Eyes : However that I may gratify her humble Request of *Living unknown* I do here freely and publicly assure her, I'll never print those ingenious Letters she sent to me (save under borrow'd Names) unless by her disowning, or disliking any thing in this Character, she force me to publish our **WHOLE CORRESPONDENCE**; which contains five Hundred Letters on *Platonick Love* — *Codrus* — *Philosophick Melancholly*, and other nice and curious Subjects; and in some of these Letters (especially in those on *Platonick Love*) there is a matchless Tenderneſs in them, that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts with pleasing Agitations: So that if Novelty (or Variety either) have Charms, these five Hundred Letters can't miss of a kind Reception.

But, Reader, perhaps you'll say, What is *Dunton* grown Amorous? Yes really, Sir, I have been dabling in such Matters as well as other People; but you'll find all the Letters that pass between *Cloris* and me so inoffensive, the very Vestals might read them, and preserve their Innocence: *Philomela* and *Philaret* (or we cou'd not deserve that Title) had rather lay by the Quill, than write at the Expence of Virtue and Religion. In all our five Hundred Letters there's neither Swearing nor Lying, nothing but the pure Transports of *Platonick Love*, all of 'em as harmless and as innocent as the Doves of *Venus*.

*Unless we love, Life's but an empty Name,
Not worth the while, and slowly on it moves;
'Twas Love that joyn'd the Universal Frame,
And every Creature, every Inſect loves.*

However, this is the last Time the World shall ever hear of this Correspondence: Tho' suppose they shou'd, sure I am, my old *Female Querists* will never be weary of a little harmless Love, — or so; — for even Angels love, but (like *Platonick Friends*) they love virtuously and reasonably, and never err in the Object nor the Manner; and if all our *She-Wits* had done the same, I wonder what our Sex could have found out to have objected against Women. However, Reader, in these five Hundred Letters (for if you may judge by their Bulk, their Number can't be less) that pass between *Madam Singer* and me, they are silenc'd; for I dare be bold to say, That whoever does not come extremely prejudic'd to the Reading of these Letters, will find in them that Chastity of Thought, that Purity of Language, and that Softness and Innocence in the *Platonick Amour*, as he will hardly find in any other secret Correspondence.

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own, Reader, the *Women-Haters* will be ready to say, These five Hundred Letters (being a Correspondence between two Persons of a different Sex, and one of 'em marry'd) are *Light, Vain, Airy*; here's Time misspent, and Pains taken on Subjects below the Gravity of *Philaret*, at least of *Philomela*, to employ her self about.

But some Time is no doubt allowable for meer Recreation, this is certainly harmless: These five Hundred Letters consist, chiefly, of *Platonick Love*, and are perfectly innocent; and I don't see why any Mortal that came of a Woman shou'd be angry at 'em: However 'tis, some excuse that the Reverend Dons have set me a President in this Kind; the famous *Norris*, (now Rector of *Bennmerton*), owns himself greatly honour'd by that *Platonick Correspondence* he had with *Madam Astell*, and has publish'd the Letters that pass between 'em. Mr. *Burton* (an eminent Clergy-man) writ the *Anatomy of Love Melancholy*. *Aeneas Sylvius* (a grave Divine) Recorded the *Platonick Friendship* of *Lucretia* and *Eurialus*, and so have *Zenophon*, *Plato*, *Socrates*, *Plutarch*, and other Philosophers, written on the same Subject: And even the *Athenian Society* it self (with all its Gravity) has been *Love-sick*; nay, have so far engag'd in a *Double Courtship*, as to love (*Distinctly*) the Soul and Body of the same Woman, at the same Time.

Our Reverend Chaplain (God forgive him) stole a Wife from a Convincticle.

Our Mathematician whin'd (like a Dog in a Halter) for Mrs. *Sault*.

DUNTON, till he consider'd the Matter, was hanging himself for the *Pindarick Lady*; and not a Member of *Athens* but loves an Angel in Petticoats.

But I hope, Reader, there's no Amorous Treason in all this; for we are all for *Love* in the dull Conjugal Way, (I call it so, as most Husbands kiss a Cherry as amorously as their own Wives) and hope to grow so *spiritual* in time, as to love nothing of a Woman but her Soul.

Reader, *Dunton* is thus refin'd (if I may be allow'd to praise my self) and nothing will be found in my *Double Courtships* (or in any of those *Platonick Letters* that pass between *Cloris* and my self) that will make me blush to own, or another to read.

'Tis true, my *Platonick Amours* are *Sports* that rather improve a Man, by keeping him from worse, than by bringing any considerable Profit, for they are a Sort of *Spiritual Copulation*; and he that enjoys the Air, (tho' *Cowley* cou'd feast on a kind Word) will find it but a lean Mistress: However, these *Hyperphysical Enjoyments* were my Recreation for the Time I corresponded with *Madam Singer*; and I hope the Reader

Reader will grant *Platonick Courtship* (were it ne'er so tender) a little more excusable than fooling away three or four Years, and it may be as many Reams of Paper in doleful Ditties of *Philander* and *Phillis*, which use to be the Practice of those that only court the Body of a Woman, and have been (till these five Hundred Letters are publish'd) without a Directory for the making Love to her Soul.

In a Word, The chief Design of my *Correspondence* with *Philomela*, was to make the Lover (whether *Platonick* or *Sensual*) as meer an Angel as he thinks his Mistress; and in the five Hundred Letters that pass between us, there be several Things that were never handled, nor perhaps never thought of before : So that in this *Correspondence* the whole System of Love is refin'd and enlarg'd ; and shall, if publish'd, be thrown into an easie Method, for the Use of such as wou'd spiritually court the Soul, and as chastly caress the Body, till their Amour (like mine) end in a *Double Courtship* : But however diverting and useful these Letters might be to the Publick, they shall never be printed, except (as I said before) I'm forc'd to it, as a Proof and Vindication of the following *Character* of *Philomela*, and then I'll dedicate the *Whole Correspondence* to the Memory of my dear and ingenious Friend Mr. *Simon Hamlyn*, who first brought us acquainted, or else to the spiteful *Argus*, as like a *Foot-Pad*, he intercepted our Letters for several Months, and at last suppress'd our truly *Innocent Correspondence*, 'till I renew'd it my self by a Ramble to *Agford* *, where I soon chang'd my first *Platonick Address* into a *Double Courtship* ; but *Flesh and Blood* being too gross Food for a *Platonick Lover*, the Siege lasted but six Days, and was then rais'd, but with much Honour on both Sides.

*Reason at last has got the Day ;
To Cloris Yoke no more I bow,
The harder 'twas to break away,
The sweeter is my Freedom now :
Yet I resolve the scornful Nymph to see,
And tell her I'm as unconcern'd as she.*

*But why shou'd I a visit make,
To her whose Charms I did admire,
Unless my Soul her Part does take,
Unknowing of its amorous Fire ?*

* *Agford* is a small Village near *Frome* in *Somersetshire*, where I gave *Philomela* a Visit, by Consent of her pious and aged Father Mr. *Walter Singer*, I stay'd there and at *Frome*, about six Days.

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*Alas ! my Flames are greater than before,
For he loves most, who thinks he loves no more.*

And therefore, Cloris, I don't see why you shou'd boast any more of the Conquest your Eyes made at our first Interview (over my whole Man, Body and Soul) than I did of that Modest Repulse you gave me ; for,

*Tho' at first Sight you took my Heart,
It adds not to your Fame,
Think not you play'd a Cæsar's Part,
Came, saw, and overcame.*

*The Fort did yield, but was not ta'n,
It never struck a Blow ;
So you cou'd not a Conquest gain,
Where you had ne'er a Foe.*

*What Honour is't to murther one,
Who no Resistance made ?
To storm and sack a Friendly Town,
Whose Gates are open laid.*

*In this more Glory you shall find,
Be Just as you are Fair,
To me who do submit be kind,
To Rebels be severe.*

But as Cloris was too Divine and Spiritual to clog her Mind with a sensual Passion, so I (as much as I doated on her) durst not continue to court an Angel that did not return LOVE FOR LOVE ; and so we parted *, never to meet again, except in Heaven ; but why shou'd I say we parted,

*No ! prove me absent first (which can't be done)
For I am with her tho' she liv'd at Rome ;
Planets are where they work, not where they move,
I am not where I live, but where I love.*

And this leads me to what in the Title to this Project, I call Dunton's Character of Madam Singer, writ when he was a Widower.

And here I shall first Attempt a General, and then a more Particular Character of Philomela : For Cloris being a Primitive Christian, (or nice Pattern of holy Living) I'll draw her Picture at full Length.

* At Agford, September the 10th, 1697.

The Pindarick Lady in the *West*, alias *Philomela*, alias *Cloris*, alias *Madam Singer*, may properly be call'd, *The Western Nightingal*, for her incomparable Wit, and Skill in Harmony.

*The dying Swan advanc'd with silver Wings,
So in the Sedges of Meander sings.*

Sure Angels sit and listen to her Song! All Musick's nothing if compar'd with the sweet Notes of *Philomela*.

*Ye feather'd Quire, forbear a while your Song,
So sweet her Voice, ye cannot think her long.
Give ear ye Syrens, who on Seas do dwell,
Learn hence to sing, ye never sung so well,
She is indeed the Western Nightingal.*

When she lays her Hands to the *Spinnet*, or charms with her heavenly Tongue, I cou'd turn *Camelion*, and live for ever on this Air: Blessed *Agford*! I call it so, as 'tis the present Residence of *Philomela*; 'twas to this Place and to this Lady that my Reverend Friend * made a Visit on my Behalf, But *Presto* be gone, for I'm now in *London* again, where (as I said before) *Cloris* often obliged the *Athenian Society* with Variety of Inimitable Poems, I printed a Collection of this Lady's Poems in the Year 97, which were lately Re-printed, with such large Additions, by the ingenious and truly pious Mr. *Bowden*, that when ever I take 'em up,

*In vain alas, in vain my Fate I shun,
I read, and sigh, and love, and am undone:
Circean Charms, and Female Arts, we prove
Transported all to some New World of Love.
Tyrannous Charmer hold! our Sense, our Soul restore,
Monopolize not Love, nor make thy Friends adore.*

To write plain English, she has certainly the richest Genius of her Sex; and to convince you of it, I shall only refer you to her Letters on *Platonick Love* (Part of which the Reader will find in the *Athenian Spy*); to her Paraphrase upon the *Canticles*, and the Fable of *Phaeton*, which he may meet with in the Collection I have mention'd. She knows the Purity of our Tongue, and converses with all the Briskness and the Gaiety that she writes. Her Stile is noble, and flowing, and her Images are very vivid and shining, and (which makes her a *Double Fortune*, tho' she won't accept of a *Double Courtship*) she's as Beautiful as she's Witty.

1.

*And here and there she innocently slays
With an unaiming Dart;
And none resist her when with Skill
She levels at the Heart.*

2.

*Bright Wonder of her Sex, with Ease she wields,
Vast Thoughts and more refin'd;
And greater far than e'er were yet
Grass'd by a Female Mind.*

3.

*If thus her Pen is Cupid's Dart,
Her Letters Philtres all;
And both are level'd at a Heart,
How can it chuse but fall?*

Her pious Friend Mr. Bowden (with whom she entrusted the Re-printing her Collection of Poems, before recited) gives her this noble Character: "She's an Author of unquestionable Reputation in Poetry; and that ingenious Gentleman Mr. Prior, in his late celebrated Piece, entitled *Poems on several Occasions*, tells the World, "I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a Pastoral of her Writing, in which the Softness of her Sex, and the Fineness of her Genius conspire to give her a very distinguishing Character — And I'm sure Philomela must have a distinguishing Character indeed, if the ingenious Prior says she deserves it; for as a late Author observes of him *,

*What Man with Thirst of glorious Acts wou'd burn,
Till Prior's Muses to the Court return?
Philip wou'd leave the fertile Fields of Spain,
To bear this Syren of his Loss complain,
And the Great Lewis wou'd half his Conquests lose,
To be the Subject of his tuneful Muse.*

This Character given of Madam Singer by such a first Rate Poet as Mr. Prior, can't but convince the severest Criticks that Philomela (as if Poetry were her Birth-right) not only out-shines the rest of her Sex in Wit and Sense (which has rais'd her so high in the Lady Weymouth's Friendship) but is fathom'd the vast Body of Learning, and in every several Part of it is Mistress: Nor does her Poems alone, (especially those entitled *A Collection of Divine Hymns*) relish of Wit and Piety, for she reads not of a Virtue which she without puts into Act, and adds to it a greater Beau-

* In his Poem entitled *The Battel of Oudenard*; in two Cantos.

ty than it had in the Example. 'Tis in *Philomela* (as in her worthy Ancestors) that Piety still, and Ingenuity join Qualities that sympathize so much with the pious Name of *Singer*. So that in *Cloris's* Character (as I said in the Title to this Project) is fully exemplify'd, *The Primitive Christian, or a Nice Pattern of Holy Living*; for (like the Primitive Christians) her *Charity* is extensive, tho' 'tis managed with the greatest Secrecy; Her Heart is sincerely obedient to her pious and aged Father; Her *Humour* is full of Kindness and good Nature; she is affable and easie of Access, and converses with Persons of all Conditions, without lessening her Character.

When Persons of Figure are thus Religious, their Example is expos'd to View and Imitation; their Character spreads and recommends the Practice of Christianity with wonderful Advantage; when those who are possess'd of this World are in quest of another, and pursue their Interests in Eternity, it argues strongly that this can't be the State of Happiness and Rest. We have a pregnant Instance of this Nature in *Madam Singer*, whose Mind is serious and always urg'd on with a generous Thirst after Virtue; and 'tis remarkable her Understanding does not improve too fast for her Practice: She is well skill'd in the Doctrines of the Christian Faith, and can discourse consistently upon the most difficult Articles in Religion; The Holy Scriptures are the Subject of her Thoughts, they form her Life and Manners, and refine her Practice, and her whole Conduct may be safely follow'd as the perfect Standard of Piety and Virtue; her Attendance at *Meetings*, (for she is a Dissenter but no Bigot to any Party) is devout and constant; she is not Religious only by Start and Sally, her Principles are better fix'd, and her Dispositions have more of Grace in 'em than to suffer any Intermissions in Matters of such Importance.

Her Zeal has nothing of Frenzy or Passion, which is too common with the fair Sex; she manages with Prudence and Decency in the midst of Religious Worship, and always keeps within the Bounds of Revelation and Reason.

Philomela is sensible that publick Devotions warm her Heart, strengthen her Resolution, and confirm her Peace. She neither neglects the Pleasures of Life, nor pursues 'em too close: She does not over-love the Creature, her greatest Hopes are anchor'd in Eternity, and thence her Satisfaction is deriv'd: But I need not enlarge upon this Head. 'Tis well known *Madam Singer* takes that Delight in doing good, as if she had no other Errand in the World: Should I say she is without Sin, I shou'd impiously contradict the Scriptures; shou'd I say she has any, I shou'd unjustly

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ainst my own Knowledge; for none of my *Athenian* Bre-
 ren, nor my self, (who was the only Person of the whole
Athenian Society that had the Honour to correspond with her)
 wu'd ever discover in her the least Imperfection. Sure I am
 she has Infirmities, they are intestate, unless she place her
 in Conscience for a Witness, which it will not better be-
 come to judge it self, than it will do my Charity to clear it.
 This Testimony, Truth and the *Athenian Society* com-
 mended me to give her, and to commend to Posterity.
 Neither do I flatter *Philomela* in all this; for to the Ad-
 vantage of a most noble Education, she has conjoin'd in
 her own Person whatever is particularly excellent in all the
 Lilies in the two Kingdoms.
 Her Closet is the withdrawing Room wherein she does
 most delight, because there she does entertain Communion
 with Heaven.

Witness ye everlasting Lamps above,
 Ye sacred Lights that round us nightly move :
 Witness how oft, when the long Day was done,
 And all Devotion silent but her own, (Throne. }
 You've seen her on her Knees before th' Immortal }
 As if at neither Morning, Noon and Even;
 There Hours enough to Piety were given:
 Part of the Night in Prayer she always spent,
 The Time by most, to Wine and Lewdness lent :
 No Hypocrite, e'er with more Ardor cou'd
 Unseen, be Ill, than she'd unseen be Good ;
 Whatever doing, or where e'er she were,
 Her Privacies does no Detection fear;
 We ne'er can find her when unfit to see,
 Nor hear her, but the Theme is Piety.
 No Faith by Works, was ever finer shewn,
 If when no Act of Charity is done, }
 That Day be lost ——— She never squander'd One. }
 The Primitive Christian is EXEMPLIFY'D,
 In all she does, her Virtue has been try'd.
 " So much a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
 " For fear to wrong her with a Name too low.
 No Fears, by which our Scepticks are distress'd,
 Ever found the least Admittance to her Breast :
 Where'er she turns her View, Sea, Earth and Skies ;
 GOD, in his Works, is present to her Eyes.
 Unhappy they that see this wondrous Frame,
 And after, make a Doubt from whence it came!
 Her Converse tho' 'twas chearful, ne'er was vain;
 Her Soul wou'd start to hear a Word profane.

She

*She is a Mortal Woman angeliz'd,
In Thought, in Looks, and every Thing beside :
She's truly P I O U S, Chaste, and free from Blame,
Not like a Primitive Christian, but the same.*

Her Devotion has more of Seriousness than Pomp, and the Seasons of it many Times stolen to avoid Ostentation; not like those fluttering Women, who will be sure to frequent publick Prayers Morning and Evening, and hug their Prayer-Books in their Hands as they walk the Streets, and rustle them over in their Closets, without any thing else that looks like Religion in the whole Course of their Lives: her Closet is furnish'd with the *Holy Bible*, *Lady's Calling*, *Bishop Kenn's Hymns* *; and other Practical Books instead of dead lifeless Controversies, Play-Books and Romances; when she comes from her Closet, it is perceptible to her Father, and his whole Family, that she has been with God: Her first Visit in the Morning is to Heaven, and the sweet Smell of that cannot be worn off by any other Visits throughout the Day: She is like *Martha*, not slothful in Business, and at the same Time like *Mary*, fervent in Spirit serving the Lord.

*Such her Devotion is, as might give Rules
Of Speculation, to disputing Schools;
And teach us equally the Scales to hold,
Betwixt the two Extreems of Hot and Cold;
That pious Heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd, with Zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb her Prayer,
Heaven had the best, if not the greater Share:
An active Life, long Oraisons forbids,
Yet still she prays, for still she prays by Deeds.
In short she is, I scarce can tell the best,
Some say an ANGEL, Hamlin did protest,
A Primitive Saint, or Virgin, was the least.*

She knows her Soul is more excellent than her Body, and therefore does spend the chief of her Time about the Affairs of Eternity; and is more frequent at her Prayers, than at the Toilet, or Glass; the Review of which made her (in her dangerous Sickneſs about Ten Years ago) so willing to die: Her Words are far from being idle or affected, but are always useful to the Edification of others; nay, I verily think she has neither a Thought, a Word, nor a Look, contrary to the strict Rules of Virtue. How far is she from receiv-

* Late Bishop of Bath and Wells.

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or delighting in Tale-bearers, who separate chief ends — or in entertaining Visitors with Censures upon Failures of other Women, which is too much the Practice now-a-days. Talkativeness, the common Failure of Sex, is no Blemish of *Philomela's*; she is far from monopolizing all Conversation to her self, but is readier to listen than to speak; and can bear to hear of her Faults (if she has any) without thinking her self affronted: neither the greatest Abuse make her Implacable, as knowing the Glory of Man and Woman to pass by Infirmities; as we pray daily to God to pass by our own, so God lets the same from us one to another.

Her Visits are not tedious nor trivial, but design'd for the Advantage of Conversation, and the Continuance of Friendship; and when she is visited her self, entertains her Friends, not with a starch'd Formality, or foolish impertinent Trifles, but with something that may be useful to their Minds, as well as to exercise their Tongues.

How serious are her Preparations for Publick Worship, how much concern'd to have her Father's Family (for being an only Daughter, she is entrusted with the sole Government of Domestick Affairs) deliver'd from those Embarrassances which might hinder them to attend the same.

Care to have her Soul in readiness, to hear what God has to say, is greater than that of having her Body adorn'd, contrary to the common Practice of our Age. How attentive is she when at Sermons? (especially if the ingenious *John Preach*): And with what Greediness does she suck the sincere Milk of the Word, and how Conscientious to see that her Father's Servants take heed to what they hear, that they perform their Duty to God as well as to him — Neither does she think to compound with Heaven, being thus zealous in religious Duties, that she may be able to Covet, Lie, and act other Sins with the greater Freedom.

The Extensiveness of her Charity, (as I shew'd before) is another Character, which endears her Friendship and makes her precious to the Poor of *Agford, Frome, Bristol*, as well as to others who feel the Effects of it. How like to the Author of all Good does that excellent Grace make her, and how does it adorn her holy Profession! *Dionysius* the Tyrant wonder'd at his Son, that with all the Gold and Silver he had in his House he had made no Man his Friend; but *Philomela* is decently frugal, that she may be bountifully Charitable. The Truth is, the best and surest Way to have any outward Mercy, is to be content to want it, or to make good use of what we have: When Men's Desires are over eager for the World, they must have so much a Year, and a

34 *The Double Courtship; or*

House well furnish'd, or else they will not be contented. God usually, if not constantly breaks their Wills, by denying them, or else puts a Sting into them, that a Man had as good have been without them. If a Man have but a little Income, if he have a great Blessing, (and like *Philomela*,) have a Heart to do good with the little he has, that's enough to make it up: Alas! we must not account Mercies by the Bulk. What if another have a Pound to an Ounce, if mine be Gold for his Silver, I will never change with him. 'Tis *Philomela* that crosses the Proverb, *That Fortune sees not where she bestows her Gifts*; that most commonly they fall to the Share of those who have not Hearts to improve them; for her great Charity has brought that excellent Character upon her of being Kind and Generous beyond others. *Philomela* knows, *We brought nothing into this World, and shall carry nothing out*; so does all the Good she can whilst she lives, in this imitating *Sir John Frederick*, who made his own Hands his Executors, and his Eyes the Overseers. — 'Tis observ'd, that Covetousness is the only Sin that grows young as Men grow old: But 'tis not so in *Philomela*, she lives in the World so much above it, as is an Evidence of the real Greatness of her Soul, and that she thinks of a little Thing wherein others place Greatness; this makes her Charity so natural to her, that 'tis scarce a Virtue.

A good Bishop (says a late Writer) cou'd have preached an Hour together, in saying nothing but *Beware of Covetousness*; and so charitable is *Philomela*, that her whole Life seems to be one continu'd Satyr against Avarice — She is

*A general Good — the Rich may freely come
As to a Friend, and to the Poor she's Home;
To Cloris Loaves the Sick and Niddy came.
The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the Lame;
Want and Diseases fly before her Name.*

*Sure she has Guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's Train:
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;
Since in a Servant's Form he liv'd below;
Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted Angel, in his Way
Might ease his Wings; and seeing Heaven appear,
In its best Work of Mercy, think it there,
Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love
Are in as constant Method, as above:
All carry'd on; all of a Piece with theirs;
As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares;
As loud her Praises, and as warm her Prayers.*

Yet was she not profuse ; but fear'd to waste,
 And wisely manag'd, that the Stock might last ;
 That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve
 When Crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve.
 Which to prevent, she still increas'd her Store ;
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
 Thus Heav'n, though All-sufficient, shows a Thrift
 In his Oeconomy, and bounds his Gift :
 Creating for our Day, one single Light ;
 And his Reflection too supplies the Night :
 Perhaps a Thousand other Worlds, that lie
 Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,
 Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurst ;
 Of which our Earthly Dunghil is the worst.

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line,
 Yet somewhat more to one Extream incline :
 Such was her Soul ; abhorring Avarice,
 Bounteous, but, almost Bounteous to a Vice.

And as Philomela is truly Charitable to the Poor and
 needy ; so she is as truly Compassionate to the Unfortunate,
 which my self was a Remarkable Instance ; for whilst I
 pour'd under some Difficulties (occasion'd by the matchless
 rapine of a cruel and cheating Mother-in-law) Philomela
 like the good Samaritan) pour'd Oil and Wine into my
 wounds, by sending me the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton,

I am sorry my Name is in the late Collection of Divine
 Poems, which was the Book I offer'd to procure the Profit of
 the Copy for you. I offer you one thing more, writ by an
 acquaintance of mine, viz. A Translation of a Treatise of
 Devotion, writ in French by Mr. Ferieu : 'Tis English'd
 with a great deal of Spirit, and very good Language, if you think
 it will be any Advantage to you, I'll procure it ; but if not, you
 may freely refuse it, for I assure you, your Profit is the only Rea-
 son that I propose this, nor would I advise you to venture
 anything on your self, but to sell the Copy, therefore pray be free
 in your Answer, for my Friend can easily dispose of it, not writ-
 ing himself for Profit. Dwell to me as before, and let me
 have your speedy Answer. Your Friend Mr. Hamlin, &c

Thus, Reader, you see by this GENERAL CHARACTER of *Madam Singer*, that she seems to have been designed for the Model of all Female, Platonick, Generous and Social Virtues.

She is admirably qualified with natural Endowments both of Body and Mind; she has a good Memory, clear and quick Apprehension; her Passions, Temper and Inclinations, moderate and free from all Excess, least to all Appearance, for her Body is in perfect Subjection to her Soul; she was so happy to choose the Paths of Virtue from her *Infancy*, in a strict Observance of her Duty to her Parents, wherein she plac'd her whole Delight, and an absolute Stranger to all the trifling Pleasures of Vanities and youthful Gaieties: She has a mighty Ambition to outdo the Expectation of her Friends and Relations in all good Qualities, and has such an invincible Courage, and indefatigable Industry, that no Difficulties could ever surmount whereby she got such an early Habit of Virtue and Beneficence, that to do Acts of Mercy and Kindness, is become natural, easie and pleasant to her; not to her Friends only and those she loves, but to all Persons without Exception that need her Help (of which her offering me *Jerieu's Tristram* was a noble Instance) and so great is the Joy and Pleasure she takes in doing good, that for that time she forgets the frail Condition of Mortality, and thinks to live like an Angel without Food or Sleep: And truly, if those come nearest to the Life of Angels (or of the Primitive Christians) that heed the finest Things, she may be justly thought to want little of that Perfection; for 'tis Angelical to live up to the exactest Rules of Temperance, Sobriety, and Chastity, which she does. As to her Temperance in eating and drinking, (tho' she is skillful to the greatest Nicety in preparing *fine Dishes*) she ever chooseth for her own eating the plainest Diet, and makes it a Rule she never once transgresses: Her Sobriety also is such, she finds rather a Disadvantage than Pleasure in what the World calls Diversion; she seeks no Hours of Mirth to take off sad Thoughts, for her Temper is chearful and contented, with the Satisfaction alone of endeavouring to do her Duty, and then her Love to Chastity appears no less in all her Actions, her *Words and Looks* declare it as well as the exact Modesty she observes in her Dress; and she prefers that Degree of living unmarried, if God sees fit. She is a Person naturally qualify'd for this great *Virgin-Honour* she desires her self of living a Maid; for she has a good discerning Judgment which makes her sensible of her happy Condition as the World now goes: She has a great and lofty Mind

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which forbids her to exchange her Liberty for any trifling Advantage of Honour or Riches.

Her Passions are so moderate, Fame and Glory can't exalt her, nor unjust Reproach or Contempt deject her; she can see her own Defects with Patience, and own 'em out of love to Truth: She knows the undaunted Spirit of the World surprizes and confounds her, she therefore spares her own Weakness (if she has any) by avoiding publick Company and Conversation, where she neither edifies her self or them, she knows her self carry'd more to Speculation than Action, and considers what a Cypher of a Wife she would make if she marry'd a Platonick Lover according to the Corporal Ceremony; and I judge this might be one Reason why my Double Courtship prov'd unsuccessful, and will be so to other Lovers that shall presume to court her as flesh and Blood, for,

Hate is the Nobler Passion far
When Love is ill repaid;
For at one Blow it ends the War,
And cures the Love-sick Maid.

Philomela loves Mortification, but 'tis of the Mind rather than the Body: She always keeps a spare Diet but is no friend to Fasting and Austerities, her Constitution will not bear it: She has a very mean Opinion of the transient pleasures of nice Eating, and the same of high Living, but but NEATNESS, and she'll give up all the rest to those that like it.

The Quality Philomela esteems as most useful to her is FORWARDNESS; those that constitute Pride for the chief Guard of a Woman's Honour, overlook'd this admirable Quality; for all that can be formidable to a Woman is Shame and Blushing, from all other Injuries Men protect 'em, but from this Danger nothing but Cowardice that fears every thing that threatens Reputation. As to this Quality Philomela owes her best Conduct, and makes her avoid the Places of Danger, where the courageous Women expose themselves in Masks, with their agreeable Enter, and dare the World to say or prove any thing against 'em: But *Cloris* is disperited at the Apprehension of being thought such a bold Creature one quarter of an Hour, and wou'd for ever hate the Sight of that Man that shou'd make the Mistake; she cou'd never Glory in a shameful story: With her the Way to be invincible in that Case is never to contend; neither shall I make any Apology for calling *Cloris* a Coward, for tho' Cowardice is a bad Quality in a Man, yet (I think) in a Woman 'tis the best. This Part

of Philomela's Character that applauds her Cowardice, is more than I gather from her own Words; for in one of her Letters she writes thus, —

Mr. Dunton,

I Receiv'd your sage Epistle, thank ye, and a fine Pleasant Mixture of Philosophy 'tis, Heaven give me Grace to digest it; how could one capable of so much Tenderness, as you sometimes express, fall into such a blunt stoical Humour of a sudden, but for the sake of two or three ill shap'd Obstacles you have discover'd to me, I'll e'en retire, tho' with a sullen Brow, that's the Truth on't, tho' 'twas purely your Arguments *, a little Cowardice of my own, and a certain Accident that has since happen'd to S ——— that 'tis to be hoped will make him the less importunate, and so concludes that Fancy. — And with those Words she concludes her Letter with only adding — So she with a great deal of Penitence for my rash Design, I subscribe,

Your constant and obliged Friend —

Philomela.

Thus happily disposed, how inconsiderable must Philomela's Necessities needs be? But as little as they are, her Prudence and Humility makes 'em less; 'tis with the Assistance of those Virtues she is able to deny her self every thing that is more than just necessary to preserve her Health and well-being, so far as to make her useful to others. She has as much Tenderness for all Persons Frailties and Infirmities, either of Body or Mind, as if she had had a full Experience of 'em in her self, and indulges any impatient Satisfaction to others, with as much Pleasure as for the same Reason that she denies her self; because she judges it for the good of both; she knows she can be happier without 'em, but those that desire 'em must obtain their Happiness by the Experience of their Disappointment: tho' she does good to all, she has a more particular Concern for those that are of the Household of Faith, and only such she chuses for her Friends; but she is faithful in her Trust to all that rely on her, and if ever she shews any Impatience, 'tis when some cross Accident forces her to break her Word.

* Argus read that Sentence again [Tho' 'twas purely your Arguments], and if you have one Grain of Honour and Justice in you, ask my Pardon for your suppressing my Correspondence with Cloris, that I am able to prove by her own Letters (and seal'd it if further provok'd) was of great Service to her in some Difficulties which she labour'd under.

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she hates the very Appearance of Falshood, but to her friends, she spares no Price or Industry to serve 'em, and her Labour, Care and Diligence, her Purse, her Interest, more than she would do for her self, is not too much for her Friend, for whom she thinks she can never do enough; for 'tis a divine Use she makes of Friendship, to evade the Troubles and Necessities of this Life, that might interrupt the Pursuit of a better, and to animate and encourage each other to a constant Perseverance in the Ways of Virtue and Piety, that if not able to take the Kingdom of Heaven by Violence, yet to arrive there by the easier Steps, being so assisted; and indeed the Crown and Perfection of her Virtues is their having no other Aim than God's Glory: If she avoids Temptation, 'tis that she may do nothing to the Dishonour of God and her Profession: she denies her self all manner of Indulgence, inuring her self to many Mortifications, 'tis for the Sake of the poor servants of Jesus Christ, that she may never be out of Capacity of serving them, which is the very Top of her Ambition; and the tender and generous Concern she has for her friends proceeds from the same Principle, her Love to God's Glory; (for her Friends are to be sure, as far as she can judge, such as fear God) that she may truly say with David, *Thou art my Lord, my Goodness extendeth not to thee, but to the Saints that are in the Earth, and to the Excellent, in whom is all my Delight*—As all these are uncommon Virtues, they may well be observed and proposed to the Imitation of all those that aspire to the Happiness of being a Blessing to all Places where they come, which *Philomela* must needs be, as you see by her nice Method of Living, or will do so before I have finish'd her Character—She exemplifies the lives of the Primitive Christians in every thing—Now that *Cloris* was thus Pious from her Infancy, thus Generous, Placable, and Self-denying, that strict Observer of her Duty to her Parents, as I hinted before, and consequently that Primitive Christian I describ'd her for in my DOUBLE COURTSHIP, is evidently prov'd by the two Letters she sent to *Iris* and *Philaret* (for there were double Letters, as well as double Courtship between us) of which these are a true Copy.

Philomela's Letter to Iris.

YOur Servant, Madam——for I knew as well as cou'd be, you'd have a feminine Itch to break it ope; Women will meet the Devil rather than not see him——Mr.——is at Tunbridge it seems——yes——and lies there all Night——come ne'er cry for the Matter, but call for a Candle and put on your Night-dress, and go to Bed, and divert your self

self with one pretty Dream or other — you was better half than to stand reading this simple Letter, nor that there's any Hurt in it; you need not be jealous, for unless your Spouse be a very Angel, you may keep the kind Philosopher to your self for me — Therefore dear sweet Lady, seal up the Epistle again, and send it away for Tunbridge, to morrow Morning as soon as you are come down the Stairs; and so I wish you good Night, Madam, soft Sleep, and kind Visions attend ye — And now I'll give you the slip and steal away very sullenly to Tunbridge, with more News than perhaps Philaret expects.

Philomela's Letter to Philaret.

YOU need not be in such Hast Sir, you'll know it too soon. I'd fain indulge your Happiness longer; but alas the CRUEL DUTY, (whose Laws by me has ever been most religiously observ'd) forces me from what I prefer to all things but that, nor can I without a Sigh reflect on the Loss of such a pleasing and innocent Correspondence (for so I seriously think it, whatever Constructions the Severity of my Father's Philosophy has put on it, and) to keep you no longer in Suspence, bear the Occasion.

The old Gentleman having no Body else to love but me, extremely watchful and suspicious, that he's never easie in my Absence, nor secure whilst I'm in his Sight: 'Tis an insufferable Confinement, and yet I do not willingly reflect on my Father's Conduct, for I never met with any thing but Mildness from him: he has been profuse in my Education, and has omitted nothing that came within the Verge of a Female Capacity to accomplish me, nor suffer'd me to live with him for several Years, lest a Paternal Awe should depress my Spirits. My Tutors were Virtuous, and always strove to inspire me with sublime and Rational Principles, and my Father still takes care that I keep no Company but such as are Modest and Honourable, and now, surveying me with Partial Eyes (as every thing in Nature does its own Productions) is afraid every one that speaks to me, has some kind Design or other at the Bottom.

And now I have made way for my Story, and come to tell you the Reason of this Malicious Turn of Fortune, was my Father's seeing a Letter of yours, which by an unlucky Chance happen'd to be in his Way; however he left it in the same Place, and I didn't thought any thing of the Matter, 'till about a Week after my Father very civilly warn'd away my conscientious Confidant, whom I love extremely, and then told me how ill he liked some certain Letters that lay in my Chamber, and commanded me to break off all Converse with the Gentleman that writ 'em. I was Thunder-struck at the Words, and wonder'd what ill Sense could be put on the Letters; however I made no Reply, only look'd at

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le simple, 'till my Father seeing I was not mightily pleas'd with Humour of Things, began to speak Complaisant, and then I giv'd his Leave to write on some other Subject (which you had promis'd); which I obtain'd, but with this hard Condition, not to mention the old Theam any more, which tho' we think 'tis not pure Friendship — the old Gentleman can't digest such ill-calculated Notions of it; and therefore, Dear Philaret, be satisfy'd, that you must inevitably lose all Converse with me, unless you submit to this Article. 'Tis no Trick I'll assure you to put you in a right, but all Matter of Fact: I solemnly protest, yet believe I submit to this cruel Imposition with as much Regret as you; your Friendship's as great, my Sentiments as tender, and Spight at these cross Circumstances shall be as Deathless as yours.

Keep your Love true, I dare engage that mine
Shall like my Soul, Immortal prove;
In Friendship's ORB how brightly shall we shine,
Where all shall envy, none divide our Love.

I think you'll be pleas'd now, for I'm resolv'd to be as kind as I can for Spight, because I'm speaking my EPILOGUE to this Subject; but you wou'd not fancy your self obliged to Forgive me for one friendly Expression I write you, if you knew how much I was tantalized with your last Letter, which was secretly convey'd me in the Company of a young Lady and Gentleman with whom I sat in Penance for four or five unconscionable long hours after: I could not leave 'em, nor easily stay with them: I talk'd a little between sleeping and waking, but could make no use of one Word they spoke to me, and had a scurvy hard Task to persuade my self to keep my Hand out of my Pocket till they were gone; but take Notice, I tell you this out of meer Spight

And now be sure and observe the Commands I'm going to lay on you,

First, You are not to speak one Word to me, beyond the common Civility your Sex owes to mine; Nay, ne'er look so fime on't, I'm in good earnest.

And what you speak of, Sir, — follow my Example, in putting it in a Paper by it self.

Write in Praise of the OWL next, and I'll answer it, and use my Subject for another Time.

But I'm just going to be spightful again, and therefore as soon as ever I have vow'd to love you till I die, I'll subscribe —

Yours, in the most Virtuow and Lasting
Tyes of Friendship, —

Philomela.

To

To this Letter Iris return'd the following Answer.

“ **Y**OU was not mistaken (Dear Madam) when you
 “ believ'd I should break open your Letter ; 'tis
 “ Freedom we Women take that are blest with such
 “ obliging Husbands as I have : I read it, took your Advice,
 “ and sent it that Night for Tunbridge, went to Bed
 “ and diverted my self with the Thoughts of that Pure and
 “ Virtuous Friendship, which was begun between *Cloris* and
 “ *Philaret*, and was much concern'd at that unhappy Accident
 “ which threatned the putting a Stop to it, for
 “ your *Platonick Letters* have not been more diverting to
 “ *Philaret*, than they have been Satisfactory to

Your Humble Servant,

I R I S.

Iris sent this Answer to *Cloris* Letter, by the first Post, and in a Week after, *Philaret* himself writ the following Answer.

Philaret's Answer to *Philomela's* Letter.

From Mount-Sion, near Tunbridge-Wells, August 20th 1699.

Madam,

“ **M**Y Dear *Iris* sent me your Letter by the first Post, to
 “ which I shall send you but one little Scrap of
 “ an Answer, but that as full as it can hold of Grief for
 “ your late Surprise ; but don't start when I tell you, that
 “ 'tis not that Mishap, but only a fear to displease you,
 “ which forbids me to go on with expressing the most innocent
 “ Affection in the World ; but tho' I must spend my
 “ Ink on PLATONICK LOVE for the present, yet
 “ I will bottle up a deal for hereafter, for I design, when I
 “ have your Leave (for which I'll gladly wait till the Platonick
 “ Year, the 36 Thousandth, when all Things must
 “ return, forsooth, to their present State) to return a
 “ find Answer to all your *Platonick Letters* : As for other
 “ Subjects, I only account 'em as Diversions by the by ;
 “ you die before you grant this Liberty, then all my
 “ PLATONICK LOVE I will send with you to the
 “ Grave.

Then can our CORRESPONDENCE have an End ?
 Speak SPIGHTFUL *Cloris* (yet the kindest Friend)
 No ! There's no Parting, nor can Hearts remove
 Where SPIGHT's resm'd, till 'tis the purest Love.

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Then still write on, but let it be in SPIGHT,
 What can you fear, when Father bids you write *?
 For other Dangers, be above 'em quite :
 'Twill raise the Price of all our Future Joys,
 (If that the Price of Joys Immortal rise)
 To think with how much Hazard they were got,
 Not cheaply purchas'd at the common Rate.
 Then PHIL. shall leave ABIDOS every Night,
 And cross the Seas as SPIGHT and you invite :
 My Breast the BARK, my Arms I'll make the OARS,
 To waft me over to the Western Shores ;
 My Love's as true, and SPIGHTFUL too as yours.
 For if you were by Locks and Keys kept fast,
 My SPIGHT shou'd through, and pick 'em all at last :
 Were you entrench'd in every Place with SPIES,
 To mark our Meetings, had they ARGUS Eyes,
 I wou'd procure a Mercury, whose Charms
 Shou'd in (MEER SPIGHT) caress you in my Arms.
 Then shew your SPIGHT — that's grant this kind Desire,
 That PHENIX-LIKE, our Love revive by Fire,
 For true Platonick Love can ne'er expire ;
 'Tis Love in SPIGHT, and much above Defeat,
 He never lov'd who ever makes Retreat.

There is a PROLOGUE to your EPILOGUE.

Madam, you so nearly resemble *Iris*, that Heaven seems to have made your Soul as a Copy of Hers; and when (as a Platonick Lover) I court your divine Perfections, I am as 'twere Spiritualiz'd before my Time; and thank Heaven, that it has contracted its greatest Perfections in a Woman, and (as Fate wou'd have it) in a Woman that is my Friend —

Yes *Philomela's* true and much above
 The vulgar World, in Sense as well as Love.

" And for this Reason, where-e'er I go, still your Idea pursues me : 'Tis not London, (or Tunbridge, where I now am) or any Part of the Globe, that's a Sanctuary against your Virtuous Image; you eat, you drink, you sit down and walk with me, and I see you (and Dear *Iris*) every Night in my Sleep — Then recant your Thoughts of Platonick Love, or I'll call you Woman, (very Woman) and sure that's Revenge enough! But perhaps you'll say —

* i. e. *Philomela* (as her Letter informs me) " obtained her Father's leave to continue writing to *Philaret*, on Condition not to mention the old Theam of Platonick Love.

1.
*Death will when once (as 'tis by Fate design'd)
 T' Elysium you shall be remov'd,
 Such sweet Companions there no doubt you'll find,
 That you'll forget you e'er Orinda * lov'd.*

2.
*No ——— banish all such Fears, I then will be
 Your Friend and guardian Angel too :
 And though with more refin'd Society,
 I'll leave Elysium to converse with you.*

3.
*With Care on your last Hour I will attend ;
 And lest like Souls should me deceive,
 I closely will embrace my New-Born Friend,
 And never after my Dear Chloris leave,*

“ But I can't go on, for your Misfortune distracts me
 “ and what is worse, you bid me not mention the old
 “ Theme [*What can Parthenia not Parthenia be ?*] Well then
 “ Words had kill'd me, but I see there is nothing so hard
 “ that Love cannot digest : But, Madam, tho' I must not
 “ write Platonically, you may, and I hope will, to dis-
 “ vert that Melancholy your last occasion'd, as an Indis-
 “ cipline to it, (if a Woman so truly generous can need any)
 “ Rest assured that Iris (tho' your Father will not) can di-
 “ gest our most exalted Notions of Platonick Love —
 “ Believe not me but your own Eyes when you read the
 “ following Lines,

My Dear,

I Am extremely sorry that Philomela's Father has discover'd
 your Friendship ; 'twould have been a pleasant Diversion for you
 but observe her Rules that you may write on. All Friends here
 Johnson particularly, present their Service to you. Pray write to
 me every Post, for I am, Yours, still more and more,

IRIS.

“ This was part of my Dears Letter ——— She's a little
 “ Gipsy, and knows she encreases my Love to her, by this
 “ generous Confidence ——— Nay, I am so very innocent
 “ (whatever your Father thinks) that I get her to copy out
 “ all the Letters I send you, and could trust her with higher
 “ Flights than I have yet writ, she admires every thing that
 “ pleases me, and is so very good that I verily think she has
 “ no Equal ; I must add, that did you but see the Letter
 “ I sent her since I came to Tunbridge, and her Answer to it

* Alias Philomela. † See Argalus and Parthenia, written
 by Quarles.

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(a Copy of which I will send you if she will consent) you'd say, We lov'd more in one Day, than others do in all their Lives; and would believe my Admiration of you cou'd never lessen my Affection to *her* —

Madam — As to the Rules you lay down for our future Letters, I shall religiously observe 'em, for I'd rather lose my Estate, my Liberty, (I was going to say) my Life, rather than lose a Correspondence with you, which on my Side shall be as lasting as that *innocent Friendship* that supports it. Madam, promise the same, (tho' it be in *Spight*) and I am easie, — I'll not mention Sir — whose Adventures I expect with Impatience) will not so much as think of *Platonick Love*, (that dear Subject) but sure you will not be angry if I am still wishing, that the Sun that sets might rise again.

But I must ha' done, for I have now enclos'd the *Bird of Athens*, (or a Panegyrick on the *Princely Owl*) which being Ten Sheets will quite tire you, but I hope won't miss of your ingenious Remarks, for his GRAVITY comes strutting to kiss your Hand, *Who! Who! Who!* Sir OWL, pray treat the Lady with as much Innocence as I have done —

Madam, I wou'd fain write on, but you say I must not, however I have this to cheer me, That the Arms of Friendship are long enough to reach you from the one End of the World to the other, and that Fruition and Possession principally appertain to the Imagination: If *Philaret* was to enjoy nothing but what he touches, he might say farewell to the Money in his Closet — These Notions (if any thing) will keep me alive till he hears from you again, who is —

Your Platonick Friend,
(to the last Breath)

PHILARET.

Thus I have, by inserting the Letters that pass between *Amela* and *Philaret*, (concerning the Stop that was put to their Correspondence) fairly prov'd that on both Sides their *Platonick Friendship* was as chaste and innocent, as either *ARUS* or her worthy Father cou'd wish it: And I cou'd (shou'd I discover that Part of her Character * that concerns *CO-RUS*,) as fairly prove (by the Letters that pass between upon that Subject) that *CLO-RIS* is as strictly innocent as her *Corporal* as she is in her *Platonick Love*.

I shall never publish this Part of her Character, without a just and just Provocation.

So firmly she all Sacred Truth believ'd;
 (O more than Saint!) she ev'ry Month receiv'd:
 Fix'd to that Orb, she kept her Soul in Tune,
 And thought she never could excell too soon.
 So easie all Intrusions to forgive;
 Seizing my Letters cou'd not make her grieve,
 Ev'n Hermits dis less pure than she does live.
 No Parallel can reach her, Lamb or Dove,
 Nor this in Innocence, nor that in Love.
 Angels alone are with like Meekness grac'd,
 And dying Virgins only are as chaste.
 Fair without Scorn, and Witty without Pride;
 A Bliss too often to her Sex deny'd.
 Chast as Diana, when her Rape's design'd,
 Yet where she loves, as Billing Turtles kind;
 Constant to PHIL. yet only so far coy
 As mayn't create my Pain, but raise my Joy,
 Her very SPIGHT is Love without alloy.
 Modest but not reserv'd, tho' free, not vain,
 Her Garb becoming, neither gay nor plain:
 Quiet, tho' brisk, Religious, not precise,
 With more Devotion in her Heart than Eyes:
 Tho' Saving, yet not covetous, and STILL,
 Yet not for want of Words but want of Will.
 And where she does her kind Affections place,
 Makes LOVE, not MONEY; Umpire in the Case,
 Yet ever thought A Double Courtship base.
 If such a one, ye Gods on Earth there be,
 I'll die if Philomela is not she.
 Yes Cloris is the Glory of our Stage,
 Crown of her Sex; and Lustre of the Age:
 Graceful and Fair in Body and in Mind,
 She taught ev'n sullen Virtue to be kind:
 Youth to be wise, Mirth to be innocent,
 Fame to be steady, Argus * to relent;
 Love to be cool, and Friendship to be warm,
 Praise to do good, and Wit to do no Harm.
 Wise Cloris sure was lent the World to give,
 The best Example how to Write and Live.
 The Queen of Poets, whose'er's the King,
 And wreath'd with Laurels fresher than the Spring:
 That more than MEN conceiv'd and understood,
 And more than WOMEN knew how to be good.

* By ARGUS here is meant the Person that intercepts
 our Letters, which he found so innocent, that at last he
 attempted himself a Correspondence with Cloris.

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That learnt all early Age cou'd e'er attain,
 Excepting only to be proud in vain:
 A Primitive Christian, and a Saint in this,
 She writes like IRIS, and an ANGEL is.
 In short she is the Glory of our Plains,
 Joy of the Nymphs and envy of the Swains;
 Whose charming Voice each melting Passion moves,
 As gentle Zephyrs bend the yielding Groves.
 To her even KNIGHTS their easie Hearts resign,
 For her ev'n Codrus once did kneel, and pine,
 And DUNTON took her for a Seraphim.
 Serene her Face, as a rejoicing Skie,
 And Glorious, as a rising Sun her Eye.
 For every Turn of human Chance prepar'd,
 Her Vertues ne'er were missing from her Guard;
 And by a wondrous Mixture you might find,
 In her the Primitive Saint, and Poet join'd:

But that I might not be too tedious, I'll briefly abridge
 sum up my GENERAL CHARACTER OF
 HILOMELA, in these Words, viz. "She has a great
 and masculine Soul, a strong Memory, a deep Apprehension,
 capable of the highest Improvement, had she as much Strength of
 Constitution; but her Body is of a beautiful, tender and deli-
 cate Make, which cannot endure much Study, Labour or Toil,
 and which obliges her, for her Health, to indulge to it all innocent
 Pleasure and Recreation, tho' the Pleasure of the Mind is much
 dearer to her: She has a large Heart and high Generosity, by
 which she forms great and noble Designs, that she never is so
 happy to accomplish, (of which her Mistake in Sir—— is a
 remarkable Instance) but she is seldom dejected by any Disap-
 pointment; for she banishes all sad and melancholly Thoughts,
 and gives a constant Entertainment to Hope, as the best and
 cheerfullest Companion, whom alone she permits with Impunity
 to flatter and delude her, for her Nature being exceeding tender
 and compassionate, all sad Objects make too great an Impression
 for her to support; that for her Ease she ever chose to hope the
 best: She has a very modest Opinion of her own Judgment,
 which makes her very desirous of the Approbation of others, and
 as she extremely ambitious the highest Perfection attainable
 in Virtue, so she studies to overcome all her Frailties and Infr-
 mities, which she soon conquers when once they appear to be
 such; in the mean time she keeps them in Subjection, suppressing
 and concealing them till she has got the Victory: She thinks
 those that can overcome the Shame of owning their Faults, will
 take the less Care to mend them—— And to conclude her
 GENERAL CHARACTER, She is very cheerful and
 pleasant

"pleasant in Conversation, but not talkative: She has a subtle
 "Way of Repartee, very witty and surprising, and being persua-
 "ed of her particular Share in the Favour and Goodness of God
 "that carries her through all the evil Occurrences of this Life
 "with an invincible Courage, Patience and Chearfulness;
 "which Graces will doubtless accompany her to the last Moment
 "her Life.

But *Apelles*, the famous Painter of Greece, when he was to
 draw any curious Picture, wou'd have several celebrated
 Beauties before him, that he might draw an Eye from this
 a Mouth from that, and a Mein from t'other, &c. Had
Philomela liv'd in the Time of *Apelles*, he need not have
 ted about for Beauties, for he had found 'em all in this
 virtuous Person: So I'll descend (for my General Character
 don't set her in a full Light) to a more Particular Description
 of her.

And I'll begin first with her FACE, which is neither
 oval, nor long; her HAIR is black or near it (and then
 need not tell ye 'tis charming). As to her EYE-BROW
 they are a great Ornament to her Face, and look as end
 as if the Hand of ART and NATURE had been at work
 excellently well proportion'd is her NOSE, not sharp, no
 big; but gives a Noble Air to her Face. Her MOUTH
 little and pretty, her LIPS of a charming Red.

*And do, like to the Twins of Cupid's Mother,
 Still kiss, because in Love with one another.*

Her TEETH are even and well set, and look as white
 as Snow: Her EYES! (her tempting Eyes!) full of Fire
 and Briskness, and temper'd with an attractive Languishing
 As to her NECK and BREASTS, they are the best that
 that ever you saw, and of a dazzling Whiteness, as well as
 her ARMS and HANDS: As to her BODY 'tis small
 and of a curious Shape, and is supported with handsome
 LEGGS, as I do believe (for I never saw 'em): As to
 her STATURE she is of a little Pitch; and is so near
 so free, so disengag'd, that there's few like her (save *I R I*
 whose Picture she is) and Sir — (who unsuccessfully
 tempted her Chastity) swears at her Virtue, and often
 wishes she had fewer Charms: She hath a Noble Air in her
 Walk, and has the Dress, Looks and Behaviour of a Gen-
 tlewoman. In a Word, She has something so distinguish-
 ing in her whole Person, that the first Glimpse I had of her
 Face, she more distress'd my Liberty than others could do
 with all their Art and more curious Dresses; and I tho't (as
 was now a Widower) that alone was enough to excuse
 the fighting and dying I shew'd in my Double Courtship —
 much for her Person. —

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to her Mind (which is the Charm of Charms) she's
 OUS, but not a jot reserv'd, and (as I said before) has
 of Devotion in her Heart than Eyes; I believe (if I
 trust my Eyes and Ears) she's chaste so much as in
 ight, and as she's very Innocent, so of Consequence
 Charitable, and speaks ill of nothing: Upon our first
 view, I cou'd not conceive how a Female cou'd have
 at mean Village * where she dwells, all the Politeness and
 omplishments of a Court: But so it is, for *Cloris* is a
 on of admirable Perfections of *Body and Mind*, Modest
 he highest Degree, and of a most agreeable Conversation:
 has other extraordinary Qualities I cou'd tell you of,
 this is but a hasty Draught of that Excellent Person)
 here's enough to shew what *Philomela* really is, and what
 er Sex shou'd be ——— Thus have I finish'd my General
 Particular Character of *Philomela*, and by turning my
 ble Courtship into a Double Character, I hope this first, (or
 ble Project) will so *Athenianize* the whole Performance, as
 make it pass for a Novelty: However, my Labour e'nt
 ally lost, as I have in this Double PICTURE of *Philo-*
 drawn all the Features that adorn the Body and Mind
 Primitive Christian, and as such *Philomela* is (as hinted in
 Title to this Project) *A Nice Pattern of Holy Living*; and
 she so continue in her OWN PERSON (or in
 e Sheets) to the Worlds End.

own, Reader, to call a Man or Woman *A Primitive Chri-*
 is a very Glorious Character, and as far as a Platonick
 can soar in the Praise of his divine Mistress: Nay, Dr.
 neck tells us, "It is in a Manner impossible to consider the first
 urning and Original of the Church, and to reflect on the Cra-
 it were, and swaddling Cloaths of that Body whereof we are
 bers, without speaking something like Paradoxes and Myste-

uch was the Beginning and first Institution of the Christian
 ch, that in those early Days of Christianity, the same Piety
 Moderation did the Primitive Christians maintain in all their
 our, and throughout the whole Course of their Lives, they sought
 no other Greatness, but the Greatness and Nobleness of Spi-
 coveted no other Riches but their Spiritual Treasure, the
 es of the Inner-man. HOLINESS was their Ornament,
 Men were counted Great, as they arriv'd to high Degrees of

he Primitive Christians seem'd to be all of the same Kindred;
 he Aged they honoured as Fathers, and the Youths they ten-
 as their Children: Those of the same Age call'd one another
 Brethren, and these were the Names they gave one another

and in these Titles they glory'd, more than now-a-days Men do the lofty Epithets of Duke, Earl, Baron, Knight or Gentleman.

This is one of us (said the Primitive Christians) for we have seen him in our Oratories, we have pray'd with him, we have sat at the LORD'S TABLE together, we have heard the Scriptures read together, we have kneeled together, we have been instructed together; O happy Kindred! which comes by Prayer and Communion of the Body and Blood of JESUS! O blessed Relations! where Men are not called Brothers of the Sun, or of the Stars, as the ancient Tyrants stiled themselves, but Brethren of Christ, Children of God, and Citizens of Heaven.

When a Christian, who was a Stranger, came to these Primitive Christians, before ever he shew'd his Testimonials, they knew him by his lean Visage and meager Face, which his frequent Fasting brought him to; by the Modesty of his Eyes, by the Gravity of his Speech, by his Gate and Habit, and mortified Behaviour, for something divine did shine through their Looks, and one might read the Characters of the Spirit in their Countenance. Nor is it so strange that a good Man shou'd be known by his Carriage, for this Day (of which Madam Singer is a living Instance) a serious Person, though he says nothing, something in his Lineaments, Features, and Postures, will betray the inward Zeal and Sincerity of his Soul; and his Deportment will discover there is something more than ordinary in him, as much as the Roman Senator was betray'd by the Perfumes about him.

By this Brief History of the first Age of the Church, we see, Reader, to call a Man or Woman A Primitive Christian is a very glorious Character; yet Philomela does so exemplify this Character in all she says and does, I don't think exceed in her Praise when I call her — A Primitive Christian — Neither can any doubt this to be her true Character that considers how NICELY she imitates the Holy Lives of the Primitive Christians in all Things. For,

1. Look into her Conversation with her Agford Neighbours, and their you'll find (as was said of the Primitive Christians) Holiness of Life, Platonick Friendship, Religious Wit, and Virgin Modesty, is her chief Ornament.

2. Consider her as an Heiress, and a Lady of eminent Qualities, and you'll here find that what ever she may be above others in Title and Riches, she does (like the Primitive Christians) esteem her self equal with the poorest Servant of Christ, and by her humble Carriage one wou'd conclude they had been all of the same Degree and Condition: Her Title and Riches (for if she en't a Lady she merits that Title which is the greater Honour) is more known by her Modesty, and good Deeds, than by her Coat of Arms, or

Applaud

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end Living. Amongst the Primitive Christians, if any
 re Rich or Noble, they were the readier to express their
 mpassion, and Women of the highest Descent (like *Phi-*
ela) were the forwardest to assist the Calamitous in their
 ed; for Religion had mortify'd in them (as it has in *Clo-*
) all Punctilios of Honour and State, and made them re-
 mber that in Christ they were all equal: Their Houses
 re open to Strangers, as well as to their Friends and
 ighbours; and where the Traveller cou'd produce a Cer-
 cate that he was a PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN,
 cou'd not fail of a most hearty Welcome: *Hospitality*
 s their Badge; and he that wou'd not receive a Brother in-
 his House, because *Poor and Ragged*, was either forbid the
 urch, or not suffer'd to come to it: There was in the
 mitive Times no doing of Kindness, merely for the sake
 Promises, but all was done for the sake of Friendship,
 d that constant and indispensible Duty the Rich lay un-
 to assist the Poor. She in whose Veins the noblest Blood
 run, would say (as *Cloris* does) of her poor distressed
 ighbour, " *She is my Mother; if younger, she is my Daughter;*
 were these Expressions Names of Course only, but
 ey were written in their Hearts, and their Lips spoke
 at their Minds believ'd: Hence it was that the greatest
 dies touch'd their poor Neighbours Sores, and (as *Cloris*
 es upon the like Occasion) bound up their Wounds, ap-
 ed Plaisters to them, made their Beds, and tended them
 the meanest Servants. Here you might see (says my
 athor *) the *Industry* of one, there the *Sweetness* and *Pa-*
 nce of another, *one* would turn the sick Sister, the *other*
 p her up, the *third* drefs her, the *fourth* feed her, and in all
 s the sick Creature saw, as it were, the Face of the
 ORD JESUS: She that tended the Sick, look'd up-
 Christ, in her that was sick, and she that was sick,
 ought she saw Christ in the Person that tended her. So
 DIVINE, so heavenly were there Works of Mercy,
 at one was to the other in God's stead, and that saying of
 rist, *What you have done unto the least of these my Brethren,*
have done it unto me, did not depart from their Memories:
 which Primitive Piety and Compassionate Carriage to the Sick
 d Distress'd is eminently *Cloris* Character, as I cou'd prove
 many Persons now living at *Agford*; but more especially
 a late Letter she sent to me, where are these Words,
 " Sir, You do me a very great Injury, I assure you, in believing
 your Misfortunes have any Influence on my Opinion of you: I
 should be so far from affronting you on that Account, that
 is a Motive to me to treat you with more Respect.

* Dr. Hopper.

Amongst the Primitive Christians, no Family complain of Barrenness or Unfruitfulness, for they never wanted Children to provide for; and those that had none of their own would be sure to find some to take care of; none wanted Paternal Care, while so many Fathers studied to do good, and Men were readier to give than others were to ask. I think *Philomela* exemplifies the Primitive Christian in nothing more than in this Particular; for tho' she has no Children of her own, yet (like the Primitive Christians) she looks upon her Fellow Christians as *Co-heirs*, and is so well contented that they shou'd inherit with her, that she'd think what she has a Burthen, if her *Agford* Neighbours (or adopted Heirs) did not partake of it. This present Life is the least Thing in her minds, while that to come engrosses all her Thoughts: She is so entirely Christian, that in a manner she is nothing else, and cares not for being any thing else, lest if she shou'd be something else, she shou'd be suspected of deviating from her Master's Foot-steps.

In the Eye of the World she is a *Pythagorean*, and a Kind of dumb Woman; but when she meets with a serious Christian, and CHRIST is named, perfect *Peripatetick*, and a Philosopher is freer in his Discourse than *Philomela*: Her Business (like that of the Primitive Christians) is to live, not to talk great Matters; and the Name CHRISTIAN does so charm her, that though there be various Denominations among them (as Churchmen, Independents, Presbyterians, Anabaptists) yet the Name CHRISTIAN swallows up all, and in this she triumphs beyond all other Titles in the World; which made *Attalus* in *Eusebius*, when the Governor ask'd him, what Countryman he was, who his Father and Mother were, what Trade, Profession and Employment he was of, whether he was Rich or Poor, gave no Answer but this, "That he was a Christian: And by this Answer, they gave the World to understand that their Kindred, Pedigree, Nobility, Trade, Profession, Blood, &c. did all consist in this one thing (the being a CHRISTIAN) and that beyond this, there cou'd be no greater Honour and Dignity.

The Communications or Answers of the Primitive Christians in common Discourses were *Yea, yea, and Nay, nay*; an Oath they shun'd as much as Perjury, and a Lye among them was more rare than a *Sea Monster* is to the Inhabitants of a Continent; for they said that in their BAPTISM they were sign'd with the Mark of TRUTH, and that they cou'd not be Servants of the God of Truth if they shou'd yield to the least Appearance of Falshood. Just such a Primitive Christian is *Philomela*; for tho' she is low in her own Eyes, yet was ever too big to creep under the Little-ness of a Lye: When my Letters were seiz'd, and *Cloris* ex-

amin'd

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mind about 'em, her Father did not catch her in one falsehood: She knew Religion was so strict a Law, as to bind the Tongue to the Necessity of a Truth, on all Occasions, at all Times, and in all Places. It is said *Augustus Caesar*, after a long Enquiry into all the Parts of his Empire, found but one Man, who was never accounted to have told a Lye; for which Cause he was deemed capable and worthy to be the Sacrificer in the *Temple of Truth*. Were there such Search made in *England* for a Woman that had never told a Lye, I verily think (if there is such a Miracle as a Woman without Falshood) *Cloris* wou'd be found to be that **CHARITY**.

To the Primitive Christians, **CHRIST** was the charming Lord among them, and they heard nothing with greater Joy, than that glorious Name: His Death and Sufferings purchas'd their Souls, and his Cross was more precious to them than Rubies: Hereby they learn'd to despise the World; and the Marrow, Virtue, and Efficacy of their Religion, was the Death of **JESUS**: This Death they remembered not only in the *Sacrament*, but at their common Meals, and when they refresh'd their Bodies with Meat and Drink, they talk'd of that Meat which wou'd feed them into Everlasting Life. Just such a Primitive Christian is *Philomela*, for she not only spiritualizes the most remarkable Occurrences of Life; of which her *Divine Hymns* are a late Instance) but is a constant and devout Communicant at the Lord's Table, and as *Mr. Hamlin* told me) is so little **BIGOTTED** to this or that Way of Worship; she can receive the *Sacrament* as well kneeling as sitting, and in this she **IMITATES** the great Love and Unity of the Primitive Christians; for as *Dr. Horneck* tells us) Tho' their several Assemblies might differ in Rites and Ceremonies, yet the mighty **LOVE** they bore one to another, constrain'd 'em to overlook these Differences; and they vary'd in some outward Acts of Worship, yet their Affections were so strongly glued together, that nothing but Death could break the League. But whether *Cloris* receive the *Sacrament* sitting or kneeling, 'tis enough to prove her a Primitive Christian that she's a constant and devout Communicant; for if she keeps to that Way which she believes to be most **PRIMITIVE**, I don't see it lessens her Piety, whether she receive at a Church or a Meeting.

For all your Noisy Zealots but pretend,
And under Reverend Names, their Follies vend;
They in their Fury loud for Union preach,
And the great Law of Love, by Railing teach;
Such charge us first with impious Herefy,
Then damn us with Religious Charity.

But now the Primitive Saint is only he
 Who JOYNS with this or that Community
 That in the FUNDAMENTALS do agree.
 Who Calm, Impartial, Free and Underplex'd
 With the vain Cavils of distinguish'd Sells,
 Does with a Spirit Catholick and Large,
 The various Debts of Charity discharge ;
 And while the clam'rous Biggot only talks,
 In the most rigid Paths of Virtue walks ;
 Nor lavishly avoids, by any Vice,
 The foolish Charge of Formal and Precise.

" Then come to the Holy Sacrament all you that confine
 " Bowels, or Affection to your Kindred, or your Friends, or your
 " P A R T Y, or your Country, come that the Commemoration of
 " Master praying for his Murderers, and pouring out his Heart
 " Blood for a whole World, a World of Enemies and Rebels (for
 " such and no better are Sinners) that this may melt you into
 " Compassion, enlarge your Disposition to forgive, and convince
 " you (as it does *Cloris*) that a Christian's Charity ought to be
 " like his Master's, boundless and universal.

Thus, Reader, you see *Philomela* exemplifies the Holy Life
 of the Primitive Christians, not only in her Platonick
 and D O U B L E Friendship, but even in her Piety, Temper-
 rance, Hospitality, and devout receiving the Holy Com-
 munion, &c. But in nothing more than in her Contempt of
 Honours, Riches, Pleasures, &c. This sunk deep into the
 Hearts of the Primitive Christians, That Here we have no
 continuing City, but we seek one to come ; that all we see here
 but Shadow and Imagery, but the Substance is not yet visible.
 That the Fashion of this World passeth away, and the Glories be-
 low the Moon afford no real Satisfaction ; the Primitive Chri-
 stians were wholly wear'd from this Vain World, and care-
 less for nothing that was superfluous. Hence it was that there was
 but little striving (among their Kindred and Friends) about
 what they left ; to lay up much Goods for many Years they
 thought was fitter for Heathens than for Christians ; and
 having seen no such Thing in their MASTER, they could
 not tell how it cou'd be proper in his SERVANTS. In
 the same Manner does *Cloris* renounce the Honours, Riches
 and Pleasures of this World, and (like a true Primitive Chri-
 stian) does as 'twere live in Contempt of 'em : She is
 far from looking upon this World as her Home, (or con-
 tinuing City) that she uses this World without abusing it,
 knowing the Fashion of it passeth away *. She cou'd joyfully

* 1 Cor. 7. 31.

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we all to follow Christ; her Thoughts are big with the promises of the Gospel; and consequently, with Hopes of Everlasting Joy, she is so far from being pleas'd with the vain Customs and Fashions of this World, that *strange* *travels*, *mix'd Dancing*, *Gossiping*, *Theaters*, and *seeing of plays*, she hates as a thing contrary to her Profession, I cou'd name a Time when she cou'd have visited the Tavern and Play-House every Day Incognito, (with a light Wig, sword, and a Page, and all the Equipage of a young Nobleman) which (like a Primitive Christian) she refus'd with the most Disdain, telling the Tempter, *She abhor'd his Proposals* (tho' *it was in the Way of lawful Courtship*) and scorn'd to *in her Honour*, so much as in a Dream. So that 'tis Plain, *Cloris* is a Primitive Christian, and triumphs more in a good Conscience, than the Voluptuous in all the Vanity and Glories of this present World; *Philomela* (like the Primitive Christians) has set her Affections on Things above, and won't be tempted by either Honours, Riches, or Pleasures; she thinks it certain Sign that she has no Portion in Christ, if she shou'd serve God and Mammon: To be in the World, and not of the World, is her MOTTO. Tho' she has never studied *Pythagoras*, yet both her Faith and Reason tells her, that as the Body waxes stronger by the Death of the Soul, so the Soul becomes more valiant and lively by the Death of the Body; 'tis this hopes of a better Country, makes her voluntarily dedicate her self to God and marry to none but him. — In a Word, the Primitive *Cloris* is so mortify'd to this World, that she looks upon her self every Day as a Stranger and Pilgrim that must suffer many Inconveniences, Troubles and Injuries, 'till she comes to her Journey's End; and for that Reason ever looks upon the MORROW, as the Day wherein she shall be deliver'd from the Burden of the Flesh, and from all Possibility of Sinning, and so bears up under the Temptations and Crosses that befall her. Thus, Reader, you see how *Cloris* renounces the Honours, Riches and Pleasures of this World, and (like a Primitive Christian) 'twere buries her self alive in a poor Cottage, studies the Scriptures, contemplates Heaven, and lives to God. I cou'd give other Instances wherein Madam Singer imitates (or rather exceeds) that great Piety that was found in the Lives of the Primitive Christians: But I won't proceed, or, Reader, 'tis very likely (Primitive Piety is so great a rarity in this Age) you may look upon what I have already said as a Sort of SPIRITUAL ROMANCE, an emblem of what Madam Singer and the Primitive Christians might be, were they in a more perfect State than of what

they really were: But they that shall pass this Censure either on *Madam Singer*, or the Primitive Christians, do but betray their Ignorance, or Malice, for I need but send 'em to Dr. *Horneck's* Character of the Primitive Christians, and they'll find that the *First Age of the Church* was adorn'd with such Jewels as I have here named, or at least if they'll go to *AGFORD*, they'll there find a Lady (I mean the incomparable *Philomela*) that exemplifies all those Graces of Body and Mind that I have here describ'd; but if People to favour their Lusts, will neither believe nor take Pains to search into the Truth of Things, to use Dr. *Horneck's* Words "They are resolute in their Infidelity." But, Reader, I dare not question your Belief of what I have here advanc'd in my *Double Character* of *Madam Singer*, and I heartily wish her Primitive Piety may be your Pattern, and her Pious Actions the great Rule of your Life; for I do (without Flattery) assert,

If Mercy shou'd some humane Likeness take,
She cou'd not a more glorious Figure make;
Cou'd not our Souls more pleasingly allure,
Or scarce more Blessings to those Souls procure:
No Sweetness, nor no Charm that Heav'n cou'd prize,
But sits triumphant in Her conqu'ring Eyes!
To gaze but on HER struck so bright a Flame
Up in my Heart, it yet does want a Name!
Not such with which weak Beauties blind our Sight,
At once 'twas Love, Amazement and Delight;
The Primitive Christians were but half so bright.
In Her soft Aspect, and Her easie Mien
Were all the Beauties, Loves and Graces seen.
Others they might to our Esteem prefer,
But they themselves had their Esteem from HER:
They flow'd not to Her, but did from Her run,
As Light from Flame, or Brightness from the Sun.
Then, when She spoke, She charm'd the Air around:
Musick no more was an harmonious Sound,
But where now sings this Western Nightingal,
That some call ANGEL, others PHILOMEL!
I fear She's dead — tho' WATTS did hear her sound
Harmonious Notes upon the Western Ground:
But were She living, FROME wou'd hear her sing
Some NEW PINDARICKS to the welcome Spring.

From whom I transcrib'd this Account of the Lives of the Primitive Christians.

—† As you'll find in his Poem inserted in P. 58.

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But here's her PHIZ *, True, Bright, and free from Stain,
And may it SHINE whilst AGFORD has a Name.

What tho' our Correspondence has an End,

JOHN DUNTON's still her true and DOUBLE }
(Friend, }

And what he says of Cloris will defend :

For Double Courtship will for ever move,

Whilst there's a SOUL and BODY too to love.

But wou'd but Cloris give new leave to write,

We'd once more try how Spirits do indite,

When strip'd of Flesh and ev'ry carnal Flight.

But Angel-Pacquets are so seldom given,

This scarce will be 'till we both get to Heaven.

Thus Double Courtships are too hot to last,

They spring from Faucy, and they change as fast.

Thus makes me easie, for my Heart's at Rest,

(I can't deserve a NEW Platonick Feast) }

It does suffice that DUNTON once was blest.

Now if peevish ARGUS, the Reverend S— (who deliv-
one of my Letters to Cloris with his own Hand) or her
Agford Friends (Madam Whit—ch, and Madam Sb—te)
dislike any thing in this Character of Philomela, either
the Sake of the DOUBLE COURTSHIP, or for
Private Letters insert'd in it, or else for the sake of some
Flights that their scrupulous Consciences can't digest ;
Answer to their Cavils is this following,

As to my intermixing Cloris' Character with my Double
Courtship, I hope this will need no Apology, as I cou'd
publish any Character of Philomela in any other Method,
was by Means of that Double Courtship I came to obtain
General and Particular Knowledge of her.

As to my inserting those Private Letters that pass be-
tween Philomela and Philaret, they are publish'd for no other
but to justify the Double Courtship, and shew the Inno-
cence of it ; and therefore as Philomela is a Lady of great
Honour and Justice, I hope she'll easily pardon a PRE-
SUMPTION which is so absolutely necessary to the
vindication of my Innocence, and her own too, for she
can't forget how abusive Argus was upon [DRY SUB-
JECTS,] and I have long waited for an Opportunity
to reckon with him for his SAUCY TREATMENT :
I have now done it effectually ; or if I han't, I will cer-
tainly do so, if either he, Mr. Singer, or Philomela dislike
any thing in this Character, which I have writ with as much
respect to Honour and Friendship as if I were now writing my
last ; and therefore whatever Philomela (or the World) may
say, I shall make no Apology for my inserting her

By PHIZ here, I mean her Double Character. Private

Private Letters in this Character ; and I the rather assert it as I have a *General Leave* (in one of those Letters that *Philomela* sent me) to publish whatever she sent me that I thought proper for publick View ; and I have inserted nothing in the Character of *Philomela*, but what I think highly proper, and (which is more) absolutely Necessary : But perhaps *Clorinda* may say, she long since repented that *General Leave* she gave of publishing whatever I thought proper, and did desire those Letters again that she sent to me : 'Tis true she did ; but this *DESIRE* can be no ways defended * ; and therefore as her *General Leave* (for publishing whatever I thought proper) was the first Condition of our Correspondence 'twixt *Madam Singer's* meeting with New Correspondents (tho' as very Angels as *W——is*, *B——den*, or the MOST REVEREND *K——n*) or the Inconstancy of a Woman's Friendship, can render her former leave of publishing what I thought proper, less authentick than it was when she gave it : However, if she can rest contented with the Justice I have done my self, and her in this *Double Courtship*, I shall publish nothing further about her ; and so much by Way of Apology for inserting *Clorinda's* Character and Letters in this DOUBLE COURTSHIP.

As to those HIGH FLIGHTS that some scrupulous Consciences may dislike in *Philomela's* Character, I think an Apology enough to say that in my highest Flights in *Philomela's* Praise, I do but follow the Example of the most Ingenious Person of this Age, (I need not tell you *Mr. Watts*, his pious, and Learned Character is so well known) who OUT-FLIES me abundantly in all I have yet said in *Philomela's* Praise ; for in his Poem to *Madam Singer* †, on the Sight of some of her Divine Poems printed — He writes thus,

I.

On the fair Banks of gentle Thames
 I tun'd my Harp ; nor did Celestial Themes
 Refuse to dance upon my Strings :
 There beneath the Evening Sky
 I sung my Cares asleep, and rais'd my Wishes high
 To everlasting Things.
 Sudden from Albion's Western Coast
 Harmonious Notes came gliding by,

* As I can prove by a Letter *Mr. Hamlin* sent me upon this Subject.

† To be found in the second Edition of his *Keitima* of the entitled *Horæ Lyricæ*.

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The neighbouring Shepherds knew the Silver Sound;
 'Tis PHILOMELA's Voice, the neighb'ring Shepherds
 At once my Strings all silent lie,
 At once my fainting Muse was lost
 In the superiour Sweetness drown'd.
 In vain I bid my tuneful Powers unite;
 My Soul retir'd, and left my Tongue,
 I was all Ear, and PHILOMELA's Song
 Was all Divine Delight.

II.

Now be my Harp for ever dumb,
 My Muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
 I bid adieu to mortal Things,
 To Grecian Tales, and Wars of Rome,
 'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal Strings;
 Now those immortal Strings have no Employ,
 Since a fair Angel dwells below
 To Tune the Notes of Heav'n, and propagate the Joy.
 Let all my Powers with Awe profound
 While PHILOMELA sings
 Attend the Rapture of the Sound,
 And my Devotion rise on her Seraphick Wings.

In this POEM (written by Mr. Wats) we find Philome-
 ll'd—— A Fair Angel—— That his Soul retir'd and
 his Tongue upon hearing Philomela's Voice [That is, was
 Speechless.] —— That he was all Ear to hear her har-
 monious Notes—— That she tunes the Notes of Heaven——
 her Song is all Divine Delight—— That his Devotion rises
 on Seraphick Wings——
 Now, Reader, if but seeing ONE of Philomela's Divine
 Songs could put the Reverend Mr. J. Wats into Admirati-
 on and unusual Transports, I think my highest Flights
 in Philomela's Praise (as I saw ALL the Poems she writ for
 many Years, and was my self honour'd so far as to be made
 Subject of that which she entitles PLATONICK
 LOVE *) are very excusable, as they fall short of Mr.
 Wats's Panegyrick: Surely if a Pious Dissenting Minister cou'd
 be so struck by Philomela—— A Fair Angel—— Be all Ear to hear her har-
 monious Notes—— And say she tunes the Notes of Heaven——
 I can blame me that, after the Death of Iris; I turn'd

As appears by a Letter she sent to me, and by the first Edi-
 tion of her Poems, where that Poem (entitled Platonick Love)

my Platonick into a Double Courtship, that I might (if possible) be spiritualiz'd in this World by an ANGEL - WIFE. So that (as I said before) you see, Reader, Mr. W. **OUT-FLIES** me in praising of *Philomela*; and yet to Justice to that truly Pious and Learned Divine, he has in his Poem before mention'd, given us but a Glimpse of the much greater Perfections than he has yet named; and if I be a just Rate Muse as Mr. Watts's, ought to Rhime a second time in *Philomela's* Praise (if he'll do Justice to that Primitive Saint) none can blame me, that having lost the best Wives in *Iris*, I endeavour'd to find her again in *Philomela* which could never have been, had I not turn'd my Platonick into a Double Courtship; and I hope as I only attempt to imitate that best of Men and Poets, Mr. J. Watts, in adoring of *Philomela*, there en't so much as the Appearance of Evil (which we are commanded to fly) either in my first Double Courtship. But lest any good Man should be of another Opinion, I'll conclude this LOVE, or (Double Project) with the following Poem—

[DUNTON's Confession.]

Then Double Courtship, Rhiming Sin,
Shadow no more my Door;
I will no longer Cobwebs spin,
I'm too much on the Score.

Blind Foolish Muse, you study how
To dress and trim our Shame;
You Gild Rank Poison, and allow
Vice in a fairer Name.

You rise from Youthful Blood and Bowls,
LUST in the Robes of LOVE,
The Double Cant of Fear'ish Souls,
Sick with a Scarf or Glove.

Let it suffice my Dancing Days
Trisled and Fool'd with you,
Twist not my Cyprus with your Bays,
Or Roses with my Yew.

COURTSHIP — seek out some greener Thing,
It snows and freezeth here;
Nightingals attend the Spring,
Winter is all my Fear.

DUNTON

[DUNTON's Prayer for Absolution.]

Then for those Double Loving Rhimes,
Writ in my wild unthinking Times,
For every Sentence, Clause and Word,
That's not inlaid with thee (my Lord)
Forgive me God, and blot each Line
Out of my LOVE that is not thine :
'Tis LUST — when 'tis not all Divine.
But if 'mongst all thou findest one
Worthy thy Benediction,
That ONE, of all the rest shall be
The Glory of my LOVE and me.
If such a Line shou'd but arise,
(In sight of such as Criticise)
'Twou'd make this Double Courtship wise.

PROJECT II.

Unify'd and Distinguish'd : or, a Character
of the most EMINENT Conformists
in the Queen's Dominions.

The Second Edition corrected and enlarg'd.

PRINCES (says DRYDEN) shine not on their
Unless supported by Apollo's Sons ; (Thrones,
King Lewis had the Muse of fam'd Boileau,
Our Royal William had his Congreve too ;
Every CLERGY did but dully shine,
Learned NORRIS did their Sense refine ;
Poets make the Clergy-men DIVINE.
MUSE bestow (you scorn to write for Bread)
Character on PRIESTS that are INSPIR'D,
To dignify'd, and so Distinguished.

Draw the PRIMATE — he's that pious Rule
Priest — mind, that wou'd not play the Fool.
Paint

Paint Tenison — (No Sir) it is in vain !
 His Merit baulks the Muses humble Aim,
 She's yet unstedg'd for the bright Tracts of Fame.
 A shining Host of Virtues round him wait,
 And vindicate his Name from Time and Fate :
 No Church was e'er in Danger, where such Bishops sate.
 Great — yet not Vain ; tho' Just, he's not severe,
 At once he wins with Love, and wounds with Fear ;
 His Eyes diffuse a venerable Grace,
 And Charity it self sits in his Face.
 He Prays himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,
 And makes (almost) a Sin of ABSTINENCE ;
 All Pulpit-Fools might learn true Wisdom hence.
 Learning and Piety the PATRIARCH lead,
 And Moderation crowns his aged Head :
 He was Distinguish'd for this Cause alone,
 To reconcile and make two Nations one *.
 Awful as Shade, yet like a Comet bright,
 Where e'er he goes he sheds a Stream of Light,
 The Pulpit-Fools run trembling from his Sight :
 His Looks and Preaching all in Conquest lies,
 You cannot hear him, but we find you WISE.
 His Aspect shines with Temper and with Love,
 His Mind's as active, as you Fires above ;
 His Aims are pious as his Post is high,
 'Twas Virtue alone that gave him Dignity,
 Born with auspicious Stars and happy Fate,
 But more in Merit than in Fortune great ;
 He's an Arch-bishop in the wisest Sense,
 For Use, not Grandeur, he the SEE maintains :
 A Father in God — As GOD does bless
 His Toils and Province with such great Success,
 There's not one Pulpit-Fool in all his Diocefs.
 Eusebia smiles beneath his gentle Hand,
 That waves with such Success the Sacred Wand :
 His tender Care his Rev'rend Children shares,
 As he the just return — their Praise and Prayers :
 Swift may the Guardian speed the Course he bends,
 And drop his MANTLE as he late ascends :
 He's dignify'd to make the Nation Friends.

The next ARCH BISHOP here shall be describ'd,
 Was truly Pious, Learn'd, and Dignify'd,

* Alluding to the uniting the two Kingdoms, (England and Scotland) in which his Grace the Present Arch-bishop of Canterbury was very Instrumental.

The Eminent Conformists.

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So Distinguish'd by his healing Tongue,
 Not King William Mit' red Tenison,
 Other Prelate cou'd ha' fill'd his Room :
 He is dead even Tillotson must die;
 Patten's seal'd for Immortality:
 ne'er so base, or never so sublime,
Immane Things must be the Spoil of Time :
 and Heroe with the rest must go ;
 Fame may mount, their Dust must lie as low.
 Dignify'd, is Tillotson expir'd,
 Beu'ridge, who lately has retir'd,
 much lamented, and as much admir'd.
 we enjoy'd him, on his tuneful Tongue,
 ears and Hearts with the same Rapture hung,
 as on Royal MAR Y, while she sung.
 STYLE does so much Strength and Sweetness bear,
 it but once, and you'd for ever hear!
 us his SERMONS, yet they joyntly waim,
 spirit, Life, and every Line a Charm ;
 et throughout, so exquisitely penn'd,
 he had Finish'd, nothing else cou'd mend.
 in soft Notes like dying Swans he'd sing,
 tow'r aloft, like Eagles on the Wing.
 GOUGE's Charity in such a Strain *,
 but Burnet † wou'd attempt in vain.
 SERMONS this peculiar Glory claim,
 rit with something more than Mortal Flame :
 Judgment, Fancy, and a Heat divine,
 oughout each Page, throughout the whole does shine :
 Expression clear, the Thought sublime and high,
 ut'ring but with even Wing he glides along the Sky.
 ng Disputes he daily sought to cure,
 ough't't the Hell || the Damned did endure.
 hen both Whig and Tory shew'd their Spight,
 moke and Flame involv'd, they did not fight
 so much Force and Fire as he did write.

Ms. Gouge's Funeral Sermon, preach'd by Arch-bishop
 son is here meant.

Bishop Burnet preach'd Arch-bishop Tillotson's Funeral

Arch-bishop Tillotson in the Preface to one of his Books tells
 it is art to think that furious Disputing and Quar-
 is Part of the Torment in Hell.

But

But where *distinguish'd* Prelate, is that He
 Surviving now to do the same for thee ?
 At such a **T H E A M** my conscious Muse retires,
 Unable to attempt thy Praise she silently admires.
 Nor did old Age damp his *Seraphick Flame*,
 Loaded with Threescore Years 'twas still the same.
 Some we may see, who in their Youth have writ
 Good Sense, at Fifty take their Leave of *Wit* ;
 Chimara's, and incongruous Fables fain,
 Tedious, insipid, impudent and vain:
 But he knew no Decay ; the Sacred Fire,
 Bright to the last, did with himself expire.
 Such was the **M A N**, whose Loss we now deplore,
 Such was the **M A N**, but we shou'd call him more ;
 Immortal in himself, we need not strive,
 To keep his *Sacred Memory* alive.
 Just, Loyal, Brave, Obliging, Humble, Kind,
 The **E N G L I S H** he has to the Height refin'd, (hind
 And the best Standard of it leaves (his *Sermon Notes* *) be

Having done the **PRIMATE** Justice, 'tis my Place
 To do those Right, that Copy from his **GRACE** ;
 Then **D U N T O N**, place **S A R U M** in the second Seat,
 In Wisdom, Alms and Moderation great,
 And all Things else that make a *Saint* compleat :
 How he the Orbs of Courts and Councils mov'd !
 But **M U S E S**— how he preach'd and how he lov'd !
 What Spirit keeps his Purse, your Wit defines ;
 Amongst the **ST A R S** how Bishop Burnet shines.
 In this great Man does sparkle ev'ry Grace,
 Angel in Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face ;
 He honours *Lawn-Sleeves*, and makes the Mitre blaze.
 A Thousand *Cherubs* round his Pulpit Play,
 And *Seraphs* spread their Garments in his Way,
 All Heav'n inspires, when he does Preach or Pray.
 Pth' Pulpit you see his Soul in Raptures pass,
 Clear as the Lilly in the *Chrystal Glass*,
 And Heav'n gives all this fair *Extatick* Grace.
 Each Atome of his Body is so fine,
 In ev'ry Part it has the Stamp Divine.
 The Greek that strove to make a Piece so high,
 As might the Works of Nature's self out-vie,

* These Sermons are Printed in Fourteen Volumes in Oxford
 by that Eminent Bookseller, and truly honest Man, Mr. Richard
 Chiswell ; who has printed so many Excellent Books, with
 both by the present and late Arch-bishop of Canterbury, Dr.
 Patrick, Bishop Burnet, Bishop Wake, and other Eminent Divines,
 as will perpetuate his Name to the End of Time.

all the rarest Patterns which he knew,
 best Perfections which they had he drew:
 after all, it prov'd so ill, he swore
 never strive to perfect Nature more:
 he view'd *Sarum* with impartial Eye,
 look no further for Divinity,
 my Grace that charms the Soul or Eye.
 his's Hearers, late a listning Throng;
 he's'd the Pious Beauties of his Tongue:
 Charms are in his Pulpit-Oratory,
 he REJOYCE — Heav'ns in that Extacy;
 Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
 every Sermon of the Truths he taught.
 his unblemish'd Life, divinely pure,
 his own Heav'nly Innocence secure,
 Teeth of Time, the Blasts of Envy shall endure.
 he, as are the Brighter Heav'ns! His Mind
 flows with Bounty, and is unconfin'd:
 only Pulpit Fools that have his Frown,
 owns no High-Church but the Church of Rome †.
 loves Religion, but he hates Extreame,
 Persecution and Occasional Dreams.
 Life's an equal Thread correctly spun,
 his Interest when his Days are done.

Will here attempt a shining Character
 of that Great Man the Learned Rochester ||.
 Fame will live he is so Dignify'd,
 Merit, Place, and ev'ry Thing beside;
 a First-Rate in the Distinguish'd Tribe.
 matchless Stile, and Royal History †,
 flowing Wit, Commission — Loyalty **
 to admir'd, 'till Time it self shall die.
 thinks so D E E P, and does so much excel,
 so distinguish'd by his writing well.
 France we scorn, nor envy Italy,
 only universal Wit is He.

Viz. That Royal and Noble Auditory, that heard him
 at the Thanksgiving Sermon for that Glorious Victory ob-
 tain'd at Ramellies by the Duke of Marlborough. † See Bishop
 net's Speech to the House of Lords, concerning Occasional
 Conformity. || Dr. Sprat, now Bishop of Rochester. † The
 History of the Royal Society is here meant, a matchless Work
 Learning, Wit and Language. ** Alluding to his Book en-
 titled, A Letter from the Bishop of Rochester, to the Right
 Honourable the Earl of Dorset, concerning his sitting in the
 Ecclesiastical Commission —

66 *Dignify'd and Distinguish'd ; or*

Anger is mad, and Choler meet Disease;
His *Muse* sought what was sweet, and what would please;
Still led where Nature's Beauteous Rays entice;
Not touching vile Deformities, or Vice.
Here no *Chimera* skips, no *Goblin* frights;
No *Satyr's* here, nor Monster else, that bites.
Sweetness his very Vinegar allay'd;
And all his *Snakes* in Ladies Bosoms play'd.
Nature rejoyc'd beneath his charming Power;
His lucky Hand makes every thing a Flower.
So every *Shrub* to *Jessamin* improves;
And barren *Trees* to goodly *Myrtle* Groves.
Some, from a *Sprig* he carelessly had thrown,
Have furnish'd a whole *Garden* of their own.
Some, by a *Spark* that from his *Chariot* came,
Take *Fire*, and *blaze*, and raise a deathless Name.
This Character is to his Merit due,
On Earth the King of Wits, (they are but few)
And tho' a BISHOP, he's a Preacher too.

The next distinguish'd Clergyman I'll Name,
Is Bishop *Blackhall*, free from ev'ry Stain;
His Life and Sermons dignifie his Fame:
He's Pious, Learned, Humble, truly Wise,
He grasps *Short-liv'd* Occasion e'er she dies,
Prevents Address, and Rescues by Surprise.
Others DEVOTION only comes and flits,
And their Zeal warms them but like *Ague fits* :
His constant is, its Motion still the same,
Nimble and Restless, like aspiring Flame.
So the *Sun's* Heat and active Influence,
Do Life and Vigour constantly dispense.
At *Blackhall's* Name, my languish'd *Muse* revives,
And a new Spark in the dull *Ashes* strives :
I hear his tuneful Voice, his Song Divine,
And am inspir'd by every charming Line.

Oh HOADLY! Pious HOADLY! How cou'd you come
Of Sermons studied by so Great a Man? (plain
They are so fine, no Orator can reach
Their Excellence, or so divinely Preach.
What Life! What Doctrine blest *St. Mary's* Chair †!
(It was no Church if *Blackhall* was not there)
He's dignify'd by many a Convert's Prayer.

* Alluding to the Book lately published, entituled, An Answer to the Sermon preach'd by the Bishop of Exeter, &c.

† The Pulpit belonging to *St. Mary-Aldermary* Church (where Bishop *Blackhall* preach'd) is here meant.

o don't believe what Bishop Blackhall said,
then at *Boyl's Lecture* he both preach'd and pray'd)
u'd not believe—— a Spirit from the Dead *.
hort, he is a *Preaching-Cherubim*,
d's Sermons in his Conversation shine.

ir William Daws shou'd next distinguish'd be,
s Learning, Noble Birth, and Piety.
here my Muse has lost her Pinions quite,
Pen the Praise he merits can indite;
self to represent Himself must write.
William— does in ev'ry Church display
Air of something NEW and something Gay;
Heaven (at least) to hear him Preach or Pray.
dignifies his Pulpit, See, and Lawn,
d is a very ANGEL of a Man.

And now I talk of ANGELS, if we'd hear
ANGEL indeed, St. George's Chappel's near † :
here each Sunday Morning I repair
hear a Man, but find an ANGEL there,
t wears a GOWN to dignifie the Place,
or Dr. Marshal's Nature's Master-piece.)
like AMPHION, when he form'd a Town,
s Life in every Stock, and ev'ry Stone.
ne are so WHORISH, or so fear'd with Vice,
hearing him does melt their Hearts and Eyes ;
a Or——nd cannot hear him but he sighs.
PIETY he ever did encline,
took the LAW || to follow the DIVINE.
does the Serpent change into a Dove,
e Factious with Persuasive Rhetorick move,
d shews the Furious Tacker how to love.
Stubborn of each Sex to Reason bring,
e Blackhall he can Preach, like Cowley sing,
t's a distinguish'd Man in ev'ry Thing.

W I S E— as the best, will the learn'd Stanhope seem,
in St. Lawrence Pulpit, Picture him ;
DUNTON, 'tis there you'll find the Seraphim.

Bishop Blackhall Preach'd several Excellent Sermons at Mr.
le's Lecture upon those Words, If they hear not Moses and
Prophets, neither will they be perswaded though one
from the Dead, Luke 16. 31. † 'Tis the New Chappel erect-
t the upper End of Ormond-Street, near Lambs-Conduit-
ds. || I have heard Dr. Marshal forsook the Law to study
nity, and he Preaches like one in earnest for Heaven.

Devotion is the Empress in his Breast,
 Learning and Zeal below divide the rest ;
 He loaths the Fools that dare to Preach in Jest.
 His Temper is Harmonious as the Spheres,
 Copious his WIT, yet sparkling as the Stars.
Athens and Rome, when Learning flourish'd most,
 Cou'd never such a Famous Preacher boast ;
 Whose matchless Beauties in the *English* Tongue,
 Does even Rival the Fam'd *Tillotson*.
Judgment does some to Reputation raise,
 And for *Invention* others wear the Bays :
Stanhope has both, with such a Talent still,
 As shews not only Force of Wit, but Skill.
 So Faultless are his WORKS, 'tis hard to know,
 If he does more to Art, or Nature owe.
 Read where you will, he's Musick all along,
 And his Sense easie as his Thought is strong.
 Some striving to be clear, fall flat and low,
 And when they think to mount, Obscure they grow.
 He is not darker for his lofty Flight,
 Nor does his Easiness depress his Height ;
 But still perspicuous, wherefoe'er he fly,
 And like the SUN, is brightest when he's high.
 He's dignify'd by all the Books he writes,
 And so distinguish'd by his Learned Flights ;
 His meer *Translations* shine and far excel,
 What others write, tho' an ORIGINAL.
 Some Men a luckless Imitation try ;
 And whilst they soar, and whilst they venture high,
 Flutter and Flounce, but have not Wing to fly.
 Some in loose Words their empty Fancies bind,
 Which whirl about like Chaff before the Wind.
 Here brave Conceits in the Expression fail,
 There, big the Words, but with no Sense at all.
 Still *Stanhope's* Sense might *Stanhope's* Language trust,
 Both pois'd, and always bold and always just.
 None e'er may reach that strange Felicity,
 Where Thoughts are easie, Words so sweet and free,
 Yet not descend one Step from Majesty.
 I'll add but this, lest while I think to raise
 His Fame, I kindly injure him with Praise.
Spotless his Pulpit, and his Sermons quaint,
A Finish'd Preacher, and an equal Saint.

Make Famous Savage * with the next Advance,
 Charming at every Word, with every Glance.

* Now Minister of Black-Friars.

sweet as his Temper, Paint his Heavenly Face ;
 draw him but like, you give your Piece a Grace :
 for he's distinguish'd with a Thousand Rays)
 tend for him Learning, Wit and Piety ;
 draw him— A Living University.
 at hold—— to make him most divinely Fair,
 consult himself, you'll find all Beauties there,
 he's not advanc'd, but Bishopricks are near.

Let Pious *Howdy* next his Station find,
 crown'd Man in Body now, but more in Mind ;
 his Looks are in the Mother's Beauty dress'd,
 and Moderation has inform'd his Breast
 he Preach'd— (when he did Railing Fools detest).
 at here *John Dutton* is thy Skill confin'd,
 thou can'st not Paint his Grave Polemick Mind,
 that Task is for WISE *Calamy* assign'd.
 the Painter's Pencil cannot make a Draught
 of Things unseen, nor dares he paint a Thought :
 his neither Art nor Nature can amend him,
 thou'd but wrong him if I thou'd commend him ;
 I only add, that *Howdy's* dignify'd
 by Wit, and Grace, and han't one Spark of Pride.
 Merit has made him great, and spread his Fame,
 he is distinguish'd by a Life that's clean,
 his Answer to *Blackball* is his only Stain.

With him let *Norris* be for ever joyn'd,
 like in Metaphysicks, and in Mind ;
 he search'd *Malbranche* †, and now the *Rabbi* knows,
 the secret Springs whence Truth and Error flows.
 directed by his Leading-Light we pass,
 through Nature's Rooms, and tread in ev'ry Maze ;
 Throng of Virtues in his Soul repose,
 which single, wou'd as many Saints compose :
 if all Graces you wou'd see in one,
 view his HUMILITY for there 'tis found ||.
 he is distinguish'd by his Low Retreat
 to *Bemerton*, far from a Bishop's Seat,
 yet Dignify'd, for Learning makes him Great.
 when Pulpit-Fools to *Norris* all submit,
 here, or no where, you will meet with Wit :

He lately Publish'd a Sermon upon that Subject. † This is
 the Book which Mr. Norris does so greatly admire. || VIZ. A
 Book lately publish'd, entituled A Practical Discourse con-
 cerning Humility.

The Learned and the Brave survive the Tomb,
 Poets and Heroes Death it self o'ercome *;
 By what they Write or Act, Immortal made,
 They only change their World, but are not dead:
Norris can never die, of Life secure,
 As long as Fame or Aged Time endure.
 A Tree of Life is sacred Poetry,
 Whoe'er has leave to taste can never die:
 Many Pretenders to the Fruit there be,
 Who against Nature's Will do pluck the Tree:
 They nibble and are damn'd; but only those
 Have Life, who are by partial Nature chose,
Norris is Nature's Darling, free to taste
 Of all her Store, the Master of the Feast:
 Not like old *Adam*, stinted in his Choice,
 But Lord of all the spacious *Paradise*.
 Mysteriously the bounteous Gods were kind,
 And in his Favour Contradictions joyn'd:
 Honest, and Just, yet courted by the Great;
 A POET, yet a plentiful Estate;
 Witty, yet Wise; unenvy'd, and yet prais'd;
 And shews the Age can be with Merit pleas'd:
Minerva and *Apollo* shall submit,
 And *Norris* be the only God of Wit.
 Prefs on bright *Saint*, and nobly climb the Sphere,
 You yet at your Meridian don't appear;
 Still soar, and nearer still to Heaven retire,
 Be high, that we may leisurely admire;
 So that great Light to which we owe the Day,
 With Distance qualifies, th' exorbitant Ray;
 The *Levites* Soul we best of all define,
 When from afar the lavish Virtues shine:
 Let's now no more the Partial Planets damn,
 That each low Mortal does the Muse contemn:
 None dare when *Levites* wear the Name deride;
 We boast our *Lauzel* to the Gown ally'd:
 Let future Chronicles then silent lie,
 Nature now in her Zenith seems to be,
 T'innrich our Age, beggars *Posterity*.
 Oh, may the World ne'er lose so brave a Flame!
 May one succeed in *Genius* and in *Fame*;
 May from his Urn, some *Phoenix-Norris* rise,
 Whom the admiring World like him may prize:
 May he in his Immortal Numbers sing,
 And paint the Glories of our Matchless Queen.

* He printed a Volume of Divine Poems, that will preserve
 Fame to the End of Time.

may his Verse of Learned *Norris* taste!
I mend the coming Age, as he the last.

Of these fam'd Preachers have thy Art refin'd,
ANTON, draw *MOSS*, that's dazling yet behind;
Sweetness in his Eyes at once, and Awe,
I make his Looks preach Piety and Law;
Pulpit-Notes, or Angel ever sung
Are Harmony than dwells upon his Tongue:
In *Preaching*, *Dignity* and *Parts*;
(which is strange) the Lawyers he converts *,
To all Men know, have sear'd, *Stony* Hearts.
By his Pulpit Art and Eloquence,
The *Stones* are fies'd †, and *Fools* made *Men of Sense*.
His Voice sure is by *Nightingales* advanc'd!
He does but speak, and all Men lie intranc'd,
Thus distinguish'd for a *Man of Sense*,
I sent *MY LORD*, yet as he serves his Prince,
I'll call him *BISHOP* in the Future Tense.

Paint *FLAMSTEAD* next in his high *Greenwich* Seat,
Where all the Arts of his Profession meet,
Dignify his Gown, and make him Great.
There is no Pulpit Fool, nor e'er will be,
Preaches from *Heav'n* by *Astronomy*.
This Rev'rend Man from his Auspicious Hill,
Reveals all the Secrets of the Stars reveal.
His *Affolates* are made with so much Art,
They can the Distance of the Sun impart:
Close a *Parallax* i'th' *Heavenly Sphere*,
And shew the Place of ev'ry wandring Star.

— Stars themselves think it no Scorn to be
Guided and directed in their Way by thee;
Thou know'st their Virtue, and their Situation,
The Fate of Years, and ev'ry great Mutation.
With the same Kindness let them look on Earth,
When they gave thee first thy happy Birth:
The gentle *Venus* rose with *Mercury*,
The *Page of Softness* in thy *Poests*.)
And *Jove* and *Mars* in *Amicable Trine*,
To still give Spirit to thy polish'd Line.
Thou may'st do what thou wilt without Controul,
By thy self and Heaven can paint thy Soul.

He was chosen Preacher to a Society of Honourable and Pious
Gentlemen.

Ezekiel 11, 19,

Flamsteed, you wisely Preach — at least we see
 Celestial Motions all set right by thee.
 In this Divine, Great *Archimedes* Sphere
 Is so reviv'd, his GENIUS does appear!
His Text is Heav'n, (he does ev'n Gaze by Rule,) *AOVI*
 And is too WISE to act the Knave, or Fool :
 One thus Distinguish'd has a Double Soul.

Thus dignify'd and thus distinguish'd,
 Are all those PRIESTS that I have here display'd :
 And for such other Levites that CONFORM,
 (Tho' not plac'd here, as being too forlorn)
 If you'd your Lives and Characters adorn,
 Neglect in Pulpit no befitting Grace,
 Ascend with Modesty — *the sacred Place ;*
 And by your venerable Carriage show,
That you the Reverence of your Function know :
 And if I might presume to give Advice,
 To such whose Office 'tis to make us WISE ;
 Let not the Pulpit SATYRS e'er infect,
For fear Damnation should attend the Jest :
 Shun Rhetorick, which Improvement does bereave,
 And does our Mind but just diverted leave ;
 Preaching thus does indeed the World content,
 But ne'er Reform'd, or made one Penitent.
 'Tis Preaching — where the alarmed Soul betakes
 Its self to a New Life, old Sins forsakes,
 For he no Sermon, who no Convert makes.
 Speak from the Heart, and then the Heart you'll touch,
 Don't say too little, nor yet over-much,
 Ne'er cloy nor starve, the Preaching Art is such ;
 Lash ev'ry Sinner, 'till his Conscience hears,
 Words please the great ones best, the People, Tears :
 To please by Turns, their different Palates seek,
 Cry at *John Showers* — and at *St. Lawrence* speak ;
 Manage your Voices, Tone, and Latitude,
 That without Pain you may be understood :
 This shunning Slowness, Gallops on Post-haste.
 The other Jades, in Fear to march too fast,
 One I can't follow, nor for t'other stay,
 And neither pleasing me I go my Way :
 Too fast their Sermons, or too Lagging go,
 When they by Heart say what by halves they know ;
 Valour was never judged by a Noise,
 Nor Eloquence beholden to a Voice :
 In vain to kindle Fires the Preacher tries,
 Which want of Zeal to his own Breast denies ;

tho' he strives with Warmth drawn up by Art,
as Ice to me, and cannot warm my Heart.
Regular Motions let your Hands be brought,
show your Meaning, and express your Thought ;
and swear that into sinful Souls our Priest
need not tell you *POMFRET* is i'th' List)

beat Repentance in with's doub'd Fist.
Work on, work on, good Zeal, but still I say,
What forbids threshing thus o'th' Sabbath-Day.
Sabbath-Day, who can that Day declare ?
POMFRET lives as if all Sundays were.
SAINT's whole Life is but a Preaching Text,
that a Pulpit where he speaketh next :

Place may change, but 'tis a Pulpit still,
Practice does Preach, or all he says is ill.

Preacher's Wife, ne'er was a Pulpit Fool :
Gives *, he Speaks, and even Thinks by Rule ;
all his Preaching is to save the Soul,
and that, ye Pulpiteers, and learn your Art,
there is many an honest Christian Heart,
which may be touch'd, if the Preacher does his Part.

These preaching Rules will make you grave and neat :

that you may be Fam'd and more compleat,
and Talbot, Lucas, and a Thousand more,
to preach like Angels, and like them adore.

and Glanvil, South, Dove, Culverwel, and Scot,
whose matchless Sermons ne'er will be forgot :

Learned — Sharp, Trelawney, Hall, and Fennet,

Ston, Evans, Fowler, More and Kennet,

de, Hough, Lloyd, Williams, Hooper, Cumberland,

at, Beveridge, Humphreys, Walse, and pious Brands,

Neuil, Murray, Nicholson and James,

Moncreiffe, Abercromby, Blackwell, Rhéams,

ris, Abston, Ball, and pious Hayley,

well, Whincop, Smithyes, Dodwell, Bayly,

is, Willis, Freeman, Atterbury, Finch,

d, Burgesse, Sawyer, Bisset, Mitner, Winch,

egg, Fleetwood, Rochford, Edwards, Manningham,

ng, Nichols, Bently, Hotchkiss, Dr. Lamb,

p, Meggot, Ellis, Costan, pious Fell,

ckenie, Bedle, Wyat, Cole and Snell,

egg, Clegdon, Johnson, Francis, Dr. Stearn,

h, Fisher, Jones, Weld, Bradford, aged Mearn,

th Marsh, King, Sinclair, Smith; and polish'd Fearn.

Mr. Pomfret is a Man of a most Free, and Noble Charity.

74 *Dignify'd and Distinguish'd; or,*

To these add *Hickman, Mayo, Smit and Long,*
Burhop, Hayes, Drake, Woodward, and Addison,
Whose Fame's as universal as the Sun.

Thus has my MUSE impartially describ'd,
The Eminent Priests that have been dignify'd,
From the CHIEF-PRIEST down to the meanest Ink,
The Names of other Levites I cou'd give,
Who Preach on Earth, but do in Heaven live:
Who (like these I have nam'd) so well are wrought,
They scarce do err in Look, in Word, or Thought.
All these are Preachers, Pious, Learned, Mild,
Free from all tricking and affected Stile.
Then COPY from these, you ne'er can Preach amiss,
Their Life and Doctrine is the Road to Bliss.
Thus Mod'rate Men who to the Pulpit rise,
Honour the Gown, and make their Hearers wise;
But Fiery Levites burn their DIGNITIES,
And 'tis but Just, for why shou'd any Fool
Be dignify'd, or rise in Honour's School?
Such RAIL, as if to War with Church and State
Were Preaching, when 'tis only *Billingsgate.*
But those DIVINES that I have here describ'd,
Are Men of PEACE, and such are dignify'd,
If not on Earth, yet in the SEE Above,
Where the ARCH-BISHOP— is the God of Love.

Then Pulpit-Fools———repent, and learn of these
How you shou'd Preach, and how your Fortunes raise:
'Tis not by Railing, but by preaching Peace.
All we yet know o'th' blessed Saints above,
Is that they Sing, and live in Peace and Love.
Here Pious Souls of all Religions came,
Their Worship various, but their God the same.
Here Doolittle with *Comber* Friendly twines,
Here Scot does fly, to clasp the pious *Vines.*
Here Mead and Patrick in Embraces meet,
And Alsop joins in Praise with *Stillingfleet.*
Horneck and Auneley, and Millions more,
Alike are Happy, and alike Adore:
All, All is Peace, all Prejudice forgot;
From sev'ral Stations, at one Mark they shot.
The Just reach Heav'n, although by different Ways,
God is their SUN, and they his spreading RAYS.
Tho' at the Circle some are opposite,
They meet and center in Eternal Light.

Pulpit-Fools, your causeless Feuds remove :
'd you below, be blest like them above ;
Peace like them, and learn from them to love.

PEACE be Heav'n to ev'ry Saint that dies,
Pulpit Quarrel can be counted wise *.
e's L-y, B—ch—— and Da——ton who scolds,
all three Railers, — That's Three Pulpit Fools †.

B—net J—ne and staring H—ks,
ast the Fool in all their Railing Tricks ;
y Rail i'th' Pulpit, Prefs, and ev'ry where,
'd Rail in Heav'n, were but Dissenters there :
ing is all their Z E A L, their Death-bed Theam,
might they live, they'd bite the Whigs agen :
r Sermons, Spight and Prayers do always mix ;
r dying Words are — Whigs are Schismatics.

Pulpit-Fools are Enemies to Love,
er they think, 'tis how to Fend and Prove ;
r if you'd drop the Fool, and wisely Preach,
ice that Doctrine which you Weekly teach,
let your M O T I V E S still be Love and Peace ;
mons convert not the Ideal Fool,
Parson's Practice is the People's Rule.

See this confirm'd in that excellent Sermon (to repeat the Cha-
r given of it by the House of Commons) preach'd before the
en and the two Houses of Parliament, Decemb. 31. 1706.
e Right Reverend Father in God, Gilbert Lord Bishop of
um, where are these Words ; Peace is a Word of an
eable Sound, it strikes, and has Charms in it. God for-
that any who carry the Name of a Christian, shou'd re-
e against Terms of Peace, [and then adds this truly Pious
Learned Prelate] It wou'd ill become a Minister of the
ce of Peace, to sound the Trumpet of War. —

A Friend of Mr. Philip Henry's (as the Learned Author of
ife tells us, p. 179.) writing to him not long before he dy'd,
d his Thoughts concerning the Differences among the London
enters. To which he return'd this Answer : I can say little
cerning our Divisions ; which when some Mens Judg-
ts and Tempers are heal'd, will be also healed : But
n will that be ? They that have most Holiness are most
ceable, and have most Comfort. — This excellent Re-
e of the pious Henry, gave Rise to the Line above ; for if
Ministers of the Gospel (who are call'd the Ambassadors of
e, Isaiah 33. 7.) who Rail in the Pulpit (and thereby lose
Comfort they might expect from a Peaceable Temper) are
Pulpit-Fools, there never was, or will be, such a thing in
World.

But

But above all, don't sordid Avarice love ;
 Your Work is Heav'n, and you must live above.
 If (as in 8——) vile Avarice controuls,
Old Nick may take us, you'll not mind our Souls.
 His Flock think him DIVINE—— Poor blinded Ears
 But they must cramb his Cupboard and his Shelves,
 Or Souls might starve, and *Kids* baptize themselves.
 He'd ne'er more CANT, or shew the Whites of Eyes,
 But for Reward—— *His God is Avarice*.
 Then loath his Vice—— *And Preach up Peace and Love*,
 You were *Distinguish'd* for to act the DOVE.
 You'll ne'er be BISHOPS (But for Fools decry'd),
 If that your Preaching e'nt thus *Dignify'd*.

P R O J E C T III.

The Court and Character of *Queen Mary*
With a Brief History of her private Cabals
and the Methods she us'd for Introducing
Popery ; containing Secrets that our English
Chronicles have wholly omitted ; To which
added, The Fiery Trial, or the Case of
Protestants in Great Britain, in Case the
Pretender (or Sham Prince) had succeeded
his late Attempt upon Scotland.

SEVERAL Persons of great Worth and Learning
 have already given Account of the great Crimes
 that have been exercised by *Papists* on *Protestants*.
 Some particularly have wrote of the Dismal Condi-
 tion of the *Reformed Christians* in *Q. Mary's Days*; but
 have yet, as I remember, acquainted the World with *Q.*
Mary's private Cabals, and the Method she us'd to in-
 duce Popery, which was at her coming to the Crown
 a fair Way of being extirpated: And considering that
 the discovering of a Rock on which some have formerly
 may be of great Use for others to avoid it (especially
 TACKLING GENTLEMEN, who were lately
 ing to ruin their Native Country by their *Dangerous*
 riments) I have undertaken to give you this following
 Account of the Court and Character of *Queen Mary I.*

The Court and Character of *Q. Mary I.* 77

Edward VI. only Son to *Henry VIII.* succeeded in the Crown of *England*; a Prince that was good to live long, *The Phoenix of English Kings*, he had time to prosecute his Intentions, and mature his Genius; but the Sun in him did shine too bright in the King: God gave *England* only the Representation of a King, but wou'd not, in Judgment, let us be blest with him. Religion began to revive, Liberty to bud, the People to peep out of their Graves of Slavery and Age, (just as they did at the Landing of King *William* of glorious Memory) and to have their Blood fresh and young in their Cheeks; but all is presently blasted by his Son, and the People (who have seldom more than Hopes of their Comforts) are now fainting for Fear; *England* is dyed and hung with Black; Queen *Mary*, that Alewife of Women succeeds, and now both Souls and Bodies of the People are enslav'd, and nothing but Bone-fires of the Flesh and Bones of the best Christians. 'Tis after the Death of *Edward VI.* the Lady *Jane*, fourth Son to the Duke of *Norfolk*, was proclaim'd Queen, as given to her by *Edward VI.* But Lady *Mary*, Eldest Daughter to King *Henry VIII.* had the greater Party, and so came to the Crown: after which she assisted at several private Cabals, to her Protestant Subjects; and in a few Weeks restor'd Pope and Cardinal, &c. to his former Supremacy over *England*, darkned the Reformation begun, and appointed the Church Service again in Latin; and such a Bloody Tyrant, to make sure of the Crown, she beheaded the Lady *Clifford*, and others; yet she did not sit quiet on the Throne; for to compleat her Sin, she drunk deep of the Blood of the Saints, and sent Multitudes to Heaven in fiery Chariots. (And the like Fiery Trial we must have had again in *England*, had the Pretender succeeded in his Attempt upon *Scotland*, as I shall prove in the Conclusion of this Essay.) This Bloody Queen married *Philip* of *Spain*; yet the Lord shut up her Womb that she bore no Child, and cut her off when she had rag'd over the Nation five Years, four Months and odd Days, Anno. 1559. But 'tis too much to Name her as a Tyrant in the *English* Tongue; I shall therefore proceed to describe her Court and Character, as she was a Bloody Tyrant and Persecutor of God's People.

Henry VIII. King of *England*, having left the Kingdom of *England* in great Peace, and in a fair Way to shake off the oppressive Yoke of *Rome*, *Edward VI.* his Son, (as I hinted before) succeeded him; a Prince so hopeful, that in six Years Time, he had almost perfected the good Work begun by

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by his Father King *Henry*, but unkind Death snatch'd him away on the 6th of *July* 1553, in the 16th Year of his Age, whose Death was much lamented throughout the Nation; most People prophetically Presaging the Misfortune which were coming on them. And tho' the Lady *Jane* (as I observ'd before) was proclaim'd Queen, her Reign lasted only ten Days; for the Council turning to the Lady *Mary* in the latter End of *July* 1553, caus'd her to be proclaim'd Queen of *England* in *London*, and other Parts of the Realm. Upon which she remov'd from her Castle of *Framlingham* towards *London*; and being come to *Warsted* in *Essex*, on the Thirtieth of *July*, the Lady *Elizabeth* her Sister, with a Train of a Thousand Horse, went from her Place in the Strand to meet her. On the Third of *August* the Queen rode through *London* to the Tower, where she set free *Stephen Gardiner*, late Bishop of *Winchester*, and restor'd him to his Bishoprick. On the fifth of *August* *Edmund Bonner*, late Bishop of *London*, Prisoner in the *Marshalsea*, and *Cuthbert Tunstall*, the old Bishop of *Durham*, Prisoner in the *Kings Bench*, had their Pardons, and were restor'd to their Sees.

Soon after this, 'twas resolv'd by Queen *Mary* (in her Private Cabals) that all Bishops whatever which had been depriv'd in the Time of *Edward VI.* shou'd be restor'd to their Bishopricks, and the New remov'd; and according to this Resolution, all that would not then forsake the Religion were turn'd out of their Livings, and several of the Laws were again reviv'd by Act of Parliament, for the Trial of Heresie; and Commissions and Inquisitors were sent Abroad into all Parts of the Realm: Whereupon many were apprehended, and afterwards most of them put to Death, or else through cruel Usage died in Prison, and were bury'd in Dunghills in the Fields, to the Number of near 300 Persons, Men, and Women, in the short Reign of Queen *Mary*. But notwithstanding Queen *Mary's* Reign was thus Bloody, yet at the Beginning of it, viz. "On the Twelfth of *August*, she made an open Declaration in Council, "That tho' her Conscience was staid in Matters of Religion, yet she would not restrain or compel others, otherwise than as God should put it into their Hearts to embrace that Religion she was in; which she hop'd would be done by putting of Godly and Virtuous Men into Livings to Preach the Word of God.

Upon this all Parties hop'd for a Toleration to worship God their own Way; but the *Papists* presuming upon the Queen's being of their Religion, openly commended their own Religion, and reproach'd the Reformed: So that on the Thirteenth, one *Bourn*, Canon of *Pauls*, Preaching at *Pauls Cross*, not only pray'd for the Dead, but declar'd

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Dr. Bonner, Bishop of London, (late restored, and then in
ence) for a Sermon by him made four Years before on
same Text, and in the same Place, had been unjustly
into the *Marshalseas*: Which Speech so offended the Peo-
who had a great Veneration for the good King *Edward*;
a great Disturbance arose, and a Dagger was thrown
him; but he with much Difficulty was convey'd into
School by *Mr. Rogers*, whilst *Mr. Bradford* slept into
Pulpit and appeas'd the People. This being reported
the Queen, she makes another Declaration, That she
ld have all her Subjects live in Amity, and charg'd
not to use the Words *Papist*, or *Heretic*.

Shortly after, all the Bishops which had been depriv'd
the Time of King *Edward VI.* were restor'd to their
ricks, and the New removed; also all benefic'd
that were marry'd, and would not renounce their Re-
on, were put out of their Livings, and others of a con-
Opinion were put into their Room.

These Men when restor'd, urge the Queen to re-establish
ery; whom she answers, That she designs nothing more;
must act with so much Secrecy and Caution, as not to
ome her Reformed Subjects. In the mean time, private
ls were held by the Queen, and some of the most vigo-
Papists, and after several Consultations it was fully
lv'd that Popery should be suddenly restor'd.
On the Nineteenth of *August*, *John Duke of Northumber-*
(who professed himself a Protestant in King *Edward's*
e, and perswaded the King to declare his Daughter the
y *Jane* his Successor) was try'd and condemn'd for
Treason, and on the two and twentieth executed; and
his Death declar'd himself a Papist, and to have been so
ays. (By which you may note what Temporizers Pa-
are, who can seem to be any thing for Interest.)

Now Things seeming to be a little settled, the Queen
ks it convenient to make another Step towards Popery;
ch is by a Proclamation to prohibit Preaching; it being
in that when Man is ignorant, he is ready to embrace
Novelty, not being capable of considering whether it
ood or evil. Many Censures past upon this Proclama-
s, but none durst openly testify their Re-sentment, for
of being clapt up; and though the Queen seem'd to
all things fair, yet some of the wisest of the Reform-
being sensible that Persecution was coming on them)
several Consultations, but their Consciences will not
them rebel against their Sovereign: Yet on the Fifteenth
September, Arch-bishop *Cranmer* courageously declares
ust the Mass; of which *Bonner* makes use to enflame the
en against him, and within two or three Days *Cranmer*
and

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and *Latimer* are sent to the *Tower* : Upon it several *Refused Christians* fly beyond Sea.

The Queen, who had all this while contented herself with being Queen, by Proclamation, seeing things somewhat settled, proceeds to her Coronation ; which was accordingly splendidly performed on the last of September. After which she discharges a Tax, publish'd a general Pardon; but interlac'd with so many Exceptions of Matters and Persons, that very few took Benefit of it; and those that did, were by the Commissioners assign'd to compose with them, despoil'd of Offices and Estates.

Soon after this Justice *Hales* was imprison'd; for that a Quarter Sessions in *Kent*, he gave Charge upon the Statutes of *Henry VIII.* and *Edward VI.* in Derogation of the Primacy of the Church of *Rome*; which was a high Ingratitude in the Queen; he having in King *Edward's* Time, refused to sign a Warrant for disinheriting the *Lords Mary* and *Lady Elizabeth*.

On the Tenth of *October*, the Queen summons a Parliament, and Members are chose by Force and Threats in some Places; and in others, those employ'd by the Court did by Violence hinder the People from coming in to choose in many Places false Returns were made, and when the Parliament met, some were violently turn'd out of the House. Several Bishops were thrust out of the House of Lords, and not Worshipping the Mass, and soon after imprison'd.

On the Third of *November*, *Cranmer* was arraigned in *Westminster-Hall*, and found guilty of High Treason, (which the Way, note, was only for not worshipping Mass, tho' other things were alledged against him) and was condemn'd to die.

After which an Act was made for repealing the Act made by King *Edward*, touching Religion; (See what a Parliament can do when one is pick'd out for the Purpose.) then they pass'd another Act for preventing Affronts to Popish Priests, who then began mightily to appear.

Then another Act was pass'd for preventing *Unlawful Assemblies*, which was meant the Meeting of the *Reformed Protestants*.

The Queen having brought Things to this Point, began to shew her self more openly, and publickly declares her Resolution of being reconcil'd to the See of *Rome*, and accordingly sends *Cardinal Pool* to the Pope for his Blessing and Directions; but he was stop'd by the Emperor as he was on his Journey : But the Queen sending to the Emperor to fire him not to hinder, *Cardinal Pool* went on his Journey.

In the mean while *Gardiner* at Home proposes to the Queen, several private Methods for Rooting out the

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ned Religion, which are accepted of, but not put in Execution, till other Necessaries are dispatch'd; viz. the Match with Prince Philip of Spain, which Match the House of Commons dislik'd; alledging that it would bring England under a foreign Yoke; and since the Commons cannot be perswaded to consent to it, the Parliament is dissolv'd, and a constant Practice, when they wou'd not do what they thought fit to the Nation) and a new one pick'd out (by the same Methods) to agree to the Match; they were such as cou'd be brib'd to do any thing the Queen wou'd have them, for there were 1200000 Crowns sent from Spain to corrupt them. They confirm the Marriage, set up the same, and concur with the Queen in all Acts for persecuting Protestants: But Thanks be to God, we are not now in danger of such Parliaments, Peoples Understandings being now where enlightned, and the whole Nation sensible of the ill will be the Consequence of such Parliaments who shall concur with a Popish King, for destroying the Lives, Liberties and Properties of those that are of the Protestant Religion. A Religion which authorizes not Murders and Rapes, that teacheth the Way to Heaven, by Meekness and Charity, by Loyalty and Faithfulness to their Prince, and Love to one another: But on the contrary, the Popish Religion pretends to convert People by Goals, Fire, and Torture. The first Instance of which in this Queen's Reign, was Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer (three Reformed Bishops) being adjudg'd Hereticks and condemn'd to die. After which follows the burning of Rogers a Minister, Hooper and another, two Bishops, and Bradford another Minister. On the 25th of July, 1554, Prince Philip comes to Winchester, attended by several Nobles who were sent to Spain to fetch him; and on the 25th the Marriage was solemniz'd. An infinite Number of Papists of all Countries came with him. The King and Queen send for Cardinal Pole from Rome, who being come, his Attainder was taken away, and he makes a Speech to the Parliament, exhorting them wholly to the Mother Church; upon which they declare Pardon, and repent of their former Errors, and profess themselves ready to abrogate all Laws prejudicial to the Church of Rome; upon which he gives them and the whole Nation Absolution. In March the Queen delivers up all the Irish Lands, and leaves them to the Disposal of the Pope's Legate. So that by this Gentlemen may see what are to expect from a Popish Prince, viz. to have all their Estates taken away, their Families ruin'd, and even the Loss of their Lives at his Pleasure. — After this Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer, are burnt, Thousands all over England, the Repetition of who they were,

were, and where executed, I shall not trouble you with, but publish'd at large in *Fox*—I shall next discover Queen Mary's Designs, how she intended to have persecuted the Protestants in *Ireland*, but was by Providence prevented; as you shall further know by the following Relation, in which I shall only insert (as I have hitherto done) such material Passages that have been omitted by other Historians, but have been approved (as you'll hear anon) by several sufficient Persons, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil. Then to come to Queen Mary's Designs against the Protestants in *Ireland*.

Queen Mary having dealt severely with the Protestants in *England*, about the latter End of her Reign, sign'd a Commission for to take the same Course with them in *Ireland*: And to execute the same with greater Force, she nominates Dr. *Cochran* one of the Commissioners, sending the Commission by the Doctor; who in his Journey coming to *Chester*, the Mayor of that City hearing Her Majesty was sending a Messenger to *Ireland*, and he being a Churchman, waited on the Doctor, who, in Discourse with the Mayor, took out of a Cloak a Leather Box, saying unto him, *Here is a Commission that will suppress the Hereticks of Ireland*, calling the Protestants by that Title. The good Woman of the House being well affected to the Protestant Religion, and also having a Brother named *John Edmonds* of the same, then a Citizen in *Dublin*, was much troubl'd at the Doctor's Words; but watching her convenient Time, whilst the Mayor took his Leave, and the Doctor complementing him down the Stairs, she opens the Box, takes the Commission out, placing in lieu thereof a Sheet of Paper with a Pack of Cards, the Knave of Clubs fac'd uppermost, wrapt up. The Doctor coming up to his Chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the Cards as formerly. The next Day, going to the Water-side, with a fair Wind and Weather serving him, he sails towards *Ireland*, and landed on the 7th of *October*, 1558. at *Dublin*; then coming to *Castle*, the Lord *Fitz-Walters* being Lord Deputy, sent for him to come before him and the Privy Council; who coming after he had made a Speech, relating upon what Account he came over, he presents the Box unto the Lord Deputy; causing it to be opened, that the Secretary might read the Commission, there was nothing save a Pack of Cards, the Knave of Clubs uppermost; which not only startl'd the Lord Deputy and Council, but the Doctor, who assur'd them he had a Commission, but knew not how it was gone. The Lord Deputy made answer, *Let us have another Commission, and we will shuffle the Cards in the mean while*. The Doctor being troubl'd in his Mind, went away, and return'd into *England*, and coming to the Court, obtain'd another Commission; but staying for a Wind at the Water-side, News

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to him, that the Queen was dead : And thus God preserv'd the Protestants in *Ireland*.

This is a Copy of *Richard Earl of Cork's* Memorials, as also of *Henry Usher*, sometime Lord Primate of *Armagh*, being enter'd amongst Sir *James Ware's* Manuscripts, who hath often heard the late *James Usher*, Nephew to the said *Henry*, and also Primate of *Armagh*, aver the same, and wonder'd that *Mr. Fox* had not insert'd it in his *Acts and Monuments*. There yet living a Reverend Father of the Church, *Henry* now Lord Bishop of *Meath*, who can affirm this Relation from the said *James Usher*, late Lord Primate of all *Ireland*.

Upon the recalling of the Lord *Fitz-Walters* into *England*, when *Elizabeth*, who succeeded her Sister, discoursing with the said Lord, concerning several Passages in *Ireland*; amongst her Discourses, he related the aforesaid Passage that had happen'd in *Ireland*; which so delighted the Queen, that her Majesty sent for the good Woman, nam'd *Elizabeth Edmonds*, by her Husband nam'd *Mattersbad*, and gave her a Pension Forty Pound, *durante vita*, for saving her Protestant Subjects of *Ireland*.

I shall conclude this *Brief Account of the Court and Character of Queen Mary I.* (wherein I chiefly insert such *State Secrets* our *English* Chronicles have wholly omitted) with a *Brief Account of those dreadful Judgments that fell upon Bishop Bonner and Bishop Gardiner*, (the two chief Persecutors of *Queen Mary's* Reign) with the *Remarkable Judgments* that fell her self.

1. Bishop *Bonner*, Bishop of *London* (and the greatest Persecutor in *Queen Mary's* Days) being imprison'd by *Queen Elizabeth*, dy'd in his Bed impenitent, and was deny'd Christian Burial, being at Midnight tumbld into a Hole amongst Thieves and Murderers.

2. Bishop *Gardiner*, a cruel Persecutor, died despairing, having a Bishop with him, who put him in mind of *Peter's* denying his Master; he said, *I have denied with Peter, but never repented with St. Peter*. He rejoycing at News of Bishop *Ridley's*, and Bishop *Latimer's* burning, at Dinner that Day, was that Instant struck sick, deny'd use of Nature, either by Urine or otherwise for fifteen Days, and then dy'd with a sad inflam'd Body. And

As to *Queen Mary*, while she promis'd her Protection to the Gospel, she prosper'd, and by the Help of the Gospel she got the Crown; but afterwards breaking her Promise, and bringing in of *Popery*, and burning of *God's* People for the Gospels sake, she and her Nation was much punish'd, she was especially punish'd these several Ways, 1. Her Ships were burn'd. 2. She was oppos'd in her Endeavours to restore the *Abby-Lands*. 3. Her Subjects suffer'd almost

almost a Famine, so that the Poor People were forced to eat Acorns instead of Bread. 4. She lost *Calice*, in France, which had been the *English* Kings Right for the Reign of eleven Kings. 5. She was depriv'd of Children, which she greatly desir'd, and the whole Nation was cheated by the Rumours of her bringing forth a Son—— And lastly She having marry'd *Philip* King of *Spain*, and so subjugated her Subjects to a Stranger (with whom she promis'd her self *Felicity*) was very unhappy by his withdrawing from her and the short Time she reign'd, does of it self shew God's Displeasure for her burning so many eminent Protestants.

And now I shall only beg every honest *English* Man, who is willing to serve his God in Peace, and enjoy the Privileges which God and the Laws hath given him, to consider how sad the Change of the present Religion and Government would be, when it shall lie in the Power of the Pope to order the Destruction of Protestants, and a *Papish* Prince think himself oblig'd to execute such his Holiness's Orders when we who are free-born *English* Men, shou'd be persecuted, when those that will not rack their Conscience to save their Estates and Lives, shall be murder'd: For such and much worse, will be certainly the Consequence of *Popery*, since all their Learned Authors do publish, That every Man is oblig'd to convert or confound Hereticks; and by that Name they stile us. Let us reflect a little upon the late Designs of the Pretender (or sham Prince) against *Scotland*. Was not the Scene of converting *England* and *Scotland*, laid in Blood? What Care ought then to be taken in preventing the Designs of such Men? How diligent ought we to be in Counter-plotting? How Industrious ought we to be in chusing good Members for Parliament, who it is (I mean *Tackers* or *Papists*) can make such a Figure in altering the Government, and bringing the Country to Destruction? How ought we to amend our Lives and be answerable to God's great Mercies hitherto bestow'd upon us, and send up our hearty Prayers that God would continue her Majesty's Life to us, and destroy and confound her and the Nations Enemies, and give a Blessing to our Forces both at Sea and Land; for shou'd the French King (or the Pretender, that sham Prince he lately sent to *Scotland* to burn and ruin us) ever get footing in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, we cou'd expect no other than a *Second Trial*.

And this leads me to discourse of the *Fiery Trial* it is or to state the Case of the Protestants in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, in Case the Pretender (or sham Prince) had succeeded in his late Attempt upon *Scotland*: So that we have Reason sufficient why we shou'd resist the Pretender, even

It pressing Reason that can be urg'd, Self-Preservation; refuse to receive him in Scotland, and return him again the French Tyrant to avoid Imprisonment, and Inquisition, and Fagot, Massacres, Racks, Gibbets, and the whole Fiery Trial, the known Methods by which the Romanists support their Cause, and propagate their Faith. Shou'd the Papists fail, the Nonconformists shall no longer complain of a Cholera-Day; the Parisian Vespers, which bore that Date, shall be resum'd again, and silence all Complaints of them or the like. And as his Holiness thought fit to celebrate that barbarous Villany, calling together, as *Thuanus* * tells us, his Cardinals, solemnly to give Thanks to Almighty God for so great a Blessing conferr'd upon the Roman See, and the Christian World; yea, a Jubilee was to be proclaim'd thro' the Christian World, whereof the Cause was express'd, To give Thanks to God for destroying in France the Enemies of the Truth and of the Church. There may be found on this Side the Sea, Men who will imitate the Princes of the French Dominions, who upon such encouragements from the See of Rome, and for the greater glory of God, (as they pretend) will be ready to consecrate their hands in a Massacre here with us. It is vulgarly known what was done to the poor *Albigenses* and *Waldenses*: How many hundred thousand of Lives the planting of the Roman Gospel in the South cost: What Cruelties were practis'd in the Low-Countries by the Duke d'Alva: What Blood in this Island in the days of Queen Mary, what design'd to be shed in the Powder Treason, and that by the Privy and Direction of the Pope himself, as *Delrio* † informs us in Spight of all the Palliations that are now suggested; who withal adds, that his Holiness Clement VIII. by his Bull a little before that Time, gave order that, No Priest should discover any thing that came to his Knowledge in Confession to the Benefit of the secular Government: It seeming safer to these good Men to break all Obligations of Duty and Allegiance, tho' bound by Oaths, than violate the Seal of Confession, or put a Stop to that meritorious Work, at one Moment to destroy their Sovereign with all his Royal Family, his whole Nobility and Estate, and subvert the Government of their Native Country. But we need not seek for Instances without our own Memories, the Carriage of the Irish Rebellion ‡, where the Papists in a few Months cut the Throats of about two hundred thousand innocent Protestants of all Sexes and Ages, cannot be yet forgotten. Which Act was so meritorious as to deserve from his Holiness, a most plenary Indulgence for all that were

* *Thuan. Hist. l. 53.*

† *Disq. Magic. l. 6. c. 1. §. 3.*

‡ *Lord Orrery, Pag. 29.*

concerned in it, * Even Absolution from Excommunication, Suspension, and all other Ecclesiastical Sentences and Censures whomsoever, or for what Cause soever pronounced or inflicted on them; as also from all Sins, Trespases, Transgressions, Crimes and Delinquencies, how heinous and atrocious soever they be, &c. And if all these Burnings and Martyrdoms (which had been our Fate had the Pretender succeeded) don't deserve to be call'd— *A Fiery Trial*— there never was such a Thing when the Holy Martyrs were flaming in Smithfield, in Queen Mary's Reign.

Nor let any Man be so fond to hope for better Terms, Liberty of Conscience, if the Pretender, or his Government the French King, shou'd now prevail. Let us look into the World, and we shall see on all Hands, that nothing any where suffer'd to grow, either under or near the French Tyrant, or French Papists. Where Protestantism has been strongly fix'd, as not to be batter'd down at once, it has in Degrees been perpetually undermin'd; witness the Proceedings against them in Poland and Hungary, and several Parts of Germany, the late Persecutions in the Vallies of Piedmont, and the Methods us'd in France to demolish the Temples, and disable them for their Employments, and almost exclude them from common Trades. I need not enquire what was lately done in the fruitful Palatinate by the Rhine and Neckar, for this Country has suffer'd more than any other during this long and dreadful War, by the frequent Invasions and repeated Conquests of the French more than Two Thousand of their greatest Cities, Mark-Towns and Villages have been burnt down to the Ground by the French Incendiaries, as Hydeburgh, Manheim, Worms, Spire, Frankendale, Baccarac; all their Fortifications, state Castles, and Magnificent Churches at vast Expence were blown up into the Air, the very Graves of Princes laid open, their Skulls and Bones kick'd up and down the Churches and Streets; their Vines destroy'd, and in many Places rooted up, with a Design to make so fatal a War that this Country might never be peopled and inhabited again: Vast Numbers of those People perish'd in Woods and Caves, amongst the Wild Beasts, by Hunger, Cold, and Nakedness.

(Is not Divine Vengeance this Day judging the Authors and Instruments of such Barbarities?) These poor Refugees are the Survivors of them, who during a short Interval of Peace, had built up a few Cottages, and began to cultivate their Country, in hopes of some Means of Subsistence, but by reason of the late Irruptions of the French, who burn

* Lord Orrery, *Pag.* 61.

in ruin'd their Country, carry'd away their Cattle, and do continue to this Day to exact vast Contributions from them, besides the many heavy Taxes from their own Government, who have stripp'd them of all the Enemy's; seeing themselves in a manner Starving, destitute of all Conveniencies for humane Life, have thrown themselves into the Arms of Britain's Charity (A great Honour to the *English* Nation to be own'd the Refuge of the Distress'd).

We see by four Thousand of these poor German Protestants who are now fled hither for Refuge, what Ruin, and (doubtless) *Fiery Trials* we must have gone thro' had the Pretender succeeded: However, this we are sure of, whatever Articles are, or can be made of Favour and Complaisance, 'tis somewhat more than a probable Doctrine *, that Faith is not to be kept with Hereticks. The Jesuited Romish is at large by Equivocations to say any thing, and by sneaking of Intention to do any thing; they can with a very good Conscience dissemble their own, and pretend to the Protestant Profession, come to the Devotions of Heathen Idolaters, and that from express License from his Holiness Pope Clement VIII. upon Account of which, *We may, says Tho. à Jesu †, be present without any Scruple at the rites and divine Offices of Infidels, Hereticks and Schismatics, say, Peter Maffei ‡ makes it his boast, that Ignatius Loyola imitated the Devil in all his Tricks, Cheats and Cunning, to convert Souls; and how his Followers have transcrib'd that Pattern, the World does know.*

Yet farther, they, some of them at least, can set up a new Gospel, where there is not one Word of the Cross of Christ; can worship heathen Idols, with that pitiful Reserve of having in their Sleeve a Crucifix, to which they privately direct their Adoration: All which as they are notorious for, being complain'd of to the Pope **, so are they uncontroll'd, for ought appears, and permitted by him. Indeed what Conversation can there be with these Men, who are under no Obligations of Society, no Character of Notice or Distinction; who at the same time are Priests and Healers, Jesuits and Artificers, Atheists, and Robbers; and amidst all this very good Catholicks. Let any honest sober Man judge what Kind of Religion this is, in it self, and how fit to be encourag'd and submitted to, which had been our Case (or

* Concil. Const. Myst. Jesuitism.

† De convers. insid. p. 854.

‡ In vit. Ignat. Loyol.

** Palafox Bp. of Angelopolis in his Letter to Pope Inoc. X.

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else the undergoing the *Fiery Trial*) had the Pretender overpowered us with his *French Cut-throats*.

To close up all that has been said, from uncontrollable Testimonies and Proofs, we have seen *the Influence which the Pretender has either heretofore or may hereafter have amongst us* in all the great Concerns of our Religion, our Prince, our Laws, our Property, our Country, our Families and Lives; and found it evidently destructive unto all; the Inference from whence can be no other, but that if we have any Love for our Religion, any Abhorrence of the *grosslest Superstition, Error or Idolatry*, any Regard for the Safety of her Majesty, any Care of our Laws or our Estates, any Concernment in the Strength, the Wealth or Numbers of our Nation; any Desire to hold the Freedom of our Conscience, the Virtue and the Honour of our Families; and lastly any Care of *Self-Preservation*, to escape Massacres, *the Fiery Trial*, and the utmost Rage of Persecution; it will behove us always to resist the Pretender, and his Abettor the *French Tyrant*, whose Successes we have Reason to expect to forfeit all their Interests, perish our selves, and bequeath *Idolatry*, and *Idolatry*, and Servitude, to our Posterity.

P R O J E C T I V.

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The Mathematic Funeral.

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And him a Mathematical Tomb ; the Model whereof is herewith
you, either to demolish as it may obstruct, or to shew to the
Mathematic Professors of London, Oxford and Cambridge, as
shall not interfere with the Method of your daily Studies : I
his great M A N E S may forgive this Impertinence ; and
you'll Pardon the Trouble given you by,

Gentlemen,

Your Admirer and very

Humble Servant.

The Mathematic F U N E R A L.

As the Calm Night had chas'd away
The Noise, and tedious Hurry of the Day ;
And grateful Sleep with gentle Rest,
Had of all Cares relax'd my Breast,
Within my Brain did such Ideas play,
With this Scene supply'd the Absence of the Day.

Amidst the Shade, and Silence of a Grove,
Where not a Bird did sing, or Leaf did move,
Methought a grave Majestick Matron sat,
That seem'd oppress'd by some severer Fate ;
The Coronet she wore did quake,
And both her Hands convulsed shake ;
Which One held a Book, and One a Cypress Bough,
And Trouble sat in Wrinkles on her Brow ;
Nor could I guess what 'twas the Pageant meant,
All in these Words abrupt,— She gave her Sorrow vent :

Not so — Dear *Wallis* — Must thou quit the Stage,
Unheeded, unlamented by the Age ?
I'll rather raise up some unthought of Muse,
My thankless Offspring to accuse,
And tell—How deeply learn'd in *Mathematic* Lore,
Thou went'st in Paths scarce trod before,
And taught'st my tender Sons the Way,
(Such as wou'd follow and obey.)
To trace ev'n unto Demonstration's Top,
The most mysterious Problems up ;
Whate'er they do, I cannot chuse but moan
Their Tutor and their Father gone,
Nor hast thou left me such another Son.
As these last Words she spake, methought I saw
Another *Shape* near to the former draw,

Which

The Mathematic Funeral.

Which like the First, in all things did appear,
 (*Granta* her Name) for they two Sisters were,
 But that there sat not such a *Reverend Snow*,
 Upon her Head, or so much Sorrow on her Brow;
 She soon advanc'd, and with respectful Air
 Enquir'd, What meant the Words that struck her Ear?
 Why her Fair Sister shew'd such mighty Grief,
 Who 'midst so many Sons could never want Relief?
 The first replies, Ah *Granta* did you know
 The righteous Cause, you would not blame my Woe:
 Hear then — For if it must be said,
 Why *Rhedicina* grieves, it is for *Wallis* dead.
 To whom in *Algebraic Numbers* skill'd,
 Did ev'ry arduous Problem yield,
 Who taught what sure Vicissitude did guide,
 The Flux and Reflux of the Tide:
 What Laws confine the Sun, and Moon, and Stars,
 And guide the Motions of the Spheres,
 That could with Astronomic Eyes,
 On *Jacob's Staff*, as on his *Ladder* rise:
 Nay, as he Nature's larger *Volumes* did,
 And Heav'n's fair Characters spell out, and read;
 So could below abstrusest Things reveal,
 Tho' *Cryptic Symbols* strove and would conceal,
 However mingled and obscure, his Eye
 Could thro' the Mystic Veil th' intended Sense espie;
 When lab'ring Tongues impregnant went,
 When in articulate Sounds, he gave 'em easie Vent.
 Taught by him ev'n the Dumb did Silence break,
 And without Miracle learn'd to speak:
 Of what in any wise was great,
 His mighty Genius knew to treat.
 Who to the Sum of all his Arts would mount,
 Almost with his Arithmetic of Infinites must count;
 Well, as I can't but mourn, his Fall,
 I'll give him at my Charge the following *Funeral*.

I'll have the Solemn Pomp, and stately Show,
 In *Geometrical Progression* go:
 Sage *Algebra*, with Eyes cast down,
 By *Cubes* and *Roots* encompass'd round,
 Shall lead the Van, and by her widdow'd side,
 A gentle Band of *Flaxions* glide;
Equations with affected Pace,
 Shall gravely next take Place;
 Tall *Axioms* then shall march, upon whose State,
 Long *Corollaries* shall await,

The Mathematic Funeral.

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This learned and lamenting Tribe,
An huge *Ellipsis* shall describe ;
Whose two *Focusses* shall be
Algebra and *Geometry* :
Geometry, which mighty Queen,
Shall in her Robes the next be seen ;
Her *Mathematic Guard* among
Slow *Cylinders* shall roll along,
And all her *Curves*, and *Squares*, and *Circles* joyn'd,
In Figures properly combin'd,
Shall make her up a flowing Train behind. }

This *Cavalcade* upon the *Bard* shall wait,
And in their Way participate his Fate ;
Fluxions shall weep so long, 'till they be grown
Most of 'em *Niobes* of *Stone*, }

carv'd with + and — upon his Grave fall down ;
The whole Contributors shall be
Of something to the luckless Treasury ;
And thus erect, (or rather shall become
Themselves) his Monument and Tomb,
(Not *Epicurus* Atoms could advance
The choicest of 'em in a happier Dance)

Thick *Cubes* shall down the lowest fall,
And make the solid Base of All ;
Then shall tall *Cylinders* stand up, and close,
Beauteous Pillars to compose,
Whereon small *Cones* themselves shall rear,
And at due Distances appear,
Superinduc'd from End to End,
Shall the *Catenaria* bend ;
Upon whose high and arched Top,
Held by an *Archimedes* up,
A wide stretch'd *Hemisphere* shall grow,
And be of all the *Cupilo*.

Laid underneath shall the Dear *Wallis* be,
And truly *Rhedycina* thinks that She
Can't a more sweet Interment have,
To lie down and take a Slumber in his Grave.

Methought here *Granta* answer'd —
Our Loss, indeed, I truly moan,
As he was also once my Son ;
But let not Sorrow to Excess,
Thus your Maternal Breast possess,
There are that ought to wipe our Tears away,
And Consolation may display ;
Your *Gregory* lives, who may maintain,
Business, and Grandeur, the Mathematic Train.

I have, howe'er, a Son whose vaster Mind,
 By Ancient Limits not confin'd,
 O'er Learning's former Mounds has step'd,
 And the *Herculean* Pillars leap'd;
 He can, I'm sure, the mighty Loss supply;
 And cherish all the Orphan Progeny:
 He tells how of *Projectile Force*
Attraction did divert the hasty Course,
 And Subject to that only Law above,
 All the Celestial Bodies justly move;
 Which one great Principle unknown before,
 Superfedes the Need of more;
 And on all Nature's Works impress,
 Does all Things solve like once the mighty *Alkabeft*.
 For, what in vain preceeding Ages fought,
 NEWTON produc'd at one prodigious Thought.

More was the *Matron* ready to have spoke,
 But that that mighty Name Sleep's tender Fetters broke:
 The Vision fled away, and I surpriz'd awoke.

A S A T Y R on the present Mathematic Professors
 London, Oxford and Cambridge.

THus, Reader, dy'd and was bury'd (in *Algebraic* Tombs
 the Pious, Learned and Famous Mathematic Professors
 of Oxford, Dr. Wallis, and with him (in a *Manuscript*
 dy'd and was bury'd *The whole Mathematic Science*; for
 has so little to do with his TIME as to bestow a Panegyric
 on the *Present Mathematic Professors* of London, Oxford
 and Cambridge? Not that I have any Aversion to the
Mathematic Science, or to the present Professors of it, for I know
 that as to the *Mathematic Sciences*, the superlative
 cellency of them transcends most other Sciences in
Perस्पicity and Certainty, and also in their Uses and manifold
 Benefits, and I as freely acknowledge the present *Mathematic*
Professors of London, Oxford and Cambridge, exceed
 other Mathematicians now living in Europe; but notwithstanding
 this, I shall presume to satyryze them so far as to
 say that (since Dr. Wallis's Death) the *Mathematical Sciences*
 in the General, are but either slightly and superficially
 handled in Definitions, Divisions, Axiomes, and Demonstrations,
 without any solid Practice, or true Demonstrations, either
 artificial or mechanical; or else the most useful, most
 struse, beneficial, and noble Parts are altogether pass'd
 over and neglected, which I shall discover in tracing over
 of the several Parts thereof.

For the prime and main Stone in the Building, upon all the rest of the Fabrick is erected, the noble Art of *Arithmetic*, so highly esteem'd (and that not without Reason) in the Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Euclide*, nay, of *Aristotle* himself, is quite rejected by the present *Mathematic Professors* of *London*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, who notwithstanding would be esteem'd the great and most expert *Archer-Builders*, though they throw away the chief Corner-stone; and is not only slighted and neglected as useles, of no Value, but transmitted over to the Hands of *Merchants* and *Mechanicks*, as tho' it were not a liberal Science, or not worthy the Study and Pains of an ingenious and noble Spirit: And but that some private Spirits have made some Progress therein, as *Napier*, *Briggs*, *Mrs. Wallis*, and some others, it had lain as a fair Garden uncultivated, so little have the present *Mathematicians* done to advance Learning, or promote Sciences.

And for the noble and most necessary Art of *Geometry*, the handling of it hath been with the same superficial Ignorance, and supine Negligence, never bringing into practice, nor clear Demonstration, that which many Ages ago *Euclide* compil'd with so much Pains and Exactness; and therefore are far from making any further Discoveries therein, contenting themselves with the sole verbal Disputes of Magnitude, Quantity, and the Affections thereof, leaving the Practice and Application thereof to *Masons*, *Carpenters*, *Surveyors*, and such like manual Operators, as they were too good to serve so divine and noble a Master.

There hath been little Progress made in the *Optical Science*, which tho' it affords many, and wonderful Secrets, for Profit and Pleasure, for by it Things far off are made as at Hand, minute and small Things magnify'd, the wonderful Interfection of various Species, without confounding one another, demonstrated, the Sight of Men thereby succour'd, the *System* of the World thereby more perfectly view'd, and innumerable other Rarities, both of Art and Nature, thereby discover'd; yet have the Schools provided no further therein, than to verbal Disputes, and the *Axiomatical* Institutions and Doctrines; and but for the noble Attempts of some few, such celebrated *Mathematicians* as *Sauli*, *Gregory*, *Harris*, *Newton*, and the like, the Mysteries of it had lain bury'd in Oblivion, and this Age never seen those stupendious Effects that thro' their Industry in this Art hath been brought forth.

As for *Musick* it hath had some little better Fortune, in that vulgar and practical Part, which serves as a Spur to Sensuality and Voluptuousness, and seems to be the Companion

Companion of Melancholicks, Fantasticks, Courtiers, Ladies, Taverns, and Tap-houses, that hath had some Part taken about it, and some Honour done unto it, that Professors thereof might become *Graduates*; yet for the mysterious Part thereof, which consists in the discovering Nature, Quality, Distinction, Sympathy, Dispathy, Significancy, and Effects of all Sounds, Voices and Tones that are in Nature, these are altogether unknown and neglected by the *London Mathematicians*, &c. as also how far it might be serviceable to Natural Philosophy, and the laying open of the universal *Harmony* of the whole *Mundane Fabrick*, that remains untry'd and unattempted.

5. The *Astronomy* that the Schools teach being according to the *Peripatetick*, and *Ptolemaick System*, which they maintain with much Rigour, Severity, and Earnestness, is by the *London Mathematicians*, &c. extoll'd to the Heavens, as a *Harmoniacal*, regular and stately *Fabrick*, which without a Demonstration, or punctual Observation, they obtrude on the tender Understandings of unwary Youth; holding it forth with that Magisterial Confidence, as tho' it wou'd clearly salve all the *Phænomena*, and render the Causes, Grounds and Reasons of the Motions, and Effects of all the *Celestial Bodies*, and as tho' no Fault, Incongruity, or Defect cou'd be found in this so completely beautiful and orderly Structure; yet I must confess, that in all the *Scholastick Learning* there is not found any Part (to my Apprehension) so rotten, ruinous, absurd and deform'd as this appears to be, and which may from more evident Principles be everted, and cast down; and therefore I shall take the more Time in enervating the same, and shew from undeniable Principles both of *Physicks* and *Mathematics*.

First, Our *London, Oxford and Cambridge Mathematicians* take that for granted, or at least unprov'd, which is not only controvertible and indemonstrable, but untrue, namely that the *Earth is the Center of the Universe*, and that the heavenly Bodies do in their Motions so observe it, and from thence deduce the Causes of Gravity and Levity; the contrary of the certainty of which appears thus. First, it is manifest that the *Earth is not the Center of the most of the Planetary Orbs*, because by their own Confession, some of them (*Jupiter, Sol and Saturn*) are sometimes in their *Apogæum*, and sometimes in their *Perigæum*, that is sometimes nearer and sometimes further off from the *Earth*; which they cou'd not do if the *Earth* were their true and proper Center, because according to the Definition of *Euclide*, the Circumference of a Circle is every where equidistant from the Center, and all Lines drawn from the Center to the Circumference are equal.

otherwise it wou'd cease to be a Circle, and one Circle can have no more than one Center, and therefore the Earth is not the Center of the Planetary Orbs.

Secondly, If the Earth were the Center of the Orbs of the Planets, the Dissection of the Orbs wou'd be needless into Eccentrics and Concentrics, which being their own Centers, manifests that the Earth is not their true and proper Center.

Thirdly, If the Earth were their Center, the *Æquinoctial* dividing both the Earth and Heavens into two equal Parts, the *Sun* in his Annual Motion cou'd not be longer in the one half Circle than in the other, unless he did pass over equal Intervals, or Spaces of the Line, in equal Times, and so should intend and remit his Motion, which is deny'd by our *London*, Mathematicians; and therefore it being found by certain and yearly Observations, that he stays some Days longer on the North-side the *Æquator*, than on the South, it is manifest that the Earth is not the Center of his Orb.

Fourthly, There are divers Planetary Bodies that move circularly, that observe not the Earth as their Center at all, as those *Medicæal*, and *Jovial Planets* about *Jupiter*, and those about *Saturn*, *Mercury* and *Venus* about the *Sun*, and the *Sun* about his own Center, and none of these respect the Earth, and therefore cannot be their Center, and so not the Center of the Universe.

Fifthly, For the Eighth Sphere, no certain Rules of Art demonstrate that the Earth is its Center, because it has no sensible Magnitude unto it, so that no Angle can be assign'd to know the Distance, and the Eye cannot be a true and proper Judge, because it judges not of Distance as proper and immediate Object, but to do that is the Office of the common Sense, and where the Distance is great and vast, tho' the Eye be far Distant from the Center, yet the Things seen will seem to stand in a Circle about the Eye, tho' they be not truly and exactly so; and therefore this is rather a Postulate than a Proof, and may justly be deny'd, because it cou'd not be prov'd, either by the late Astronomer *Dr. Wallis*, or any of our present Mathematicians; that all the Stars that we call or account fix'd, (tho' we cannot prove that any of them are so) stand all in one Plane or Orb, cannot be true; for doubtless the Difference in their apparent Magnitude, is a certain Argument that they are not all equidistant from the Earth, and therefore is not the Earth the Center of the Universe.

Sixthly, For their Arguments taken from Gravity and Weight, our *London*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Mathematicians, who therein usually *petere principium*, beg the Question, and thereby

thereby commit a most palpable *Paralogism*, for they define Gravity to be that *quod tendit deorsum*, which tends downwards; and if the Cause is demanded, why Bodies severed from the Earth do tend downwards thither again, they answer *gravita sunt*, which in effect is this, They tend to the Earth, because they do tend to the Earth, which is *idem per idem*. And if it were granted that the Earth were the Center of the Universe, how cou'd a Center any way understood, be the Cause of any Motion at all, or Locality, which is defin'd to be a Space void of Bodies, and capable of them, have no Power to give or cause Motion in a Body? These are groundless *Chymara's* of our present Mathematicians, knowing that Bodies separate from the Earth do move thither again from an intrinsic *Magnetick* Quality, which the Earth is by way of Attraction, and in the Part separated by Motion of Coition, besides some other clear Reason that may be given from *Statistical* Principles, which for Brevity's sake I am forc'd to omit: For from this is clearly evident, that the Earth not being the Center of the Universe, the whole Order and Frame of the *Scholastick* System, is disrupted and out of Course.

2. And as our *London* Mathematicians, &c. have misbehav'd in the Mark, in making the Earth the Center of the Universe, they are as far wide in their Determination of the Circumference or Orbs, which they make to be of a *Quintessential* Nature (as they term it) and so be incorruptible, and free from Change and Mutation; as it is believ'd that this erroneous Opinion of our present Mathematicians, is chiefly grounded upon this, That *Heavenly Bodies* remain still in the same State wherein they have been observ'd to be many Ages before, and no sensible Alteration cou'd ever be perceiv'd in them.

To which I answer, That this concludes nothing, because it argues from *Knowing* to *Being*, when *Being* hath no Dependence of, nor Connexion with our *Knowing*, for *Knowledge* is not the Cause nor Measure of the Universe, nor of the Things therein contained. *Falso enim assertum sensum humanum esse mensuram rerum: Quia contra, omnes Perceptiones, tam sensus, quam Mentis, sunt ex Analogia hominis, non ex Analogia Universi.* It is falsely asserted, (by our *London* Mathematicians) that *Man's Sense* is the Measure of the Universe: But on the contrary, all Perceptions, as well of the Sense as of the Intellect, are from the Analogy of Man, and not from the Analogy of the Universe.

Again, there may be many Alterations in the *Celestial* Bodies, which by Reason of their vast Distance, we do not nor can perceive, especially if we consider, that Mutations are understood either as it relates *ad totum*, or *ad partes*, the

there may be, and without doubt are (whatever our present Mathematicians say to the contrary) many Alterations in the Parts of the Heavenly Bodies, tho' none at all as to the whole of any of them; for the Earth is immutable and incorruptible, in Relation to the Earth, as any other of the *Starry* or *Planetary* Bodies are, the Change that appeareth in it, is but in the external superficial Parts, and tho' sensible to us, yet is not perceivable at a great Distance, for we can discern diverse Mountains and Parts of the Earth, far remote from us, yet not discern the Alterations that are in the Parts thereof; so if ones Eye were plac'd in the *Moon*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, or any of those Stars which we call fix'd, we should perceive the Change then on the Earth, as we being plac'd here in those *Starry* Bodies.

Neither is it true that there appears no Mutation in the Heavenly Bodies or Orbs, because many Men of great Note, Experience and Skill, have observ'd that *Comets* have been in the Sublunary Orb, and evidently demonstrated the same by their *Parallax*, as *Tycho Brahe*, *Copernicus*, *Kepler*, and others, which clearly demonstrates (beyond the Refutation of our *London* Mathematicians, &c.) that there are Changes and Mutations in the Heavens; and so they are incorruptible Bodies, as is falsely asserted. And the Evidence that appears to the Eye in the Use of the *Telescope* doth fully evince that there is an *Atmosphere* about the Body of the *Moon*, which cou'd not be if the *Heavens* were unchangeable. Another thing that our present Mathematicians grossly maintain is, that the Heavens or Orbs are as hard as Steel, as transparent as Glass, and yet have so many several sorts of solid Orbs, *Eccentrics*, and *Concentrics*, *Epicyles*, &c. the like, which are all concentered one within another, the Absurdities and Impossibilities of which I shall demonstrate in some clear Arguments.

First, If they were solid Bodies (as some of our *London* Mathematicians assert) and that every Star were but densior pars orbis; then either the convex Superficies of the contained must exactly touch the Concave Superficies of the circumferent Orb, or else not, but some Space to intercede between them, which must be either implete with some other Body, or be a meer Inanity and Vacuity; neither of which can be according to their own Tenets; nor indeed according to the Truth it self. For if the convex Superficies touch the concave exactly in all Parts, and there be neither Vacuity, nor Body interjacent, then, as our *Athenian* Brother, Mr. *Riccius* has often asserted, They must touch in infinite Points, so there cou'd be no Motion at all, because there cou'd be no Motion nor Retrocession; and where there is neither of those,

it is impossible there shou'd be local Motion, or Latitudes two exact, smooth and equal Superficies of hard and solid Bodies joyn'd together, the uppermost will, if it be taken up, lift up the Lower also, if the Force of Elevation in the Center of the solid Bodies so fitted, as may be seen in *Brass*, *Marble*, and the like; so that consequently there cou'd be no Motion at all. And if there were any Motion at all it must needs be with Friction, and Attrition, and so without Plenty of some oily Substance, would cause *Pythagoras* his spherical Musick, but an unhearing rumbling Noise, such surely as possess'd the Brains of those that were the first Authors of this mad and extravagant Opinion: But if our present Mathematicians say there is a Vacuity interjacent, then there cou'd be no Motion there, because according to the Schools, *Motus in vacuo non datur*; and if they say, there is some other Body between them, then what is it? for if it be any Elemental Body, that is not be, because they have incarcerated them all within the concave Superficies of the *Moon*; and if there were any other Body included between, then seeing according to *Aristotle* that *Motus est causa caloris*; how cou'd it be but that Body wou'd be heated even to Ignition? Seeing that Heat doth continually rarifie, and the Orbs continually moving with such an incredible Swiftnes, and no Place for Evaporation, but is close pent in by the superior Orb, how cou'd all not be of a Flame, or forcibly torn, and scattered asunder? unless we must have all solv'd with that final Shift, that they are eternal, and ingenerable Bodies, and are but *Analogously* like ours, and so suffer none of those things that elemental Bodies do: When our *London* Mathematicians have clearly shew'd what that *Analogy* is, wherein they are neither absolutely like our sublunary Bodies, nor absolutely different from them, then it will be Time enough to return them a more plenary Response, until then let this suffice.

Secondly, If the Orbs were solid, how cou'd it possibly be that there cou'd be *Eccentricks*, and *Concentricks*, the one having a more dense or thick Part in one Side of the Circle or Orb, and the other having so likewise on the Parts opposite? Now how these shou'd have Motions of their own, if they be solid, to me seems impossible; and I cou'd desire to see our present *Mathematicians* produce one good Argument to the contrary, and that they'd tell us, how or by what Way *Epicycles* shou'd be affix'd to these extending only from the Concave Superficies to the Convex; how this shou'd be done in *Spherical Solids*, or Orbs, without either Penetration of Dimensions, admitting of Vacuity, or some other fluid Body to be interjacent; I don't know what our *London*, &c.

Cambridge Mathematicians will say to these Difficulties, to me they seem more difficult to unloose, than the Gordian Knot was to *Alexander*, and will never be untied unless some Gentle have learn'd of his great Patron to cut that afunder which he cannot untie.

Thirdly, If the Orbs were solid, and impenetrable, then not possibly any Comets be above the Superficies of Moons Orb, or if it be certain that they have been observed above, (which is true) then of Necessity the Orbs are solid, but fluid Bodies; neither could any new Star appear if they were solid, but such have been known undoubtedly to be seen sometimes, and yet were no Comets, therefore of Necessity they are fluid, and not solid Bodies. It is undeniably true, that if the Orbs were hard as Marble, and of such Solidity; as is alledg'd by our present Mathematicians, then they could not possibly intersect or enter into the Orbs of one another; but it is certainly known by exact Observation, and Mathematical Demonstration, that when *Mars* is in the lowest Part of his *Epicyle*, or *Perigee*, he is then within the Orb of the *Sun*, which he does not penetrate if it were solid, and therefore unquestionably they are not hard, but fluid Bodies; and so the *Ptolemaick System* is ruinous and groundless.

Fourthly, I shall urge one Optical Argument, which is this. That if the Heavens were all solid, and divided into many Orbs, and they again subdivided into others, (as is pretended by our London, Oxford and Cambridge Mathematicians) then it must follow necessarily, that according to the Multitude of Superficies, so must the Multiplieity of Divisions be, which in this Case would be very numerous, so none of the Perfection thereof, especially in the mutual Correspondence and Application of the Heavens, and Planets; neither are the other brought into Practice, especially the Theoremes of *Hydrography*, whereby Men might be enabled and fit for Navigation, one of the most necessary Employments and Advantages of our Nation.

What shall I say of the Science, or Art of *Astrology*, the blind Fury of *Misotechnists*, and malicious Spirits, that keep me from giving it the Commendations that it deserves? Shall our present Mathematicians, who have not slighted and neglected it, but also scoffed at it, terrify me from expressing my Thoughts of so noble and beneficial a Science? Shall the Arguments of *Picus Mirandula* and others, who have bitterly inveigh'd against it, fright me from owning the Truth? Shall the railing Pulpit-men (I mean the *Tacking Clergy*) who would have all Mens sins pinned upon their Sleeves, and usually condemn all they understand not, make me be silent in so just a Cause?

Cause? No truly, I must needs defend that which Judgment evidences me to be laudable and profitable; but that I utterly condemn the Ignorance, Knavery, Delusion of many pretending *Sciolists*, that abuse the same; but shall the Art of Medicine or Chymistry be condemn'd and rejected, because many Ignorant Empiricks and false *Alcumists* do profess them? Surely no, let Blame be upon the Professors, not upon the Profession self. For the Art it self is High, Noble, Excellent, and Useful to all Mankind, and is a Study not unbeseeming the best and greatest Scholars, and no Way offensive to God or true Religion. And therefore I cannot without detracting from Wisdom and Virtue, pass without a due Elogy in the Commendation of my learned Kinsman Mr. Tanner of *Amersham*, Dr. *Patridge*, Mr. *Lilly*, and others, who have taken unwearied Pains in the Resuscitation, and Promotion of this noble Science, and with much Patience against many unworthy Scandal have labour'd to propagate it to Posterity, and if it were not beyond the present Scope I have in Hand, I should have given sufficient Reasons in the Vindication of *Astrology*.

7. What shall I say of *Statics*, *Architecture*, *Pneumatics*, *Stratarithmetrie*, and the rest enumerated by that excellent and learned Man, Dr. *John Dee* in his Preface before *Euclid*. What excellent, admirable and profitable Experiments every one of these afford? Truly innumerable, the least of which is of more Use, Benefit and Profit to the Life of Mankind than almost all that Learning that our two Universities boast of and glory in, and yet by them utterly neglected and never look'd into; but what huge, stupendious Benefits these can bring to pass, let our learned Countrymen, and late pious and learned Dr. *Wallis*, *Flamstead*, *Harris*, *Gregory*, *Newton*, and many others speak, who remain as a Cloud of Witnesses against the supine Negligence of most of our *London*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Mathematicians, who for many Centuries have done nothing therein: Is this to be the Fountains of Learning, and Well-spring of Science? Let all rational Men judge and determine.

Thus has the *Mathematic Funeral* (or the Loss of an accomplish'd Mathematician Dr. *Wallis*) seasonably led me to satyze the Errors found in the present Mathematic Professors of *London*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*; and if a Master of that noble and useful Science thinks good to reply to the Errors I have here discover'd, he may expect a Vindication of all I have here writ, in the *Second Volume of my Writings*, entitul'd, *ATHENIANISM*, which will be publish'd about six Months hence.

PROJECT V.

UNTON'S SHADOW:

*the Character of a Summer Friend ———
 With a Postscript on the same Subject, spoke
 extempore by the famous NAT. LEE,
 whilst in Bedlam, and never printed be-
 fore.*

When as the SUN flings down his richest Rays,
 And with his shining Beams adorns my Ways;
 See how my SHADOW tracks me where I go,
 I stop, that stops, I walk, and that doth so:
 with winged Flight, and still I spy
 waiting SHADOW run as fast as I;
 when a sable Cloud doth dis-array
 SUN, and robs me of my smiling Day,
 SHADOW leaves me helpless all alone,
 when I most need Comfort I have none.
 To it is; let him that hath the Height
 outward Pomp, expect a Parasite;
 thou art Great, thy HONOURS will draw nigh,
 are the SHADOWS to Prosperity.
 when the Summer Friend makes suit to thee,
 Cap in Hand, and with a bended Knee;
 if disastrous Fate shou'd come betwixt
 and thy SUN, thy Splendor's all eclips'd:
 Friends forsake thee, and thy SHADOW's gone,
 Thou (poor Sunless Thou) art left alone.
 Faddy People follow Fortune's Flows,
 Adverse Fortune, real Friendship shows.
 Gold's unknown, by Fire not purify'd,
 Friendship by Adversity is try'd *.

For my own Share, I never saw the Man that wou'd own
 and in Adversity; I confess, if any thing cou'd beget us
 to it, it wou'd be the freely venturing all one has, to serve
 in their Distress: But this I have done for several; but
 the first Cloud that arose, I found those that I had most
 the very first that wou'd cut my Throat: So that (as

Whilst we can give, or Fortune seems to smile,
 Friends follow SUN-SHINE as the Soldiers Spoil,
 Whilst I was Rich, — I was the best of Men
 'Twas then proclaim'd (so high my Praises ran)
 Oh what a Blessing is our Brother John!
 But when my Fortune did begin to wain,
 But two of all my Crowd of Friends remain *,
 The rest were Fortunes Rabble and not mine.
 That Reverend, Sacred Name of Friendship, lies
 Without Regard, as Things they most despise.
 Whilst thou art wealthy, thou some Friends may'st count
 If Fortune CLOUD, thy SUN will scarce amount
 To SHADOWS, for these Friends, like ANTS, will run
 To better Stocks, when all thy Store is gone.
 Yet here's my Comfort, Lord, if I can see
 My SHADOW, I must needs a SUBSTANCE be.
 Oh let me not with Worldly Shadows clog
 Myself, grant me more Wit than Æsop's Dog.

Cowley says) [There are fewer Friends on Earth
 Kings.] FRIENDS! What hard Word was that! Really
 you ever see any of those Creatures? Are they Men and Women?
 If they are, they come from Bantam or Japan; for my Part
 never saw any such born in England (save those few mentioned
 in this Poem). 'Tis true, I have seen something like 'em, call
 the delicate Name of Well-wishers; Persons that have it
 in their Mouths, Well, Mr. Dunton, I'm glad to see you
 and shou'd mightily rejoyce to see you as happy as formerly;
 these Shadows of Friends wou'd not step over the Threshold
 do me a Kindness — So that except I'd put my self in
 Gazette, or stand at the Exchange, like an Irish Man, with
 Breeches full of Petitions, delivering 'em like Doctor's Bills,
 I see, I shall get nothing; nor scarce so neither; for now my
 is empty, no Body knows me; (neither Sisters, Uncles, or
 Cousins, &c.) The surest Friend I have found in my Retirement
 and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is an En-
 der'd Waistcoat, presented me by Mrs. Ann Goddard;
 stuck to me for twenty Years, and I cou'd almost grow sup-
 erstitious over the very Ruins of it. I might also mention my
 METTLE; for like a Winter-Friend, he sticks close
 Master in all Weathers — He's a DOG of Honour,
 teaches Fidelity, Love, and Gratitude to all such as
 their Friends in Distress — Well might Job say, Ask
 the Beasts, and they shall teach thee — There is such
 Love and Gratitude in some Brutes, (but more especially
 English Spaniel) that my Summer Friends (the greater
 of the two) are meer Strangers to —

* Sister W — ly, and Sister S — ry are here mentioned

DUNTON'S SHADOW.

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Man's a SHADOW, and his Friendship is,
Shadow's Shadow, yet don't judge amiss.
Who' our Summer-Friends are SHADOWS all,
Have a Friend in Heav'n will never fail.

Shadow-Friends of diff'rent Sorts we find,
Rich, some Poor, and some of spightful Kind,
Some so base they only stab behind.
Thing is true — (when ev'ry Word's a Lye)
Some Friends whisper as a Secrecy,
When you tell't ne'er own you had't from me.
Which your honest Reputation's tofs'd
One to t'other 'till your Credit's lost.
On all such Shadow-Friends I'm wholly free,
Now no Person ever slander'd me,
W — F — and Thou Humility *.
If these durst but Once approach my Face,
I'd eat their Words — (That's spew their own Disgrace).
When Lyes spread with — Sir, I dare not name
Man who said it — For he won't be known ;
Thing was spoke — But I must not pretend
All the Author — Then I lose my Friend,

By Thou Humility, I mean a certain Quaker now living
At Albans, who might with as much Honour and Justice
Cut my Throat as have list'ned to the HEAR-SAYS of
Mrs. Nicholas, who wou'd have slander'd her own Husband
For Two Pence, not considering (for what does a scrap-
Mer consider, that prefers the World to a good Conscience !)
Man's Eye and his Honour are two tender Things ; the one can-
not abide the rough Touch of the Hand, nor the other endure the
Jerk of the Tongue, and therefore by the Owners they are
carefully preserv'd ; so by others that deal with them, they should
be tenderly us'd : This made Plato commend the Law of the Lydi-
ans that punish'd Detractors with the like Punishment as they
Murderers, for one takes away the Life of a Man, and the
loses his good Name, which is more worth (saith Solomon) than
worldly Wealth ; For what is so Precious to a Man as his
Honour ? Which to a good Man is above all his Goods, and Life it
self, for Riches and Life are things brittle and fleeting, our
Lives going often away before us, and our Lives always with us,
our Fame is that which doth always eternize us ; that only
remains when we are rotten ; which made Herbert say,

'Tis only the Religious Actions of the Just,
That smell sweet i'th' Grave, and blossom in the Dust.

When Lyes are told thus, ne'er to be reveal'd,
Good Names are murder'd and the Rogue conceal'd.
 Such Friends (such Monsters) when they are in Vogue,
 Deserve to hang more than the Highway Rogue;
For when he robs, he fairly bids you stand,
 But these Fame Cut-throats never shew their Hand.
 From all such SHADOWS in Adversity,
Good Lord deliver — is my LETANY.

Another Sort of *Shadow Friends* I'll prove,
 Who are RELATIONS, but are void of Love.
 Go to their House, or meet them in the Street,
 'Tis then Dear Brother (and with Joy they greet)
How have you done? I hope you're come to stay,
What can you eat, your're welcome as the Day;
 And twenty other tender Things will say.
 But be but POOR, your Company they shun,
 For SHADOWS vanish with the setting Sun.
 This is my Friend for ever one wou'd think,
Where Blood and Inclination ties the Link:
 But all's AMUSEMENT, there's no Friend but Chink,
 For Friends and Fish in three Days ever Stink.
I have no Friend in Consanguinity!
 If I have Friends, 'tis only such as be
 Meer Strangers to my Father's House and me.
 Sisters, 'tis true, by Nature shou'd be kind,
 But to a haughty, or a scraping Mind
 In Love with Gold, which does true Friendship prove,
 There's no more Honour, Tenderness nor Love.
 Children said DAD (but just before he dy'd)
Love, dearly Love, (and at those Words he cry'd.)
 Let every one a Tender Father be
 Unto the rest, and love by Sympathy,
 Visit your Brother, and remember me;
 But Stately MOLL can pass my very Door,
 To visit T —, where she expects the Oar*,
 But never calls on JACK — for he is poor.
 And BETTY too, who I shou'd most commend †,
 Is such a SHADOW of a real Friend.
 She'll pass thro' London unto Brentford Town,
 To visit this, and that, and all but JOHN:
 No! He's eclips'd, and can't deserve Respect,
 For SHADOWS vanish when the SUN is set.

* A good Estate.

† As she made me a Noble Present, and is a Sister that writ to me.

Will speak me fair, and cut my Throat anon,
are such very SHADOWS every one.

Then farewell, *Summer-Friend*, for at the best
 art a Trencher-Snake, a *Swallow Guest*,
 flies in *Winter*, and still loves in jest.
 When Fortune shines DEAR FRIEND was then the Word,
 oft, come borrow, what my House affords;
 now my SUN is set, you han't to lend,
 are but just the SHADOW of a Friend.

When view the *Chances* of Inconstant Fate,
 you'll abhor the Thoughts of being Great.
 you'd on Favour or on Words depend,
 there is no such Thing as *Real Friend*!
 constant Love, no grateful Action due,
 Man that's *Profit-Proof*, nor Woman true.
 Friend, if wanted, shall soon weary prove,
 Mistress tempted shall desert your Love;
 Friendship's—SHADOW—but what shines Above.
 you, your Self, against your better Self shall hold,
 the Vices of your Body damn your Soul.

If this be *Dunton's Shadow*, some may say,
 what is his SUBSTANCE, (has he such a Stay);
 Substance is, who smiles when Wealth is gone,
 or Shadows fly when SUN is but withdrawn).
 old Cowley has describ'd the Friend indeed,
 like WILL. LUTWICH; he's a Friend in need.
 CLIMENE * he dares not flatter you,
 hates your Vice, or else cou'd not be true,
 is in SUBSTANCE all he is in Shew.
 GEORGE † was that Friend, and he does still survive,
 honest WILL || the noblest Friend alive:
 freely always wou'd he give or lend,
 Lutwich, he was SUBSTANCE to the End,
 only proud when he cou'd serve a Friend.
 on his Word, you as on Fate might rest;
 rather if it cost his Interest:
 TRUTH ev'n his most trivial Thoughts did tend,
 heavy Bodies sink, and Flames ascend.
 Contraries his Meekness reconcil'd,
 soon as Anger touch'd his Breast 'twas mild.

My present Wife.

Mr. George Larkin, Senior, lately deceased.

My worthy Friend, Mr. William Lutwich, now living at
Sword in New-Street, is here meant.

His

His Frown's so stern (when he did Vice reprove)
 Through his Aversion made, you see his Love :
 From most Resentment does in Hate conclude,
 But his Concern was always for your Good :
 Fix'd to his Friend, inviolably true,
 And wisely chusing, for he chose but few.
 Some *GEORGE* must have, but in no one cou'd find,
A Tally fitted for so large a Mind,
GEORGE was no *Shadow-Friend*, (that's Knave refine.)
 Then wonder not to see his Soul extend
 The Bounds, and seek some other self, a Friend!
 As swelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,
 To seek Repose, and empty out the Tyde ;
 So his full Soul in narrow Limits pent,
 Unable to contain him sought a Vent,
 To issue out, and in some friendly Breast
 Discharge his Treasures, and securely rest.
 T'uniform all the Secrets of his Heart,
 To take Advice, but better to impart.
 For 'tis the Bliss of Friendship's holy State,
 To mix their Minds, and to communicate ;
 Tho' Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.
GEORGE — was in *SUBSTANCE* what he was in Tongue
 And what he said you might depend upon.
 He said the same of me (*True Friendship's often blind*)
 For in his *Book* * these Complements I find.

" What have I got? Why I have got a Friend,
 " Whose Friendship does it self to me commend.
 " From *SUMMER-FRIENDS* (Thanks to my Stars I'm sure)
 " None can for private Ends be Friends to me.
 " In this then I the richest Man exceed,
 " *He that's a Friend, to me's a Friend indeed.*
 " The Union of two Friends is nearer far
 " Than Man and Woman join'd in Wedlock are.
 " Man and his Wife indeed *One Body* be,
 " But here a Union of *Two Souls* we see,
 " 'Tis verif'd in *DUNTON's* Love to me.
 " True to his Friend, as to the North the Stone,
 " And is that *SUBSTANCE* I can rest upon,
 " I know none like him, he's — *A Friend alone.*
 " And since this *PHENIX* to my Share does fall,
 " I still am *RICH*, tho' I have lost my *ALL*.

* A Book he was wont to carry in his Pocket, in which
 (occasionally) writ some extempore Verses, among which
 Complement to me is one.

Dear George, thy *ALL*—My Loss did highest fly,
 When you launch'd into Vast Eternity,
 That Solemn Journey you describ'd to me *.)
 O dear George Larkin, my Esteem for thee,
 Is equal to thy Worth and Love for me.
 Dearer than my Soul! If I may call it mine,
 I'm sure we had the same—'Twas very thine.
 You wer't no SHADOW but a real Friend;
 GEORGE is dead, and Friendship's at an End;
 End! — No! It has got one more Reprieve
 Honest WILL, the Noblest Friend alive.
 Scorns to borrow where a Friend wou'd give,
 Without ONCE asking (had he but to live)
 Is truly honest and above Deceit,
 Scorns by Little Actions to be Great.
 If (by Chance) he drops what causeth Strife,
 Wou'd not eat his Words to save his Life,
 It sticks as close to TRUTH as to his Wife.
 He ne'er betrays what's in Confession given,
 Or Represents you wrong, cries Six is Seven,
 Wou'd Mortal do't, Will. Lutwich merits Heaven.
 Barrel with some †, all Secrets then come out,
 WILL ne'er betrays,— He'd starve before he'd do't.

Alluding to that Letter he sent to me whilst lying on his
 death-bed (to be found in my first Answer to Dr. Kennet's Ser-
 mon) where is this Expression, My best and dearest Friend,
 Think and hope I shall be before you in that Mount-Sion
 which is Above, even the City of the Living God, the Hea-
 venly Jerusalem, thither I am hast'ning, the Lord be my
 good Speed in this most important and momentous Journey.
 † Friendship once broken is hardly piec'd, and piec'd Enmity
 never surely soder'd, yea the very Guilt of having done a Wrong
 to a generous Friend, hath such a deep Impression in the Injurer
 (Shadow Friend) as he never after trusteth in the Party injur-
 ed, nor treateth with him in any Sincerity. Reconcilement
 among such is like the supple Ointment which only easeth the
 present Smart, and skins the Sore, but searcheth not the Root,
 eat out the rank Flesh, and draw out the malign Humour.
 It is therefore impossible to cure this exulcerate Wound, and esta-
 blish a sound and sincere Friendship between them, because the old
 humour of Malice is never well purged from the Dreggs of Dis-
 like and Desire of Revenge: There is no Security against such an
 one, but Diffidence, and holding him out at the Sword's Point;
 I'll say no more of this Shadow, or seeming, Friend (the
 latter) for I shou'd be more troubled to keep Measure, than to
 furnish'd with Matter, if I had a Mind any further to expose
 In's

In's *Breast* you may your self and Secrets lay,
 He *Looks* it up, and gives to you the **KEY** :
 Kindness less true, can have no faithful End,
 'Tis **SHADOW**, Trencher Snake, and Summer-Friend,
 Some are *huge kind*, whilst you carests and pay,
 But cease to shine, such **SHADOWS** fly away.
 Such *Shadow-Friends* can be no Friends of mine,
 Their greatest Kindness is but meer Design,
They deal in Friendship as Men trade in Wine.
 Thus *Lutwich's* Friendship is by **SHADOWS** prov'd,
 'Tis *Substance*, and as such 'tis truly lov'd.
 Still to one End we both so justly drew,
As courteous Doves together yok'd wou'd do.
 No Weight of Birth does on one Side prevail,
 Two Twins less even lie in Nature's Scale ;
 We mingle Fates, and both in each do share,
 Where *Lutwich* grieves, go look for *Dunton* there :
 If any Joy to one of us is sent,
 It is most his to whom it least is meant :
 And Fortune's Malice betwixt both is crost,
For striking One, it wounds the Other most.
 Never did Marriage such true Union find,
(For Marriage-Friendship is but Lust refin'd).
 'Tis but a **SHADOW** to this Friend of mine,
 For there is still some Tincture left of Sin,
And still the Sex will needs be stealing in ;
 Those Joys are full of Dross, and thicker far,
 These without Matter, clear and liquid are.
 O ye bless'd One, whose **LOVE** on Earth became
 So pure, that still in Heaven 'tis but the same :
 There now ye sit, and with mix'd Souls embrace,
 Gazing upon *Great Love's* mysterious Face ;
 And pity this base World, where Friendship's made
 A Bait for Sin, or else at best a Trade.
WILL—— is exempted from this Summer Crew
 Of Cupboard Friends ; he loves not yours but you.
 Ah Noble **WILL**, who a true Friend cou'dst be,
 When all the World turn'd *Shadows* unto me,
 Save honest *George*, and Pious *Climene*.
 To this strange Pitch our high Affections flew,
 'Till Nature's self scarce look'd on us as two.
WILL. think on this, for now *George Larkin's* dead,
 My Fate depends upon your single Thread :

*this Judas-like Traitor ; and therefore without any Hopes of
 Repentance and Amendment, I'll leave this Judas (the false
 Friend) to hang himself.*

Therefore

before with Care, pray cultivate your Health,
 in your CARGO doth consist my Wealth;
 with your Constitution still serene,
 that a discolour'd Feature may be seen:
 when Sicknes follows by obsequious Shades,
 when Sicknes makes you droop my Pleasure fades;
 when the previous Symptoms of your Urn,
 when the least Fever warms you, I must burn;
 when Anomalous Cold doth make you quake,
 when the Torrid Zone, yet I must shake:
 that which did kindle shall put out our Light,
 Needles the same Magnet did excite:
 Circle terminates where it first begins,
 we die like old Hippocrates's Twins;
 we in Life, in Death we'll be the same,
 Piles shall make one Pyramid of Flame.
 My WILL. is Dunton's SUBSTANCE, for you'll find
 My SHADOW-Friend with such a Noble Mind.
 can't be match'd his Friendship is so sweet,
 True, so Great, so every Way Compleat:
 when he (and *Climene*) goes to Rest,
 bring the Bell, my Friends are all deceas'd;
 the Pious *WAG.* *, and Bookish *Sudbury*,
 the Cock, kind *Field*, and *Dick* that guarded me †,
 who had their UPS and DOWNS as well as me:
 being Men of Thought, and 'bove a selfish End,
 whilst these FIVE live — I have a Winter Friend.

But Dunton, prithee Dunton, now importune
 My Friendship from your self, and not from Fortune:
 your Estate, Affection, and Opinion,
 Things still subject to your own Dominion:
 not Friends nor Lands, such SHADOWS but bewitch }
 that can Advance you to a wealthy Pitch,
 but contented, you are truly Rich.
 is poorer far, and still will have that Title,
 that covets much, than that possesseth little.
 'tis an empty Mind inflicts the Curse }
 Poverty, and not an empty Purse,
 which is the DEVIL, and nothing can be worse,
 except a Summer-Friend, that worst of Evil,
 he's ungrateful, that's he's twice a Devil.

Mr. Daniel Waghorn now living in Noble-Street, near
 -Street, is here meant.

Mr. Richard Taylor of Illington, who attended me in my
 Chesham Adventure, to secure the Income of Madam Ni-
 las's Estate.

Once:

110 DUNTON'S SHADOW.

Once more then (*TIMON's*) *Summer-Friend* adieu,
 Thou'rt but a SHADOW, and I'll not pursue;
 Give me the *Glow-worm Friend*, that noble Spark,
 For he's the FRIEND that shines to me i'th' Dark:
 But *Summer-Friend*, I need not bid you go,
 When Fortune flies, you freely will do so:
 Worship the RISING, not the SETTING Sun;
 When Houses fall the Vermin quickly run,
 Then *Friends and Riches*, still shou'd cling together,
 For both are SHADOWS, and deceive us ever,
 May *Dunton's Substance* * ne'er be plagu'd with either.
 Fam'd Cowley try'd, and found there are such Things
 As FRIENDS— *And that they fewer are than Kings.*
 I've try'd as long as he, and found but Three,
 Dear George, kind Will, and Pious Climene,
 And all the rest are SHADOWS unto me.

Having finish'd *Dunton's Shadow*, or Character of a *Summer-Friend*; I shall subjoyn a POEM on the same Subject, by the famous *Nat. Lee*, whilst in *Bedlam*, and never printed before: *This witty Lunatick*, being ask'd by a Friend who came to visit him in *Bedlam*, how to translate

Nullus ad amissos ibit Amicos Opes.

He reply'd extempore.

*Whilst Fortune keeps thee warm,
 Then Friends about thee swarm,
 Like Bees about a honey Pot;
 But if once she frown,
 And rudely kick thee down,
 Why then B— G — lie there and rot.*

* *By Substance here is meant the immortal Part.*

PROJECT

PROJECT VI.

DUNTON'S APOLLO:

*a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle (or Question Project) upon none but uncommon Subjects, and such as were never handled, either by the Athenian Society, or that Inter-
loper, who calls himself the British Apollo—
With a brief Account of the Rise, Design,
and Novelty, of the Athenian (or Que-
stion) Project.*

*is Athenian Oracle will be continu'd in all the Six
Hundred Projects entitel'd Athenianism, (as well as
in that call'd DUNTON'S APOLLO) 'till the
Question Project is compleated; the Author designing
to ATHENIANIZE all his Projects (i. e.
answer whatever uncommon Questions shall occur under
each Project) 'till the whole Six Hundred are publish'd
under the general Title of Athenianism.*

THE PREFACE.

Reader,

Don't call this Sixth Project Dunton's Apollo, out of Offen-
sation, or that I think my self wiser or better than other Wri-
(for no Man can have a meaner Opinion of me, than I have
my self) but purely to shew how very sordidly Mr. H——
acted to interlope with my Question Project, and to continue
several Months under the Title of British Apollo; but the
Question Project was first and entirely mine, and therefore if the
Athenian Oracle (or Question Project) must be continu'd under
Title of an Apollo, 'tis both modest and reasonable it should
call'd Dunton's, and that's the Reason, besides my writing of
for as I begun the Question Project my self, so I resolve
compleat it with my own Hand, and with such Assist-
ance as I can get from my learned Friends) why I call this
Sixth

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Sixth Project, DUNTON's Apollo, or a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle.

As to the Interloper's calling his stol'n Project, the Apollo, I shall say but this, I think it the greatest Arrogance ever I saw in a Hackney Writer (for so I count all such scribble under Twenty Shillings per Sheet, which Mr. B—n, B—s, W—n, B—l, and Mr. H—y can tell you I did, nor never will) for you know, Reader, APOLLO The Laureat God, or Master of the Delphian Oracle; yet Mr. H— to give the World a Taste of his great Modesty pleas'd to call his weekly Paper, The British Apollo, that Men of the brightest Parts, as the British Apollo CLUB (which I suppose consists of no more Men than he muster up in his own Person) should be so barren of New Projects that he is forc'd to interlope with mine; and the Hardship is the greater upon me, as I never interlop'd with any Copy, or Project, in my whole Life, and therefore I take Liberty to tell this APOLLO (or wise Gentleman) it was very prudently done of him to make a PASS either at my Writings (which he does in some of his weekly Papers in mean, silly, spiteful Manner) whilst he lies so open himself (as he shall find by my re-answering all his Questions in his weekly Paper, if I hear any more of him). However, Reader, Athenian Oracle (or Project of answering all Nice and curious Questions, concealing the Querist) being intirely new and what I declar'd in several News Papers, I wou'd continue to the End of my Life, for these Reasons, (as well as to escape the sordid Treatment of the interloping Apollo) I call this Sixth Project, DUNTON's APOLLO, and tho' APOLLO looks like a proud and bounzing Title, APOLLO being, (as I said before) The Laureat God, or Master of the Delphian Oracle, yet I hope this Continuation Oracle will deserve to be call'd Dunton's Apollo, as 'tis a Continuation of the QUESTION-PROJECT upon none but uncommon Subjects, and such as were never handled either by the Athenian Society, or that Interloper, who calls himself The British APOLLO.

I shou'd further acquaint my ingenious Querists, that tho' (for the sake of Variety) DUNTON's Apollo shan't consist wholly of Questions and Answers, yet my Athenian Oracle shall be continued all my Six Hundred Projects, entituled —ATHENIANISM (as well as in that call'd Dunton's Apollo) till my Question Project is compleated, my Design being to ATHENIANIZE all my Projects, till the whole Six Hundred are publish'd under the general Title of ATHENIANISM, so that (you see Reader) Athenianism is the only (Proper) Title that cou'd be given to the general Collection of all my Writings.

Thus have I given a brief Account why I call my Sixth Project

The Preface to Dunton's Apollo. 113

DUNTON's APOLLO, and a further Reason for calling
a general Collection of all my Writings, ATHENIAN
ORACLE.

I will conclude this Preface to Dunton's Apollo, with telling
you, that tho' Tom. Brown in his Lacedemonian Mer-
cury, De Foe in his Weekly Review, Povey in his General Re-
view upon Trade, and H—— in his British Apollo, have
done a sensible Wrong, by interloping with my Question Pro-
ject, Povey not only steals my Project, but Re-prints those
Questions and Answers I formerly publish'd in the Athenian
Oracle, yet seeing these Four Interlopers have answer'd very
many Questions but what have been answer'd before in the Atheni-
an Oracle, printed for Mr. Bell; or at least have answer'd no
new Questions, but such as will fall in my Way to answer be-
cause I have compleated my Question-Project. For these Reasons I
give no further Notice of these Interlopers (resolving to com-
plete my Question-Project, under my own Title of Athenian Oracle)
and they can be contented with interloping, without giving
me any and spiteful Reflections: And therefore, that I may
set Dunton's Apollo (or Continuation of the Athenian
Oracle) in the clearer Light, I will at the Conclusion of this Pre-
face give the Reader A brief Account of the Rise, Design and
Novelty of the Athenian, or Question, Project, and then
pass to my Continuation Oracle, which I call DUNTON's
APOLLO.

*Rise, Design, and Novelty of the Athenian,
or Question PROJECT.*

Reader, Having said all that I think necessary, concern-
ing those weekly Scriblers (or British Apollo's) that have
interlop'd with my Athenian (or Question) Project, I shall
entertain the Reader with an Account of the Rise, De-
sign and Novelty of that Undertaking, as 'twas Dunton's
Project; and here, Reader, I am to acquaint you that I have
been sufficiently convinc'd, that unless a Man can either
find or perform something out of the old beaten Road,
and nothing but what his Fore-fathers have found be-
fore him. A Bookseller, (for such I was when the Question-
Project was first set on foot) if he's a Man of any Capacity
and Observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what
the best Prospect of Success: I have, 'tis true, been very
heavily loaded with the Imputation of Maggots; and
what's the Reason? Why, because I have usually started
something that was New, whilst others, like Foot-Pads, ply
about the high Roads, and either abridge another Man's
H Book,

Book, or one way or other contriv'd the very Life and Soul out of the Copy, which perhaps was the only Subistence of the first Proprietor. I once printed a Book, I remember under the Title of *Maggots*, but 'twas written by a Divine in the Church of England. However, I'm willing to take my self, and to stand or fall by the impartial Judgment of the Reader; for my first and darling Project was the *Athenian Oracle* (or *Question-Project*).

The humane Mind, tho' it has lost its Innocence, has made Shipwreck of the Image of GOD, yet the Divine Knowledge is undestroy'd. Mankind are sunk as it were into *Shadows and Darknefs*, and now and then they see the glimmering Apparition of Truth; but yet, tho' it be glorious, 'tis fleeting as a Vision. The Soul is also as it were jilted and jugged with a walking Kind of Happiness, which is promising enough, but always unperforming. Thus the *Humane Understanding* and the *Will* being under pernal Bondage, from Truth and Goodness, and yet tantaliz'd with the Appearance of both; the Soul must suffer under a Weight of Uneasiness and Pain, for what Misery more exquisite than when the Faculties and their Objects are divorc'd?

Now under this Condition, what Project cou'd be more agreeable, than that which promises, at least, to open new *Avenues*, raise the Soul as 'twere, into DAY-LIGHT, and restore the Knowledge of *Truth* and *Happiness*, that has wandred so long unknown, and found out by few?

This was the great Design of our *English Athenian*, which was a Thought entirely (if you'll forgive me the Vanity of my own Creation).

As the *Athenian Society* had their first Meeting in my Brain. So it has been kept ever since religiously SECRET: But now oblige the Reader with a true Discovery of the *Rise, Design and Novelty* of the *Athenian*, or *Question-Project*, and of several Persons that engag'd in it.

I had receiv'd a very flaming Injury, which was so loaded with Aggravations, that I cou'd scarce get over it. My Thoughts were constantly working upon't, and made me strangely uneasy; sometimes I thought to make Application to some Divine, but how to conceal my self and my ungrateful Wretch, was the Difficulty. Whilst this perplexity remain'd upon me, I was one Day walking over *George's-Fields*, and Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Harris were with me, and on a sudden I made a Stop, and said, *Worthy Sirs*, I have a THOUGHT I'll not exchange for Fifty Crowneas; they smil'd, and were very urgent with me to disclose it, but they cou'd not get it from me. The first rule of it, was no more than a confus'd Idea of concealing the *Project* and answering his *Question*. However, so soon as I

I manag'd it to some better Purpose, brought it into
and hammer'd out a *Title* for't, which happen'd to
creamily lucky, and those who are well acquainted with
Athenian History, may discover some peculiar Beauties in
the Inhabitants of *Athens* were mighty fond of being
Athenians, in Regard they fancy'd the Title did dis-
tish 'em from the rest of Mankind, whom they stil'd
Greeks, which is well known to those that are conver-
with their Writings; and from them the *Romans* receiv'd
the Custom, which indulg'd their Humour of fancying
elves the only refined Part of the World. 'Tis very
discover'd, that the *Holy Spirit* in the *sacred Writings*,
for wise Reasons, to sooth the Vanity of these *Athe-*
for when *St. Paul* was to defend himself in their *Areo-*
or *Court of Darknes*, he gives 'em no higher Title
that of *ἀνδρες ἀθεῖστοι*. However, the Honest Reader
knows nothing of *Criticism*, may see the Reason why
Project was entitl'd the *Athenian Gazette*, (for so I
it at first) if he only turns to *Acts* 17. 21.

When I had thus form'd the Design, I found that some
ance was absolutely necessary to carry it on, in Regard
Project took in the whole *Compass of Learning*, and the
of it requir'd *Dispatch*. I had then some Acquain-
with the Ingenious Mr. *Richard Sault*; who turn'd
French into *English* for me; writ the *Essay upon all Sorts*
Learning; approv'd and corrected that *Discourse on the Ori-*
gintiquity of the Hebrew Points, (which is inserted in our
Students Library) and was admirably well skill'd in
Mathematicks; and over a Glass of Wine I unbosom'd my
him, and he very freely offer'd to become concern'd.
on as the Design was well advertis'd, Mr. *Sault* and
if, without any more Assistance, settled to it with
Diligence, (and *Number* 1, 2, 3. was entirely of Mr.
Composure and mine). The Project being surprizing
thought of, we were immediately over-loaded with
ERS, and sometimes I have found several Hundreds
at Mr. *Smith's Coffee-House* in *Stocks-Market*, where
ally meet to consult Matters. We were always much
al to the *Secrecy* and *Faithfulness* of Mr. *Smith* the
man, who has read much, and his Judgment is se-
and good. Our *Society* met at his House ev'ry *Tuesday*
Saturday, and thither our Querists directed all their

Athenian Gazette made now such a Noise in the
and was so universally receiv'd, that we were
to look after more Members; and Mr. *Sault*, I re-
er, one Evening came to me, in great Transport, and
he had been in Company with a Gentleman, who was

the greatest Prodigy of *Learning* he had ever met with: Enquiry, we found 'twas the Ingenious Dr. N——, very generously offer'd his Assistance *gratis*, but refused to become a stated Member of *Athens*: He was wonderfully useful in supplying *Hints*; for being universally read, his Memory very strong, there was nothing cou'd be added, but he cou'd very easily say something to the Purpose of it.

In a little Time after, to oblige Authority, we alter'd the Title of *Athenian Gazette*, into *Athenian Mercury*.

The Undertaking growing every Week upon our Hands, the Impatience of our Querists, and the Curiosity of Questions, which requir'd a great deal of Accuracy and Care, did oblige us to adopt a Third Member of *Athens*, the Reverend Mr. W—— being just come to Town, new from the University, and my Acquaintance with him being very Intimate, I easily prevail'd with him to engage himself upon the same Bottom, and in the same Cause.

With this *New Addition* we found our selves to be Masters of the whole Design; and thereupon we neither less'n'd nor increas'd our Number.

The Success of *Athens* growing so very considerable, Mr. Brown and Mr. R—— began to Ape our Design, in a Paper entitl'd the *Lacedemonian Mercury*; which immediately interfer'd with us, under a Title, which 'tis true, was new and pertinent enough. Upon this, I was resolv'd one Way or other to blow 'em up, in Regard 'twas both ungenerous and unjust, to interlope upon a Man, where he has the sole Right and Property; for the *Children of the Brain*, are as much to be valued as those we beget in *lawful Wedlock*.

I first of all advertis'd, That all the Questions answer'd in the *Lacedemonian Mercury*, shou'd be answer'd over again in the *Athenian Mercury*, with Amendments, with the Life of Mr. Brown, the chief Antagonist: This News startled them very much. At that Time I was altogether unacquainted with Mr. Brown; however, one Evening he comes to me, with all the Civility imaginable, and desires to take a Glass with me; I sent for my *Athenian Brethren*, and we went to the *Three Cranes*, where we discours'd the Matter with him at large; but Mr. Sault being a Gentleman of Courage, and a little inclin'd to Passion, was going to draw upon Mr. Brown, for an uncivil Reflection; upon which Mr. Brown cry'd *Peccavi*, and promis'd very faithfully that he'd not meddle any more with the *Lacedemonian Mercury*; and they had not drop'd it, yet the flaming *Wickedness*, and Blasphemy that was in it, wou'd have ruin'd the Design.

A little after this, was publish'd, *The NEW ATHENIAN COMEDY*, containing, *The Politicks, Oeconomicks, and*

Tackles

icks, Crypticks, Apocalypticks, Stypticks, Scepticks, Pne-
icks, Theologicks, Poeticks, Mathematicks, Sophisticks, Prog-
icks, Dogmaticks of the Athenian Society.

his Play was a poor Performance, writ however, on
ose to expose us, but fail'd so far in the Design of it,
it promoted ours. There was nothing of Wit thro'
whole of it, and the Reader may take Notice, that Mr.
Genius was quite run out towards the Conclusion of
Third Act, and cou'd not carry it an Inch farther. There
indeed something very pretty in the Author's Quotati-
out of *Juvinal* towards the Bottom of his Title Page,
th *Farnaby's Rhetorick* might help him to, if he was un-
nained with the *Original*; the Lines were these, which
inks have a peculiar Reference to my Humour, and the
ory of my Life,

Ede, quid illum

Esse putes? Quemvis Hominem secum attulit ad nos,
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Alyptes,
AUGUR, Schenobates, Medicus, MAGUS omnia novit,
ATTICUS esuriens, ad Cælum Jussus, ibit.

the Earl of—— was once pleas'd to frown upon the
ian Mercury, and forc'd us into Silence; but when Men
leas'd to make personal Application, (for the Offence
only taken at a Question that was sent us, of a *Father*
ad two Daughters) tis a Sign there's a fore Place, else
d never wince for the Matter: However Captain M——
ard us Liberty to proceed, and had Twenty Five Gui-
for that Service; and now the *British Apollo* (I thank
has the Honour and Conscience to interlope with me
Project that was entirely mine, and that has cost me
very dear.

have waded thro' these, and many other Difficulties,
my Question-Project, and nothing cou'd discourage me,
my Cause was so great and good.

Athenian Mercury began at Length to be so well ap-
ed, that Mr. Gildon (a Gentleman of great Wit and
ing) thought it worth his while to write *A History of*
Athenian Society, to which was prefix'd several Poems
en by the chief Wits of the Age, (viz. Mr. Motteux,
Foe, Mr. Richardson, &c. and in particular Mr. TATE
Poet Laureat) was pleas'd to honour us with a Po-
directed

To the ATHENIAN SOCIETY,

In these Words, viz.

*The Warmth your Beams produc'd, you must excuse;
 Your Commendation first inspir'd my Muse :
 Your friendly Praise supports her feeble Wing :
 You both invite and teach her how to sing ;
 And while by Art your charming Numbers move,
 Her Wood-wild Notes instruct her to improve.
 Censure, in this Attempt, can only say,
 That I my Debt of Thanks too poorly pay ;
 That from your Bounty I my Tribute raise,
 And but return the Product of your Praise.
 Yet Mortals thus, to Sacred Altars go,
 With Presents which the Gods did first bestow :
 We treat them from the Stores which they dispense,
 Not to requite, but show our grateful Sense.
 To sing your Toils, let abler Bards aspire,
 While I at Distance silently admire,
 How much oblig'd your Country is to you,
 If Wit, and Learning, here, those Charms renew,
 That Arts Admirers once to Athens drew.
 If thither conqu'ring Rome for Knowledge sought,
 What Miracles have you for Britain wrought,
 Who Athens home to us at your own Charge have brought
 Aspiring Lewis's Self must yield to you,
 In that sole Praise which he can call his Due ;
 Translated Learning France too dearly buys,
 Which cheaply your Compendious Book supplies.
 This Diff'rence too your Preference secures,
 His Aim was Glory, Publick Good was Yours ;
 For while you move the various Orbs of Wit,
 Conceal'd the great Intelligences sit.*

N. T.

In the History of the Athenian Society is inserted a
 POEM, in which the Ingenious Author is pleas'd to

*When first the spreading Fame, the Rumor run,
 That Athens had another World begun,
 And clear'd the Gloomy Shades of Ignorance,
 And form'd new sparkling Orbs——
 This soon employ'd each Tongue ; all Ears, all Eyes
 Were full of Athens, and the Enterprize.*

Mr. Richardson concludes his Panegyrick upon the *Athenian* Project, with these Words.

The Chain of Causes, and their Order shine,
And clearly shew they're fram'd by Hands Divine.
Ye Great Unknown, this you have aim'd at now ;
And tho' Coy Nature flies, our searching View,
Yet many, who long dead in Ign'rance lay,
Now speak and think, reviv'd by your bright Day ;
Go on — Learning, and solid Truth advance,
They're Noble Subjects for such Noble Pens.
Let your Opposers trifling Jests pursue ;
They write for MINUTES, but for AGES you.

The Pindarick Lady (Madam Elizabeth Singer) was pleas'd to complement our *Athenian Project*, in this Manner ; viz.

And now methinks I rise,
But still the lofty Subject baulks my Flight,
And still my Muse despairs to do Great Athens right ;
Yet take the Zealous Tribute which I bring,
The early Products of a FEMALE Muse,
Until the GOD into my Breast shall mightier Thoughts
(infuse,
When I with more Command, and prouder Voice shall sing.
But how shall I describe the matchless Men!
I'm lost in the bright Labyrinth again.

Mr. Swift, a Country Gentleman, sent an ODE to the *Athenian Society* ; which being an Ingenious Poem, was prefix'd to the Fifth Supplement of the *Athenian Mercury* — Many other Persons did also RHIME in the Praise of our Question-Project ; but 'twou'd tire the Reader to insert half a Dozen more Poems that were sent us on that Occasion. Our *Athenian Project* did not only obtain among the Poets, but was well receiv'd by the Politer Sort of Man-

at Great and Learned Noble Man, the late Marquess of Halifax, was once pleas'd to tell me, that he constantly perused our *Mercuries*, and had receiv'd great Satisfaction from many of our Answers.

The late Sir William Temple, a Man of a clear Judgment, and wonderful Penetration, was pleas'd to honour me with several Letters and Questions, very curious and uncommon in particular, those about the *Talismans* are his.

The honourable Sir Tho. Pope-Blunt, when he resided in London, has very frequently sent for me to his Chamber, and has given me particular Thanks for my *Athenian Project* ; and

the last Visit I made him, he told me the *Athenian Society* was certainly the most useful and informing Design that had ever been set on Foot in *England*.

Sir *William Hedges* was pleas'd to tell me he was so pleas'd with the *Athenian Mercuries*, that he wou'd send several compleat Sets into the *Indies* to his Friends; that he thought the *Publick*, and himself in particular much oblig'd to me, that I shou'd be *always welcome to his House*, and that he'd serve me to his utmost, with Respect to my Trade.

I cou'd mention many more Honours that were done by Sir *Peter Pet*, and several others, whose Learning and Judgment the World has little Reason to Question.

Our *Athenian Mercuries* were continu'd 'till they swell'd least, to *Twenty Volumes in Folio*, and then we took to give our selves a little *Ease and Refreshment*; for the Labour and the TRAVELS of the Mind are as expensive, and take the Spirits off as fast as those of the Body.

All that I have further to say concerning my *Athenian Project*, is only this, That the Old *Athenian Volumes in Folio* being *Twenty in Number* *, growing very scarce, and a choice Collection of the most valuable Questions and Answers, (in four Volumes in large Octavo) have lately been Re-printed, and made publick under the Title of *Athenian Oracle*; Two of which I dedicated to the most Illustrious and Magnanimous Prince *James Duke of Ormond* (Chancellor of the Universities of *Oxford* and *Dublin*). These two Volumes I presented to his Grace with my own Hand, and if anything cou'd make me vain of the *Athenian Project*, it must be the generous Reception his Grace gave to each of the Volumes. I have no need here to shew the Reason of the Dedication, for his Grace's Fame is improv'd already by his undoubted Immortality; his Courage, Conduct and Success in War, have rais'd him as far above the Reach of Flattery as above all Parallel: He has waded through Blood and Battles, and has freely ventur'd his Life and Fortunes for the great Cause of Liberty and Religion; and therefore the Duke of *Ormond* is a Patron of Learning as well as of Arms, the *Athenian Society* thought they had a natural Right to his Protection, and they found it in so ample a Manner, that his GRACE not only honour'd each Volume with his Perusal, but was pleas'd afterwards to mention to the Lords, the great Satisfaction he took in the *Athenian Oracle* that I presented to him; and may his GRACE live long to the great Encouragement of Arms and Arts.

* The Copies of which Mr. Bell purchas'd of me, and is the *Athenian Oracles* he has any Right to.

Thus, Reader, having given thee a brief Account of the Design and Novelty of the *Athenian Oracle* (or Question-Project), I shall next, as I promis'd before, proceed to give thee a short Account of the *Continuation Oracle* (which I call *DUNTON's APOLLO*) and then give thee a Specimen of it, in the Answers I shall give to several *Enigmatical, Nice, and uncommon Questions*.

Reader,— Having been an *ATHENIAN*, or Lover of Novelty, almost from my Infancy, (of which my Project of the *Athenian Oracle*, or Question-Project, is a known Instance) I hope to present you in this *APOLLO*, (which I might also call the *Christians Gazette*, as its Design is to present the World with a Pacquet of Pious Novelties) with something that is wholly NEW, or at least with such Nice and uncommon Questions, as were never yet answer'd by the *Athenian Society*, or that Interloper who calls himself *The British Apollo*.

To furnish out this *Continuation-Oracle, Christians Gazette, DUNTON's APOLLO* (for they are all three synonymous Terms) in such Manner, as my Question-Project may be compleated, I have settled a Correspondence with the Pious *Virtuosi* of *London, Dublin and Edinburgh*, that so I may never be to seek for Hints in resolving the most Nice and Curious Questions that can be sent me, respecting the invisible World; and for that Reason, (as I inted before) *Dunton's Apollo* may properly be call'd the *Christian's Gazette*: Yet to render this *Continuation-Oracle* the more acceptable to the *Lovers of Novelty*, I shall also discover whatever is Nice and uncommon in the visible, as well as the invisible World; and yet I shall publish no Answers, either Divine or Humane Learning, but what is founded on Scripture or solid Reason; for *Dunton's APOLLO*, (or Oracle) is not design'd to promote the *Athenian Itch*, but to cure it; and therefore if at any Time I shou'd be a little loose, it shall always be within the Bounds of Sobriety: And that I may carry on the *Athenian Project* in this refin'd manner, I desire all my Querists to keep the following Order, to the subject Matter of those Questions they shall send in.

I. That they send no Questions that have been already answer'd in my four Volumes of *Athenian Oracles*, printed for Mr. Bell; no such Questions shall be answer'd here.

II. That they send no obscene Questions, for I shall answer none that have any Tendency that Way.

III. That they send as many *Enigmatical Questions* as ever they please; and I mention these *Mystical Questions*, as there has not been one of that Kind yet answer'd either in the *Athenian Oracle*, or in the *British Apollo*. But read these Texts—

He speak the Word of God in a Mystery, 1 Cor. 2. 17.—
The

The Secret of the Lord is reveal'd to them that fear him
Pfal. 25. 15 ——— Open mine Eyes, Lord, that I may see
 the Wonders of thy Law, *Pfal.* 119. ——— Then Mary came
 unto the Angel, how shall this be, that I shou'd be with
 Child, seeing I know not Man, *Luke* 1. 34. ——— I shall
 read, and seriously consider these four Texts, (which are a
 part of Directory to the *Ænigmatical Querists*) and you'll wonder that
 neither the Athenian Society, nor the Interlopers, ever answer
 one *Ænigmatical Question*; but the Design of this Continuation
 of the Oracle, is to supply what has yet been wanting to compleat the
 Question-Project, and therefore I shall now answer all *Ænigmatical*
Questions; of which I have given a large Specimen in this
 Apollo, and shall continue to answer whatever *Questions* are
 sent me of that kind, for we have Scripture Examples to justify *Ænig-*
matical Curiosity. We find in the Book of Judges, that Sampson
 put forth a hard Question, How Meat cou'd come out of the
 Eater, and Sweet out of the Fierce? an elegant Riddle, con-
 sisting of Contraries, for he that eateth, and he that gives
 Meat; also He that is fierce and bitter, and he that is sweet
 are opposites of contrary Natures: Sampson promis'd a Reward
 to him that cou'd read his Riddle ——— Again, in the First of
Luke, MARY the Virgin, putteth a Puzling, or *Ænigmatical*
Question to the Angel which brought her the Message of conceiving
 and bearing the Son of God: How, saith she, may this be, see-
 ing I know not a Man? that is, How may I be a Mother
 while I am, and remain a Virgin ——— And, lastly, through-
 out the Gospel we find many Divine *Ænigma's*; and many
 Parables even Christ himself put unto the Jews, which his
 Disciples cou'd not open, and therefore did ask him apart what
 they meant. So that you see, Reader, not only humane and profane
 but sacred and divine Stories, afford us Examples of *Ænigmatical*
Querists, which I mention (and therefore am the larger in be-
 reding my *Querists* upon this Head) to minister Occasion of search-
 ing and diving more deeply into the great Mystery of Godliness, and
 thereby to make 'em *Ænigmatical Querists*, as no such have ever
 yet consulted the Athenian Oracle.

IV. My Fourth Direction is, That they send nothing, the
 Answer of which may be a Scandal to the Government, or an
 Answer to particular Persons.

V. That no *Querist*, send above one or two *Questions* at the
 most, at one time; for then they will be sooner at Liberty to send
 again, and perhaps something more Curious than what they sent at
 first.

VI. And lastly, That they send nothing that may be destructive
 to the Principles of Virtue and sound Knowledge, and then let
 my *Querists* be as Nice and Curious as they please.

I design to continue DUNTON's APOLLO (according
 to these Rules) to the End of my Life, or at least 'till my
 Question

Question-Project is compleated. There are many Consciences
 ly scrupulous, that can't unbosom themselves so freely
 by other Way, and upon that Score, they carry their
 bounds within 'em, and there's none to administer Relief,
 cause their Cases are unknown. It is with the most tender
 regards imaginable to such Persons as these, that I engage
 in a Work of this Nature; and may but my Endeavours
 be useful on this Head, I shan't grow weary of the
 my Labours which the Task requires—— Ministers are
 oblig'd to deliver their Sermons at Adventures, and tho'
 and then they may hit the Mark, yet the Sound slides
 and the Memories of an Audience are often unretentive.
 don't intend this to lessen the Use and Efficacy of publick
 ministrations: May the heavenly Embassy be convey'd with
 living Sound, may the divine Energy of the Spirit move
 actually within the Tombs of dead Sinners, and scatter
 on their Hearts the Seeds of Grace and of Immortal Life—
 However, all Heads and Hands shou'd be at work; and as
 Parents are very careful to remove every Stumbling-Block,
 that their little Children mayn't fall; we shou'd be infinite-
 more so, that the *New Creature*, the glorious Wonder of
 Grace, may escape the Snares and Toils that are set
 for it by evil Angels and the Enemies of its Life—— The
 Children of Light that walk in Darknes, and the Shadows
 of Death, may, by this Method of Correspondence, convey
 to me their particular Circumstances, how the Case stands
 with them, and yet never be oblig'd to blush for it: And let
 Religious Querists take Notice, that as I wont give them
 any groundless Hopes, or sooth them in their Sin, so I
 shall be very careful not to terrify them with unnecessary
 fears.

As to Dunton's *Philosophick and Miscellaneous Oracle*, I think
 sufficient to say in my own Defence (and 'till the World
 has some better Acquaintance with me) that hitherto the
 various Worlds of Truth and Knowledge have but a blank Sort
 of Maps drawn for 'em, and in many Quarters there's little
 more to be met with than *Terra Incognita*: I am willing
 therefore to run the hazard of a Voyage, to make what
 Discoveries I can. My Querists may expect from me a free
 way of Thinking, and as much *Unadvisedness* as possible; I
 shan't be over positive, unless where the Matter comes up to
 demonstration and Assurance, and I shall be always ready
 to own the Obligations that are done me by other Hands;
 which considering, DUNTON's APOLLO is the meanest
 of all Casuists, (as the Interlopers will tell you) I hope will
 be frequent and very considerable. However, the *Labouring*
 will still lie upon me, and I shall take so much Pains in
 com-

compleating my *Question-Project*, that I am willing it should live or die according to its own Merit.

As to the contending Parties about *Religion* here at Home I declare a Neutrality, unless where the Essentials of Christian Faith are touch'd; and there I shall chearfully interpose. So that the *Athenian Project* does now, *Phoenix-like* flourish in its own Ashes, and I hope this Continuation of it (which I call *DUNTON's APOLLO*) will please as well as the four Volumes already publish'd, for they'll contain as great Variety of nice and curious Questions, and are absolutely necessary for those Gentlemen that desire an Answer to such curious Questions as were wholly omitted in the *Old Oracles*.

I shall only add, I suppose there is no Occasion to enlarge upon the Usefulness of this Design, (of answering *Questions*, concealing the *Querist*) for the many Editions of my *Old Athenian Oracle* do sufficiently evince it; but I suppose it will oblige my Querists, to assure 'em that I shant meddle with a single Syllable of the *Old Mercuries*, for Truth is Infinite and Inexhaustible as the Eternal Unity.

Reader, by keeping to the *Rules* I have here laid down for continuing the *Athenian Oracle*, and by the Assistance I shall have from my learned Friends, I hope to furnish out such an *APOLLO* as shall in a few Years compleat my *Athenian Oracle* (or *Question-Project*) or at least such an *APOLLO* as will convince my old Friends, the *Querists*, that the Encouragement they have given to the *British Apollo*, has (as a just Reward of their Ingratitude to the first Projector of the *Athenian Oracle*) been to their own Loss; and they shall have (by adding the *Continuation-Oracle* to the four *Oracles* printed for Mr. Bell) an Answer to all nice and curious Questions whatever, under the Title of *Athenian Oracle*: And further, my Querists may assure themselves, that not only the Questions they formerly sent to *Athena* (which are yet unanswer'd) but all they shall hereafter send shall be all answer'd in the *Second Volume* of *Dunton's Athenianism*, provided they are wholly *New*, or *uncommon Questions*, for I shall insert no other in *Dunton's Apollo*, that it may as well be a *Christian's Gazette* (or *Pacquet* for the pious *Virtuosi*, on Subjects never started before) as a Continuation of the *Athenian Oracle*. And herein I wou'd imitate the Conduct of *ARISTOTLE*, when he compos'd his *Immortal History of Animals*, so justly esteem'd by the Learned World, which Piece was only the Result of the *Questions* dispers'd thro' *Asia* by his Pupil and Patron *Alexander the Great*; 'tis therefore desir'd if any *Querist* (or Lover of Novelty) has conceiv'd in his own Mind, (or met in his Reading) any *NEW* or *uncommon Question*, that he

and it to the *Sword* in *New-Street*, near *Fetter-Lane*, directed
DUNTON's APOLLO; for this nice and difficult
work being carry'd on by one Person, he will need all the
assistance that either his own Invention, a good Library,
his generous Friends can possibly give him.

Thus, Reader, having told thee why I call this Sixth Pro-
ject Dunton's Apollo — and as truly discover'd — *The Rise*,
Origin and Novelty of my Question-Project (of which Dunton's
Apollo is a Continuation). I have by these Discoveries so
fully inform'd you what you are to expect in my — *Continu-
um of the Athenian Oracle* — 'Tis Time now that I give
you a Specimen of it, which (that I may encourage the In-
curious of both Sexes to send me *Ænygmatical Questions*, as
many of that Nature were ever answer'd in the *Athenian Ora-
cle* or by the Interlopers) shall begin with,

*Divine Ænigma's; or Mystical Cases in Religion, propos'd
and answer'd.*

Quest. **W**ho is he that hath Understanding and Will, and
yet hath no Soul, and how that may be?

Ans. It is God; of whom it is written that he is Under-
standing, and a God of Knowledge; working all Things
after the Counsel of his Will, yet he hath no Soul; for he
understandeth and willeth Things, not by a created Faculty
of Understanding and Will, such as is in Mens Souls,
whereby they do understand, and will one thing after another
Discourse and in Measure; but God infinitely under-
standeth both himself and all Things at once, by one Act of
understanding; and willeth infinite Things together by an un-
limited and infinite Power which is in himself, or rather which
is himself, all Things which are in God, being God, *Ex. 3. 14.*
It is an holy Angel, who properly hath no Soul, yet is
an excellent Understanding and will, *Isal. 103. 20, 21.*

Q. How may one hear and see all Things, and yet have neither
Eyes nor Ears?

A. God who made the Eyes shall he not see? And shall
he not hear which made the Ear? Is there any thing so se-
cret that can be hid from him who is all Eye and all Ear?
because he is no bodily Substance, he hath no bodily
Eye or Ear, which Members, being the Instruments of Un-
derstanding, are applied unto God, thereby the better to ex-
tend his infinite Knowledge to us, who by the Things of
the World must be led to conceive the Things of God more readily.

Q. Who is he that is no where, and yet every where, within the
World, and without the World, and yet neither within it nor with-
out it, and how this may be?

A. It is the incomprehensible God, who is no where because
he is not circumscribed in any one Place, as our Bodies be,
which

which have their Dimentions of Length, Breadth, &c. in as much as he fills Heaven and Earth with his Essence and Presence, therefore he is Every where within the World without it, because of his infinite Presence; Power and Essence, yet neither within it nor without it (as in a Place) because of this Unmeasurablebleness and Immenfity.

Q. How can God be Almighty, yet there be many Things which he cannot do; as he cannot die, nor sin, nor deny himself?

A. He is called Almighty, not because he can do every thing, for there be Things which if he cou'd do, he neither shou'd be God, nor Almighty. These be Things of Impossibility, as if God could suffer, or die; this shou'd argue not his Omnipotency but his Impotency, that he were weak and not able to preserve himself.

2. Things of Iniquity as to sin, to lye, to deny himself which if he cou'd do, he shou'd neither be most mighty God nor no God at all, because these are against the Nature of God.

3. Things of Contradiction, or contradictory, as to make Things at once to be, and not to be; a Body to be circumscribable and uncircumscribable, to have a Place and no Place, which cannot be; for Contradictories at once, and together, cannot be true.

But God is called Almighty in two Respects, *First*, Because whatsoever he is willing to do, that he can do, and none can hinder him; but whatsoever he is not willing to do, that he is able to hinder, and none can resist his Will. Rom. 11. 19. He can resist and overthrow the Will and Purpose of all his Creatures, for there is no Council against the Lord, Prov. 21. 30.

Secondly, Because he is able to do more Things than ever he will do, for he cou'd of Stones have raised Children unto Abraham; which yet he did not; and have sent to Challenge Legions of Angels to have defended him against the Jews, which yet was not done; and cou'd have made many Worlds by his absolute Power; but by his Power limited to his Will, he can do nothing against that which he hath benighted in his Word to be his Pleasure, for one Jot or Tittle thereof must not fall nor fail.

Q. How may One be Three, and these Three but One?

A. God being but one in Substance, yet is distinguished into Trinity of Persons, the Subsistences or Persons being three, Father, Son and Spirit; yet the divine Essence is but one, being equally communicated to each, Mat. 28. 19. Job. 1. These Three are one. A Secret to be admir'd.

Q. Who was he that needed not sin if he would, yet must sin, and how this may be?

A. It was Adam, created with perfect Liberty of Will, who

ht always have chosen righteous Things if he would; therefore when he sinned, he sinned freely, his Will of own Accord enclining it self to eat of the forbidden Tree; God having decreed his Fall, not as it is a Sin, but as a means to effect his own Counsel to the Praise of his Name, the just punishing of the Reprobate for Sin, and in the merciful saving of the Elect by Christ. Hence it is, that there was a Necessity that he shou'd sin, a Necessity (I say) in regard of the Event by God's Decree, the first Cause; but no Necessity in regard of Adam's Will, (the second Cause) which had Power not to have done it.

Q. How is it said, we all sinned in Adam, yet the Woman was not in the Transgression?

A. The Woman indeed was first in the Transgression, for she tempted and deceived her Husband, 1 Tim. 2. 14. yet it is often that we sin in Adam, not in Eve, because the Man is the principal Agent in Generation, Sin is rather derived by him into his Offspring.

Tho' Eve were first, yet Adam was more in Fault, because of his greater Preheminence in Dignity of Sex, and Excellency of Graces, whereby he was enabled and bound to have kept himself and Eve both from sinning; therefore the Denomination is from the Man, as more excellent.

Q. How do our Souls become sinful, if they be of God created without Sin?

A. There be two Opinions touching the Creation of the Soul; some think they are created immediately by God of nothing, and at their Creation be infused into the Body: after this Opinion, we must say that Souls being created good, are at the Instant of their Creation destitute of God's Grace; and enclining to Sin, come into sinful union with Bodies, where they quickly draw unto them the Corruption and Filth of Sin, as sweet Liquor is corrupted by being put into a musty Vessel.

The second Opinion is, that our Souls come from the Souls of our Parents, as our Bodies from their Bodies, as one Candle takes Light of another. If we embrace this Opinion, we must say that the whole Man, both Body and Soul, is corrupt and sinful by carnal or fleshly Generation.

Parents begetting Children in their own Likeness, as mighty and vicious as they be) Gen. 5. 3. Adam begat a Son in his own Likeness. Hence it is that the Corruption of the Soul is in Scripture so often called by the Name of Sin, Rom. 7. 5. and 8. 1, 2, 3, &c. The best Strife is not the driving out of Sin, not about the entering of it, but labouring how to have it mortify'd and pardon'd.

What is that that is a Sin, yet is not the Transgression of any Commandment?

A. It

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A. It is natural Corruption, which because it hindereth the perfect Love of God and of our Neighbour, is equally forbidden in every Commandment, which striketh at the Root, the whole Law being spiritual; and because it is a universal Transgression, therefore it is not forbidden specially in any one Commandment, as many think.

Q. What thing is that which God never made?

A. It is Sin and Death, which be the Effects of Sin, Malice, and Adam's Fall, Gen. 3. 1. and not the Works of God's Hand, who suffereth and ruleth them, but createth them not: For all was good which he made, very good, Gen. 1. 31. Verf. the last.

Q. How can God chuse one Man to Life and refuse another without respect of Persons, seeing all were alike good by Creation and alike evil by Corruption?

A. Persons in Phrase of Scripture signifies outward Qualities; as Riches, Poverty, Country, Parentage, Learning and such like; by which Things if God should be obliged to chuse one to Life, and to reject another, he should be a Respector of Persons; but when all Men were alike in Adam, to appoint one Man to obtain Salvation, and another, out of his own Will, even because it so pleased him, to the Glory of his own Justice and Mercy; this is no respecting of Persons.

Q. How can God foresee and fore-ordain all things which shall happen, yet not be the Author of Sin?

A. God fore-seeth and fore-appointeth all things which shall happen, even Sins themselves, which should not happen if he were willing to hinder them; yet not as they are Sin, but as they are Means to effect the righteous Counsels of God, for the good of the Elect, or for the Punishment of the Wicked; as the selling of Joseph by his Brethren, and the betraying of Christ by Judas be Examples hereof, Gen. 45. 5. Act. 2. 23. God so purposeth and disposeth Sin to his just Ends, as that he moveth, and perswadeth none to Sin, Jam. 1. 13. God tempteth no Man.

Q. What Work of God is that, that doth excell the Work of Creation, and whereby infinite Mercy and extream Justice are joined together, without impeaching one the other?

A. It is the Work of Redemption, wherein the World came Man, a Servant and a Curse; whereas at the Creation God made the World by his speaking a Word. All our Redemption God punishing Sin fully in his only Son, and for his sake sparing and saving Sinners, he so sheweth infinite Mercy, as it was without Hurt to Justice: A marvellous Wisdom, worthy to be reverenc'd and lov'd.

Q. How can one be two, and these two but one?

A. Christ in Respect of his Person is but one, yet

Christ is both God and Man, because of his divers Nature; there is in Christ one Nature and another, and so he is both; yet there is not in him one Person and another, and therefore he is but one.

How can one be before he was, and not be when he was?

Christ was God before he was Man, Joh. 8. *Before I was, I am.* And thus he was God when he was Man. Also he was Man by the Promise of his Father, into the Faith of such, as did believe the Promise of coming, when as yet his Manhood had no actual

Who is that, that gives that Life it hath to others, yet it self hath not that Life it giveth?

That Flesh or humane Nature of Christ, hath that Life by Participation from the Godhead, (the Fountain of Life). And gives the same to all Believers his Members, yet the Life which it gives, it hath not in it self originally, the Flesh profiteth nothing, it is the Spirit (that is) the Godhead which quickneth, *John 6. 63.*

How is Christ daily crucify'd, yet could die but once?

It is most certain, that Christ cou'd be but once really and actually crucify'd, cou'd but once die, yet after many Sorts he is continually crucify'd, First in a Mystery; Christ's Supper being a Commemoration, or Remembrance of Christ's Sacrifice upon the Cross. Secondly, In the preaching of the Death of Christ so lively as if he were crucify'd before our Eyes. Thirdly, In the Hearts of the faithful, their Faith being, as it were, the Altar on which daily suffereth, his Passion being still present to every believing Soul. Lastly, In the Mouth of wicked Apostates, who blaspheme him. *Heb. 6.*

How was Christ slain the last Times, and yet was the Lamb slain from the Beginning of the World?

He was actually slain in *Jerusalem*, at the Time appointed, which was in the last Days. But if we respect the Purpose of his Sacrifice, or the Virtue thereof towards Believers, he was slain from Man's Restoring, which was near the beginning of the World; and before all Worlds, in his Father's Council and Ordinance.

What Person is that which being not meer God, was yet in Heaven, in Hell, and in Earth, at once, and how?

It was Christ, God and Man, whose Soul in his Agony went into the Pains of Hell: When he wrestled with death in the Garden, and upon the Cross, at which time his Manhood was on Earth, and his Godhead in Heaven. *Mat. 26.*

How is it written of Christ, that of his Kingdom there is no End.

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End, yet he must deliver up the Kingdom unto his Father at Resurrection?

A. Christ's Kingdom is Eternal, without End, as being the Effects and Fruits thereof, which are; 1. The glorious Majesty of his own Person. 2. The Everlasting Salvation of the Elect. And 3dly, The Destruction of all Enemies. But as touching the Manner of his Reigning (as now is used) by Execution of his Prophetship, by the Administration of his Word and Sacraments. 2. Of his Priesthood, by his Sacrifice and Intercession. 3. Of his Royal Power, by the Keys committed to his Church. All these shall cease, that God himself immediately may be glorified. *1 Cor. 15. 14.*

Q. How is it a Duty to search the Secrets of God; yet he saith, The Secrets of God may not be searched without Sin?

A. The Word of God is called a Mystery, or Secret, because it is hid from the Children of this World; and the Children know it no other ways than by Revelation of the Spirit; to search this Secret is our Duty, *Job. 5. 39.* It is a Sin to search such Secrets as God keepeth to himself, which he would not have Men to know, *Deut. 29.* Briefly thus, we may search the Secrets of God's Word with Duty, but not the Secrets of God without Sin.

Q. How are the Scriptures before the Church, yet there was no Church long before there was any Scripture?

A. The Scriptures in regard of the Matter, which is the Word or Doctrine of Godliness, it is before the Church as the Immortal Seed, whereof it is begotten; but in respect of the Form, as it is written with Ink and Paper, set down in Letters, Syllables and Words; so the Church was before there was any Scripture; for *Moses* was the Pen-man of Scriptures.

Q. How may one do a Work forbid in the Law; yet not be doing it?

A. To kill one's Son, to take away one's Goods, Works forbidden in the general Law: yet *Abraham* and *Israelites* doing these things with Warrant of God's special Commandment, sinned not in doing them, *Gen. 25.* We are to walk not by particular, but by the general precept.

Concerning Works, as eating Shew-bread, plucking of Corn on the Sabbath, or healing on the Sabbath; they be against the Law of Ceremonies, yet in Case of Need they were done by *David*, *Christ*, and his Apostles without Sin, because the Law of Ceremony, must give Place to the Law of Charity, as it is written, *I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice*, *Hosea 6. 6.*

Q. How may two Men at one time attentively hear one Sermon?

both alike corrupt, yet the one receive the Doctrine, the other not it?

Thus, the one being ordained to Life eternal, is also ordained to Faith, the Means of Life, and therefore is especially called, the Time of this happy Vocation being the other not belonging unto Christ, but appointed Wrath is left to his natural Corruption, and so refuse the Word, *Act. 13. 48. John 10. 26.* Or thus, That is hid to one which is hid from another, because it pleases God.

How was Abraham dead long e'er Christ was born, yet Abraham did see the Day of Christ?

It is true, that Christ came into the World long after Abraham's Death, yet Christ and his Day, were seen of Abraham and other believing Fathers by the Eye of Faith, to things to come are present; and Christ is the same ever.

If the Gospel be only the Power of God to Salvation, how they saved that lived before the Gospel?

If by the Gospel we understand the Narration of his Doings and Sufferings set down by Evangelists, the persons before Christ might be and were without this, yet saved by the Gospel, for that they had the Promises concerning Christ, which be the Effect of the Gospel; and have such as believed them, *Gal. 3. 8.* God preached the Gospel to Abraham, *Acts 15. 11.*

How a Mother of many Children, may at the same time be a Virgin?

The true Church which is the Mother of many Children, yet in respect of keeping her Faith to Christ, undefiled out Mixture of Errors, she is a Virgin, and so is every Church, abiding in the Soundness of Faith.

How may one marry two Sisters without Sin, it being very unlawful to marry two Sisters?

Christ first married spiritually to the believing Jews, afterward accepted for his Spouse a Church out of the Gentiles, which became Sister to the Jewish Church, *Cant. 8. 23.* The Marriage of two Sisters, either natural or legal, is not unlawful.

What Creature is that, that is both in Heaven and in Earth, and how this may be?

The Man Christ himself, sitting in Heaven, yet at the same time is on Earth in his Members, *Acts 9. 3.* Also one of the Church is in Heaven, another remains on Earth. Every true Christian, for his Person is on Earth, for his Conversation, he is in Heaven, *Phil. 2. 20.*

What Kingdom is that, where all Subjects be Kings; and how

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how this may be? What Kingdom is that, where a King and Subject be equal; and how this may be?

A. It is the Kingdom of Christ upon Earth, where the Subject is a spiritual King, partaker of Christ's Royal Authority, and by his Spirit subduing carnal Lusts. Also in this Kingdom, an earthly King is no more accepted but as a private Man, with that God who is no acceptor of persons, *Rom. 6. 11.* yet for his Office and Power among his Subjects, *Rom. 13. 1.*

Q. What Men are they who while they live never come to the Age of Men, and how?

A. Christians which be Men in Years, yet so long as they live here, never attain to the Age of perfect Men in Christ. *Ephes. 4. 13.* They daily grow toward it, but are not of that Age, till they come to Heaven.

Q. Who is he that being but a meer Man, is more excellent than the Angels?

A. It is every good Christian, who by Incorporation into Christ, is become his true Member, Flesh of his Flesh, and Bone of his Bone; which is a Dignity and Excellency denied to the very Angels, who are as Servants to man, and unto the Elect, in this Respect that they are one with Christ, and Christ one with them, *Heb. 1. 14.* and *4. 6, 7, 8, 10.*

Q. Who is he that is twice born, and thrice dead, and how may he be?

A. A regenerate Man is born of his Mother nature the first time, and the second time he is born of the Church spiritual. Also he is once dead in Sin by Corruption from Adam, the second time he is dead to Sin by Mortification from the Death of Christ; the third time dead to the World in the Dissolution of Soul and Body by the Decree of God.

Q. What Sons are they which come not to their Inheritance, before themselves be dead, and how this may be?

A. The adopted Sons of God, they be Heirs by Hope, but do not in their own Person enter upon their real and full Possession of their Inheritance till they be dead, *1 Cor. 15. 24, 25.*

Q. How may an Inheritance be parted amongst many, yet not be diminished by such Distribution?

A. The heavenly Inheritance is distributed to innumerable Children, yet no way lessened and impaired by such Distribution; neither have any of the Heirs the less by that which others do enjoy; also such as have the least Portion have not, and such as have the greatest have no over-plus, for all have Perfection: Even as many Vessels cast into the Sea, being unequal Measures, yet every one is filled full.

Q. How may one lawfully kill himself?

A. (Himself) in Scripture, signifieth the corrupt Lusts

Reason and will, which may lawfully be killed by Mortification, Col. 3. 5. But (*himself*) that is, his Person, he preserve and cherish. Eph. 5.

Seeing Repentance is a Grace hidden in the Heart, how can Angels who know not our Hearts, joy at the Conversion of Sin-

Angels, by outward Signs and Effects, do observe and the inward Conversion of our Hearts, and do joy in, because it turns to the Honour of God, to the increase of God's Kingdom (which they greatly love): Also delight in the good of all elect Persons, who together with them, make up one glorious Church in Heaven.

15.

How may one give much that hath nothing to give?

One may give spiritual Things plentifully, that hath earthly Things to give, as the Apostles, Acts 3. Also an honest poor Man, who himself hath nothing to give, by exciting the Charity of the Rich in giving occasion, and by consenting to the good Works of others; by these means they do give much; also by giving his Mite away.

What is that that makes a rich Man poor, while he is rich; a poor Man rich while he is poor; and how this may be?

Covetousness doth the one, and Contentment will do the other.

What is that that at once is both dead and immortal, and how may be?

It is the Soul of an unregenerate Man, Immortal by God's Decree, but dead in Sins and Trespases,

2. 1.

If Christ be the only Judge of the World, how is it written the Saints shall judge the World? How may it be that the Saints shall judge the Angels?

Christ shall judge the World (that is, the Inhabitants, Angels, and Men) as his Father's Lieutenant, by his Command and Authority, gathering all before him, enquiring of them, pronouncing a righteous unrevocable Sentence, presently and mightily shall be executed; thus Christ shall judge: the Saints shall judge as his Assistants, with Consent and Approbation to his Sentence, 1 Cor. 6. Thus also shall they be judged even of Devils, who are in the Bottomless Pit.

Several other Nice and curious Questions concerning the Time and Manner of the last Judgment, consult my Propositions, — *The New Creation.*

What is that that burneth and consumeth not, is changed and yet abideth still, and how?

The Bush which Moses saw, Exod. 3. Also the Heavens, and Elements.

Elements, and Earth, shall be burned at the last Day, yet the Substance not consumed to nothing, but purified in the Fire, like Mettal refined in a Furnace, that they may abide in an immortal and glorious Estate, being for our Sin Bondage to Corruption, Rom. 8. 21.

Q. Whether Dumb and Deaf may be saved, seeing Faith is hearing, and only Believers are saved?

A. 1. Infants, Idiots, Dumb and Deaf, which be the Children of Faithful Parents, they be within the Covenant, and have the Seal thereof, therefore Charity will hope for their Salvation. 2. Tho' they lack the ordinary Means of engendering Faith (to wit) hearing of the Word preached, yet seeing this cometh to pass without their own Deeds, by defect of Years and Senses, therefore God who is not tyed to the Means necessarily, may without them, and do inspire Faith into so many of them as be elect: the Spirit bloweth where he list; if the Ravens call upon God, what letteth but Christian Infants may in their Kind have a Degree? Yea the Scripture doth attribute a Kind of Instruction to them, as Psal. 8. *And how shall they call on him whom they do not believe; therefore they may have Faith, they have Reason, the Faculty without the Use.*

Q. How can Christ be of the Seed of David, seeing he is not of Joseph?

A. His Mother Mary was of David's Stock and Lineage, and that is enough to make Christ the Son of David after the Flesh, Rom 1. 5.

Three Ænigmatical Poems, sent to Dunton's Apollo, by an unknown Hand, with the Solution of each.

The First Ænigma.

*E'er Adam was, my early Days began,
I ape each Creature, and resemble Man.
I gently walk o'er Tops of tender Grass,
Nor leave the least Impression where I pass:
Touch me you may, but I can ne'er be felt,
Nor ever yet was tasted, heard or smelt;
Yet seen each Day, if not, be sure at Night,
You'll quickly find me out by Candle-light:
When to the World I in my Youth appear,
You'd think there were some mighty Giant there;
But by Degrees, e'er half my Age is spent,
I with a dwarfish Stature am content:
When older grown I stretch my Limbs, and then
I re-assume my former Size agen.*

Three Ænigmatical Poems.

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In short, you thus may my Description write,
Tho' dark my self, I am a Child of Light.

The Solution.

Frail Man, so Lofty and so Big,
Thou art e'en thy own Self th' Ænig;
What but a SHADOW's the vain Thing,
Down to the Beggar from the King?
Ev'n Dunton's SHADOW has confest,
That SUMMER-FRIENDS are all a Jest,
Or, but Ænigma's at the best.

The Second Ænigma.

That's that each Hour grows Old, and Young,
Which dies each Minute, lives again;
Makes strong Men weak, and weak Men strong,
Which flies in Joy, and creeps in Pain.
Unequal Steps, too short, or long;
A fruitful Train it ever bears,
Then eats it all, and nothing spares.

The Solution.

Stay, Poet, stay, methinks you are too bold,
For TIME was never yet a Minute old;
It was indeed before old Adam's Days,
But peep'd into the World, and fled its Ways.

The Third Ænigma.

Gay Son of Fancy, thee all Powers obey,
And bow beneath thy Arbitrary Sway;
Thou reign'st in all, some gently feel thy Power,
And some thy raging Tyrannies devour:
Father and Son of ev'ry humane Life,
Best spring of Peace, yet frequent Cause of Strife:
Thy FEMALE-FATHERS ev'ry where abound,
And thy MALE-MOTHERS are as often found:
Thou greatest Joy and Anguish of the Mind,
Art gently cruel, and tormently kind;
Blind issue of the Eyes, dark Child of Sight,
Day gives thee large Additions of Delight,
But still thy Paradise, thy Heaven is Night.

The Solution.

Ah! Why *Ignotus*, why in vain,
 Thus do you strive to hide the BOY?
 Sure you ne'er felt *Love's* pleasing Pain,
 Tho' with such Art you paint the Joy.
 LOVE, tho' a RIDDLE is a Light,
 Whose piercing Rays no Veil conceals,
 It shouts thro' the obscurest Night,
 And like all Fires it self reveals.

I have more *Enigmatical Questions* to answer, and to run through a whole System of Divinity *Enigmatically* but I reserve these Mystical Cases, for my *second Volume* *Athenianism*, and shall here (for the sake of Variety) proceed to answer several Nice and Curious Questions concerning the *Jews* and their Conversion, never answer'd in the *Athenian Oracles*.

Quest. **W** Hether all, or the greatest Part of the Jewish Nation shall be called?

A. I chuse to call them rather *Israelites*, or *Israel*, than as St. Paul doth, speaking of this Argument, intimating a large Extent of this Mercy, not confined to one or two Tribes, but communicated to all the Twelve.

2. For the thing it self, the Apostle hath said *enim* *Rom. II. 26.* and to all *Israel* shall be saved, as it is written, *There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall away ungodliness from Jacob*; and this in the Verse immediately precedent, he calleth a Mystery, and therefore may be understood of the Conversion of one or two in an Age, and withal, he opposeth their Calling and Conversion, that which was in the Apostles Times, yet then there were many Thousands converted, *Acts 21. 20.* Thou seest therefore, how many Thousands [or *πολλὰ μυρία* *des*, how many Thousands] there are of the *Jews* who believe: And therefore I conceive it probable, that as in the Apostles Times many Thousands believed, tho' the generality of the Nation remained in unbelief: So when ungodliness shall be driven away from *Jacob*, tho' many Thousands may remain blind and obstinate, yet the generality, the Body of the People, shall be brought to yield Subjection to the Scepter of Christ.

3. The Apostle speaking of the State of *Israel*, in his time, saith, that Blindness in part is happen'd to *Israel* until the Fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so *Ἰσραὴλ σωθήσεται*, *All Israel shall be saved*, — The Prophet *Ezekiel* was commanded to take two Sticks, and to write upon the one, *For Judah*, and the Children of *Israel* his

ions, and upon the other, *For Joseph, the Stick of Ephraim, for all the House of Israel his Companions, and to joyn them together into one Stick, Ezek. 37. 16, 17. Then followeth the uniting of all the twelve Tribes, Vers. 19. Then a gracious Promise, Vers. 21, &c. Behold, I will take the Children of Israel, from among the Heathen whether they be gone, and will gather them on every Side, and bring them into their own Land: and I will make them one Nation in the Land upon the Mountains of Israel, and one King shall be King to them all, and they shall be no more two Nations, neither shall they be divided into two Kingdoms any more at all, Vers. 23. He speaketh of their Sanctification and Perseverance, Vers. 24. He sheweth who that King is, under whose Government they shall remain united; David my Servant shall be King over them, and they all shall have one Shepherd, viz. the Lord Christ, typified by David, and descending from David according to the Flesh: No Jeroboam shall again make a Rent between the Tribes, or cause a Defection from the House of David, Vers. 25. My Servant David shall be their Prince for ever. The latter Part of the Prophecy of Isaiah, seemeth to be very all to this Purpose.*

Q. *Whether there shall be an universal enlightning of the whole World, at the Time of Israels Conversion?*

A. I Answer, that such universal Expressions are not to be understood absolutely; so, *Luke 2. 1. There went out a Decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the World should be taxed, παν τὴν οἰκουμένην*: Whereas the Roman Empire, when it was at the Height, fell far short of the whole World, being bounded with Mount *Atlas* South, and *Danubius* North, *Euphrates* East, and the Irish Seas West; tho' sometimes they made Excursions beyond *Danubius* and *Euphrates*, yet these seem to have been their fixed Limits. But lest any should say, that this Expression savour'd of the Roman Pride, and is only related by S. Luke, let us see what the holy Prophet *Daniel* saith to *Nebuchadnezzar*; *Thou, O King, art a King of Kings, the God of Heaven hath given thee a Kingdom, Dan. 2. 37, 38.* and whosoever the Children of Men dwell, the Beasts of the Field, and the Fowls of Heaven, hath he given into thy hand, and hath made thee Ruler over them all, &c. Chap. 22. *Thy Greatness is grown, and reacheth unto Heaven, and thy Dominion unto the End of the Earth*: I suppose the Meaning is, that both *Nebuchadnezzar*, and the Romans, had many of the most famous Provinces of the World subject to them, and over-aw'd many others which they had not yet invaded. At concerning the Question in Hand, there is *πλῆθος* and *πληθὺς τῶν ἐθνῶν*, *multitudo*, & *plenitudo gentium*: *Multitudo gentium* came in the Primitive Times; *Plenitudo gentium* is expected to come in, at, or before the calling of *Israel*, to provoke

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Provoke them to jealousy and emulation: For if the casting away of them, be the reconciling of the World, what shall the receiving of them be but Life from the Dead? Rom. 11. 15. *verbali quadam dicendi figura fore dicit, ut quum ad Evangelium accesserint Judæi, Mundus quasi reviviscat.* And before, *Verf. 12.* If the Fall of them be the Riches of the World, and the ministering of them the Riches of the Gentiles, how much more the Fullness? I know not how these two Passages can improve less than this, that there shall be a more full Conversion of the Gentiles, when Israel shall be brought in, than there was when they fell off by unbelief in the Apostles Time.

Q. Whether the Instruments God will employ about their Conversion, will be all ordinary, or some extraordinary?

A. Secret Things belong to the Lord our God; and if it be certain, that so glorious a Work shall be done, I think it doth not so much concern us, to enquire what Manner of Instruments the Lord will make use of: As I remember Mr. Brightman interpreteth the two last Chapters of Solomon's Song, and the last part of the sixth, concerning the Conversion of Israel; and observeth, that in the Beginning of Chap. 7. where there is a prophetical Description of this Church, it beginneth at the lower Parts, *Verf. 1.* *How beautiful are thy Feet with Shoes, O Princes Daughter?* and endeth with the Head, *Verf. 5.* Thence gathering somewhat to this Purpose, that the Work shou'd begin among the inferior Members, without any special Help of eminent Instruments. And in the Description of the New Jerusalem, Revel. 21. 12. And speaking of the Twelve Gates of this Quadrature, they are reckon'd in this Order, on the East three Gates, on the North three Gates, on the South three Gates, and on the West three Gates. Hence he gathereth, that our Western European Jews, which dwell among professed Christians, shall come in last, and that the Tribes of Israel dispersed thence to the East, North and South, among Infidels, shall lead the Way; those that have least ordinary Helps beginning the Work. And may not the Apostle be thought to intimate some such thing, when he saith, *Even to this Day, when Moses is read, the Veil is upon their Heart: Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the Veil shall be taken away:* As if they had sufficient Light held forth unto them in the old Testament, whereof they acknowledge the divine Original and Authority, only the Veil upon their Hearts intercepteth it; which being taken away, the Light of the Glory of God in the Face of Christ; shall shine forth clearly to them; however, I am perswaded, after their Calling, they shall have choice and precious Teachers raised up, represented by those twelve precious Stones, laid in the Foundation of the heavenly Jerusalem, Rev. 21. 19, 20.

Q. And

About what Time may the Calling of the Jews be supposed? And whether Rome shall first be destroyed, before the Calling of the Jews?

It becometh us modestly *ἐπιμαρτυρεῖν*, where we have not Warrant from Scripture; but I am strongly perswaded, Rome shall be destroyed before *Israel* shall be called.

Because the Idolatries and other Abominations of the *Jewish* Synagogue, are Stumbling-blocks unto them, and before to be removed out of the Way.

How should the Fulness of the *Gentiles* come in, unto *Babylon*, which holdeth so many Nations of the *Gentiles* Captivity, be ruined to the Foundation?

I know not whether as *Jerusalem*, wherein (or nigh to which) *Christ* was crucified, was overthrown, so it be necessary for the full Conviction of the People of *Israel*, at *Rome*, or mystical *Babylon* (by whose Power and Authority, the Lord of Life was slain) shou'd sink as a Mill-stone into the Bottom of the Sea.

After the Destruction of *Babylon*, largely describ'd,

18. In the beginning of the next Chapter, *John* saith; *After these Things, I heard a great Voice of much People in Heaven, saying Hallelujah, Salvation, and Glory, and Honour and Power unto the Lord our God, &c.* and again they said *Hallelujah*.

These Hebrew Words, *הללויה* not once mentioned before

this Book, seem to imply a Mystery, that after the

downfall of *Babylon*, the Christian Churches singing an

or triumphant Song, to the Honour of the Cap-

tain of their Salvation, shall be mindful of the *Hebrews*, the

disciples of *Christ*, according to the Flesh, inviting them to

partake of the same Mercy with themselves in *Christ*, and

to join with them in magnifying his Name, now that the

great Stumbling-block is taken out of the Way, then it

followeth, *Verf. 6. I heard as it were the Voice of a great Mul-*

titude, and as the Voice of mighty Thunderings, saying Hallelujah,

the Lord God omnipotent reigneth: Let us be glad and rejoyce,

and give Honour to him, for the Marriage of the Lamb is come,

and his Wife hath made her self ready: Now the Bride, the

Lamb's Wife, is the New Jerusalem, Rev. 21. 9, 10. It

followeth that the Marriage of the Lamb, followeth speedily

after the Funeral of the Beast.

5. *Daniel* sheweth, that the Beast must be slain, and his

body given to the burning Flame, *Dan. 7. 11. And then he*

shall come like the Son of Man in the Clouds of Heaven, &c. and

there was given him Dominion, and Glory, and a Kingdom, that

all People, Nations, and Languages shou'd serve him, &c. Verf.

14. But for my Part, I dare not to determine the pre-

cise Time when *Rome* shall be destroyed; but I hope the Day

is not far off; and among other Reasons, for this, because

this

140 *Nice and curious Questions, concerning*

this seventh and worst Head of the fourth Beast, hath already had more time to domineer, than all the other six joined together.

Q. Whether they shall return to their own Land, to Jerusalem?

A. I conceive there are many Prophecies that look this Way; Ezekiel is very express, see Chap. 36 and 37. after the joyning of the two Sticks, signifying the uniting of all the Tribes in one; it is said, *Vers. 21. Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I will take the Children of Israel from among the Heathen whither they be gone, and will gather them on every Side, and bring them into their own Land. Vers. 22. And I will make them one Nation in the Land, upon the Mountains of Israel. Vers. 23. And they shall dwell in the Land that I have given to Jacob my Servant, wherein your Fathers dwelt, and they shall dwell there for ever, even they and their Children, and their Childrens Children for ever, and my Servant David shall be their Prince for ever.* And Chap. 39. 25. *Thus saith the Lord God, now will I bring again the Captivity of Jacob, and have Mercy upon the whole House of Israel, &c. Vers. 28. Toward the End, I have gathered them into their own Land.* Let it be observed, that these Things are spoken, as following the uniting of all the Twelve Tribes in one, and (which is very observable) then followeth immediately the Description of the New Jerusalem in its Glory, although it be shadowed out by typical and mystical Expressions, even from the Beginning of Chap. 40. to the End of the Book: And whereas it is said before, *Chap. 11. 23. The Glory of the Lord went up from the Midst of the City; see an happy Change, Chap. 43. 2. Behold the Glory of the God of Israel, came from the Way of the East, and his Voice was like the Noise of many Waters, and the Earth shined with his Glory. Vers. 4. And the Glory of the Lord came into the House, &c. Vers. 7. And he said unto me, Son of Man, the Place of my Throne, and the Place of the Soles of my Feet, where I dwell in the Midst of the Children of Israel for ever, and my holy Name shall the House of Israel no more desire: And the Description of the New Jerusalem being finished, all is closed up with this Passage, The Name of the City from that Day shall be Jehovah Shamma, the Lord is there: In Zach. 10. 6, 7. I will strengthen the House of Judah, and I will save the House of Joseph, and I will bring them again to place them, &c. See Vers. 7, 8, 9. and then Verse 10. I will bring them again out of the Land of Egypt, and gather them out of Assyria, and I will bring them into the Land of Gilead and Lebanon, &c. Then the Prophet having foretold the Destruction of the unbelieving Jews, for rejecting Christ, Chap. 11. He cometh in the next Chapter, sc. the 12. to speak of happy Times, shewing that Jerusalem shon'd be a Cup of trembling to her Enemies*

Isaiah. Verſ. 2. *A burdensome Stone*. Verſ. 3. *Like an*
Sheaf of Fire among Wood, a Torch of Fire in a Sheaf: Verſ.
 4. and Verſ. 8. *In that Day ſhall the Lord defend the Inhabi-*
ants of Jeruſalem, and he that is feeble among them in that
Day ſhall be as David, and the Houſe of David ſhall be as God,
and the Angel of God before them: Then followeth a notable
 Propheſie of their Mourning, for their crucifying of the Lord
 of Glory; and this Mourning ſhall be in *Jeruſalem*, Verſ.
 10. And Chap. 12. 1. *There ſhall be a Fountain opened to the*
Temple of David, and to the Inhabitants of Jeruſalem for Sin,
 Read the laſt Chapter throughout. I conceive there are
 many Things in the Propheſie of *Iſaiah*, looking this Way;
 and may we not think it will tend highly to the Glory of
 our Lord Jeſus, to ſhew forth his Royal Majeſty in that very
 Land, where he appear'd in the Form of a Servant, was re-
 buſed, oppoſed, buffeted, mocked, reviled, ſpit upon, per-
 ſeuted, blaſphemed, condemned, and crucified as an evil
 doer? As I remember, I have ſeen the Copy of a Letter, or
 Declaration, publiſhed by the *Grand Seigneur*, againſt the
Chriſtians, wherein, among other Paſſages, triumphing in his
 Religion, and ſlighting Chriſtianity, he boaſteth that
 he hath Poſſeſſion of the very Land where Chriſt was born;
 and that it ſeemeth, this is one thing that hardneth the *Ma-*
hometans in their Error.

Having answer'd ſeveral Nice and Curious Questions con-
 cerning the *Jews*, and their Conversion, which were never an-
 ſwer'd in the *Athenian Oracles*, or by the Interlopers.

I ſhall next answer ſeveral Nice and Curious Questions
 of DIVINITY (not *Ænygmatical Divinity*, but *Practi-*
cal) HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, LOVE, POETRY, &c.
 were never yet answer'd in the *Athenian Oracles* already
 publiſh'd, or by any of the Interlopers; and I ſhall begin
 with a Curious and Nice Queſtion in DIVINITY, for no-
 thing (as I ſaid in the Preface to this Project) ſhall be in-
 ſerted in this CONTINUATION ORACLE, or *Chriſtian's*
Oracle, but what is wholly New or Uncommon. So that
Apollo's *Apollon* will be ſtored with Novelties, ſo very Nice
 and Uncommon, as even put him above interloping with
 the Interlopers; of which the following Queſtions are ſo
 many diſtinct Proofs—I begin with the Divine Queſtion. viz.

Queſt. Shall we ever be ſo Perfect, as to do all our Services to
 God out of pure Love, and nothing at all out of Hope?
 (in plainer Words) Shall our Hope continue even in Hea-

A. That

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A. That our Hope shall continue even in Heaven, 'tis a Notion wholly new and uncommon, and deny'd by many learned Men, yet to me it seems probable it will; I give my Reasons for this new Assertion, but submit them to the Censure of wiser Heads than mine. Before I publish this *New Doctrine*, (*That a Christian's Hope shall continue in Heaven*) I shall be so fair to the Gentlemen of a contrary Opinion, as to tell the World, what Affections they also shall have no Place in Heaven.

And first, they tell us, *As for the Affection of Desire*, it shall have no Place in Heaven: The Infinite Sweetness (say they) which the Saints shall taste in God and Christ, and in the Love of God and Christ, shall abundantly satisfy them, and leave no Place for *Desire*; their perfect Enjoyment of God shall admit no hungering or thirsting after further Delights: they shall be fully satisfy'd, but never cloy'd nor satiated: whence St. *Augustin* saith, such shall that Delight of Beatitude in Heaven be, that it shall be always present with thee, and yet thou never satiated: for if I shall say, Thou shalt never be satisfy'd, there shall be an hunger and thirst: if I shall say, Thou shalt be satiated, thou wilt fear a Cloying there where shall be neither Famine, Hunger, nor Thirst, nor tedious Cloying: To the same Purpose *Cyprian* saith, *The Saints shall not only taste how sweet God is, but they shall be filled with a wonderful Sweetness, nothing shall be wanting to them*. In Heaven there is no more desire for Christ as a thing absent, the Thirst being swallowed up in Christ, the Soul thirsteth no more; Christ being present, their Desires are satisfy'd: God shall be all in all, his Presence shall fill and satisfy all the Powers and Faculties of their Souls.

Holy *David* having here tasted of God's Sweetness, cries out, *Whom have I in Heaven but thee, there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee?* Psal. 73. 25. intimating to us, that he that hath God, hath enough in God: The Soul that possesseth God in this Life, hath recovered that great Loss that fell upon *Adam*, and all Mankind by Sin: Man by Sin lost God, now he that hath God in Christ, hath recovered that great Loss: Man in his first Estate had enough by enjoying God; now he that recovereth this Loss, wanteth nothing, for he findeth enough in God. And although *Adam* in his Innocence enjoyed many other things besides God, as perfect Health, Possession of the Garden of *Eden*, and full Authority over the Creatures, and albeit these Things were comfortable in a Degree in their Kind, yet Man's Happiness in that State did not consist in possessing these things, but in enjoying God; and all the Glory and Sweetness, and every thing that was desirable in all these things, was deriv'd merely and wholly from God. Now whatever God doeth

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give to Man by the Creature, he will supply in Heaven without the Creature, viz. *Immediately by himself*: If the same be sweet, how much better is Water in the Spring, purer there? In Heaven the Saints shall want nothing, shall they enjoy nothing there but God; he will be all to them, *their Drink, their Food, their Rest, their Joy, their Sure, the Height of all their Honour, he will be all, and more all unto them.* Which Consideration, made a devout

meditating hereupon to cry out, *Deus meus & omnia*:

One Refreshing of Thine, one Enjoyment of Thee is sweet Refreshing indeed; for to enjoy Thee, is to enjoy Quintessence of all Good. Thou art unto me, O my God, Goodness it self, rest in my Labours, Pleasure in my Grief, Security in my Cares, and the only true Refuge in my Poverty; Thou art my strong Bulwark, against the furious Assaults of Men; Thou art my Refuge whatever Evil doth oppress me; and finally, Thou art all unto whatsoever I can wish for, or desire: Wherefore then, when we come to Heaven, we shall not need to seek to quench Thirst with any Stream, when we have so chrystal a Spring-head or Fountain as this, where we may lie down and drink our Fills, in having and enjoying God, we shall have whatsoever we can desire; then the Lord will wholly satisfy the Hearts of his Children according to his own Will, that whatsoever is pleasing to him, shall be delightful to them; the Heart shall then be kept in from wandering any more after vain and sensual Delights; and the Soul be wholly conformed to God, it hath whatever it can desire.

And as for the Affections of Fear and Sorrow, and Anger, they have no Place in Heaven; for then they shall be set far from the Fear of all Evil; the Saints being possess'd of an infinite Good, which is God himself, for their Portion, shall have no Cause then to fear any Evil; there is no Evil can hurt them, for no Evil shall be able to reach them who are in Possession of him that is an infinite Good: They are also possess'd of God (the infinite Good) in perpetuity: They have him in everlasting Possession; for otherwise, altho' they need not fear any Evil while they are possess'd of him, they might fear the Loss of him, and their woful Separation from him, and then they should lie open to all Sorts of Evils; therefore to prevent this Fear, the Lord hath betrothed them to himself for ever, and hath given himself to them in Marriage, and that in an everlasting Covenant, and will never be divorced from them, but be theirs for ever and ever. The Graces of Repentance, Mortification, Self-denial, shall have place in Heaven, which are of great Use here in the Way to Heaven; there shall be no Sense of Evil to be sorrowed for, nor Sin to be repented of, nothing distasteful to provoke

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voke their Anger, or to discompose those blessed Spirits that are above; there shall be a perfect Harmony between God and them.

Neither (say these Gentlemen) shall there be any Use of the Graces of Faith and Hope in Heaven. St. Paul tells us, he abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity: Why greater than the other, but because this abideth immortal for ever? In Heaven instead of believing we shall see; Here the Object of Faith is things not seen; the Thing promised, but not yet performed; now the Life to come, when all things that are promised are fully performed to us, and possessed by us, there is no Use of Faith, in relation to these Things.

So for Hope (say these Gentlemen) When all the Glory of Heaven is fully enjoyed, that the Saints hope for, there is no Use of Hope in Reference to the same Things: The Affection of Hope ceaseth not, until the Good that is desired and hoped for, be obtained, and made present; but that good thing being had and attained unto, then the Affection of Hope ceaseth, for what we have and enjoy we hope not for, Rom. 8. 24, 25. Therefore, saith Augustin, Hope is a Child of Faith, by which Man hopeth (from him whom he knoweth) for that which yet he hath not: Now when the Good that we hoped for is obtained, Hope doth end and cease. Yet notwithstanding, although Faith, Hope, and Patience, shall cease in Respect of their Objects, yet they are Eternal in Respect of their Fruits, Heb. 6. The Apostle stirring up the Hebrews to walk after the Examples of those that are now in Glory, speaks thus; Be ye followers of them who through Faith and Patience have inherited the Promises. Those things that heretofore were not seen to them but by an Eye of Faith, they are now in full Possession of, they do inherit the Promises: on the other side, they have no more Sufferings to endure, therefore there is no more Use of Patience; but the Fruit of those Graces which they sought for, that they now inherit and enjoy. St. Paul tells us, Gal. 6. that He that soweth to the Spirit shall reap Life everlasting. When the Husbandman soweth his Seed in the Earth, the Seed dieth, and is dissolved in the Ground, when it lies hid, he sees no more Seed till the Harvest cometh, but then he reapeth many Bushels for one; so he that soweth to the Spirit, worketh in the Strength of those Graces, shall reap Life everlasting; he shall have no use of those Graces in the Life to come, but reap the Fruit of them even Life eternal: When the Saints come to possess Heaven as a Portion cast out by God's own Lot for them in all Eternity, they shall for ever enjoy the Fruit of their Faith, Hope, and the End of their Faith and Hope: Oh how

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the Remembrance of their Work of Faith, and Labour
Love, and Patience of Hope be to all Eternity?

As I have fairly told my Querist, what Reasons some
Men give to prove, that a Christian's HOPE, &c.
not continue in Heaven; but it seems probable to me
all, and my Reasons for this New Assertion are,

Our Love of God depends upon our Knowledge of
(*ignoti nulla cupido*) Our Knowledge of God is only
back Parts, as himself calls them; which are such
ties, as have respect to us; *The Lord is merciful, gra-
long suffering, &c.* not such as describe him absolute
himself, as he is *Goodness* it self: His *Goodness* abso-
only known to himself, and therefore only (so)
by himself: I conclude then, we cannot Love him but
respect to his *Goodness* to us, which is the Object of
and Hope; and so not without some Mixture of
That's the first.

Self-love, if moderate is a natural Impress of God
a Man's Soul; and therefore (it seems) to make a
love any thing for it self, without some Respect to
f, were to destroy Man's Nature; *Praise the Lord, for
ood; why? for his Mercy endureth for ever.*

Love proceeds from Hope, as the Effect from the Cause.
therefore we love a thing; because we hope to receive
good from that thing; we do not (properly and di-
) hope in any thing because we love it, but only by Ac-
t, in as much as we believe, we are beloved of it:
it will follow, that we cannot love God, but because
st hope in him, as the Author of all our Good; and
pe will ever have Ingredience into our Love.

This is certain, in the Judgment of the best Divines,
the Saints in Heaven now have not lost their Hope;
live in hope of the Resurrection of their Bodies, *My
shall rest in hope*, Psal. 16. 9. No, nor after the Resur-
ever shall lose their Hope; tho' there besome Diffe-
between our Hope now, and then, theirs, and ours;
ars, 1. Ariseth from *Faith*, theirs from *Sight*. 2. Ours
h Labour and Contention, theirs without all Difficul-
3. Ours is imperfect, theirs perfect. That received Opi-
of Divines, that Faith and Hope shall cease in Heaven;
to be understood of the Essence, or Substance of those
s; but of their Imperfection, and Manner of their
Faith shall be perfected by Vision, and *Hope* by Fruiti-
We shall then see, what now we believe; and enjoy,
now we hope for: Yet shall there be still Use both of
and Hope; in as much as there shall for ever be some-
that we shall never fully see; something that we shall
totally and together enjoy: The infinite Essence and

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Goodness of God, which no Creature can comprehend; the Eternity of Happiness, which no Creature can at once and together possess; and therefore shall have Use of both to believe the one, and *Hope* to expect the other: These Objections therefore of *Aquinas* may be easily answer'd, both concerning Faith and Hope; That because Faith is that by which we believe what we do not see; and in Heaven shall see what we now believe, therefore it is impossible that Faith should remain. And again, because we hope for that which we have not; and in Heaven, have in Possession, that we hope for, therefore it is impossible Hope should remain in Heaven: But in Heaven, there shall be always something which we shall not see; and something we shall not enjoy (without any Derogation to our Happiness) unless God will deify the Creature; therefore there shall be still both Faith and Hope in Heaven: And this may be illustrated by the contrary Fear of the Damned; which Fear being contrary to Hope, an Expectation of Evil to come: That Fear that now wicked Men have of Hell shall cease, when they once come in Hell, Fear being turn'd to present Sensation and Feeling; yet they shall be tormented with the Fear and Expectation of the eternal Succession of their Torments, which shall be one of the worst Pieces of their Hell. So on the contrary Side; tho' Hope in the Godly, in Regard to the Complement of their Happiness, shall cease, being brought into Fruition; yet in Regard of the Eternity of that Fruition, their Hope shall be extended to Eternity; and there shall be no small Portion of their Happiness. The Distinction on between the Fear of the damned, and Hope of the blessed; that Fear may better be in the damned, than Hope in the blessed, because in the one there shall be a Succession of Punishments, and so there shall be a Respect to Future Time or Time to come; and in the other the Glory shall be without Succession, after a certain Participation of Eternity, which there is neither Time past nor to come, but only present; I say, this Distinction is not true, (as I suppose) because there is the same Succession of Happiness in Heaven as of Torments in Hell; in Regard of the Creatures, which being finite, cannot infinitely at once enjoy their eternal Happiness: God only being infinite and only eternally once and together enjoying his own Happiness. But enough of that: I now rejoyn; If there be, (as its probable) a continued Existence of Hope, and we shall have always something attending upon our Love, its as probable, that Hope shall not be idle; but exercised often, if not continually, in viewing of its Object, and that View cannot but excite us to Love to all holy Obedience, and that for ever.

Whether the Ancient or Modern Philosophers have yet given a satisfactory Account of Sympathy and Antipathy? if therefore we'd set those two great Wonders in Nature, in a better Light than they have yet been, it wou'd bring no small Credit to New Apollo.

The wonderful Effects which we see in Nature, whose natural Causes are not easily found out, obliges Philosophers to have Recourse to Occult Causes, and to attribute these Effects to natural Sympathy and Antipathy, which happens amongst the several Bodies whereof the World is compounded; but if you press these Philosophers for you, and to explain wherein this Sympathy and Antipathy doth consist, they will give you no other Reason, but they tell you, they are done by certain occult and unknown Causes, to which they ascribe all those Effects, whose Causes they do not at all know. But they would do much better, plainly to confess their Ignorance, and say they know nothing of the Matter.

But we may better understand what may be said upon a subject so nice and delicate, and give a Reason of those wonderful Effects which are attributed to Sympathy and Antipathy, without the Help of occult Causes; in the first place I suppose that the Difficulty which occurs in explaining the Effect of this Nature, doth arise from this, That the Mind is not able to know the Truth of Things but by the Ideas which are the Gates thro' which the Objects enter, and form their Ideas in our Understanding; but because there is an Abundance of Things which escape our Senses, it is no wonder, that it is so hard to give a Reason of Things which are so remote from the Reach of our Senses: As for instance; *Iron* moves it self, and that by way of local Motion joins it self to the *Load-stone*; we do not see that it draws the *Iron* to it, tho' we see it attracted, but we know not by what Ways or Means it is done; but if we say this, and such like Effects, by saying they are done by Sympathy, obscure and occult Causes, we deceive our selves; for that is only a Shelter, and the true Cause of hiding our Ignorance, which we are loath to discover, there is no Man in Nature so blockish, but after a little Manner can resolve all the Phenomena in the Universe. We may be ask'd, Why the Needle turns always to the North? It is enough to say, that there is a Sympathy betwixt the Needle which is touch'd with the *Load-stone*, and the Cause of this Sympathy is obscure, unsearchable, and past finding out: But if this be the Way of resolving, I refer it to those who are competent Judges of the Matter.

Therefore that we may give a more ingenuous and solid Reason,

Reason, in the second Place, I suppose that there are Bodies but that continually emit certain subtile Particles and imperceptible Corpuscles which are dispersed thro' the Air, and are at sometimes carried at a great Distance, until they jussle with other Bodies in their Way. By the Help of this Principle, we find the Reason why a Dog follows the Foot-steps of a Hare, or from a Heap of a Thousand Stones he readily knows that Stone which his Master threw, and picks it out, and by his Command brings it to him. By this Dispersion of Corpuscles, we find the Reason how Contagion of the Plague, either from the Person infected, or from the Wind blowing from that Region, is carried a great Way off; as also the Reason that the Smell of Rosemary is perceivable at a hundred Miles distance, as *Kenelm Digby* observes; and likewise the wonderful Cure of Persons Wounds, which are far distant, by the Means of Sympathetick Powder; so likewise of the Fermentation of Canary Wine, brought into *England*, which ferment before the Time of their Vintage, when the Vines in *Spain* are not and are in the Bud, and such like.

I suppose farther, that all these small Corpuscles do all as to their Figure and Magnitude, and that they are all equally received by this or that Body; so one Man is infected with the Plague, in the same Place where are many others untouch'd. For the same Reason, the Beams of the Sun melt Wax, and not Lead, unless they are collected and assisted by the Help of a Burning-glass, or the like; and the Heat of Fire melts Metals after a very different Manner.

Lastly, I suppose that it is somewhat difficult to give a solid and sufficient Reason of all the Experiments that daily occur in the Nature of Things. Truly we are furnished with no small Admiration, when we see *Iron* magnetized with the Presence of the *Load-stone*, and to approach it, as if they were endu'd with a kind of Sense and Knowledge. The *Tree* of the Male Kind is barren, unless the Female be planted near it, but if they be separated by a River, they lean to one another, as if they would embrace each other.

If you strike the String of a Lute in one Corner of a Room, it shall Cause the String of another Lute, tuned to the same Height, and placed in an opposite Corner, to give out a Sound; but not another. The Cock always flaps his Wings in the same Moment that the Sun appears above the Horizon. All Effects which we see from Sympathy afford us Matter of Admiration, and compel us to acknowledge the Force of Sympathy, That Sympathy to be the Daughter of Ignorance.

The same Thing may be said of Effects which are attributed to Antipathy, no less amazing, and no less difficult to be explained. Who can without much Difficulty explain

al Aversion that is between the *Colewort* and *Vine*, so if it be planted near a *Vine* the *Vine* will give back, and all the *Colewort* on the other Side? Who can give a Reason that Sheep shou'd shun a Wolf tho' unseen? Or, that a Drum made of Sheeps-skin, shou'd not sound where there is another Drum made of a Wolf's Skin? Or, that we are seen by a Wolf, before we see him we are? Who can give a Reason that the *Basilisk* shou'd be by Sight? and other Effects of this Kind, which are constantly observed.

Q. Athenian JOHN, since 'tis to you we owe

The Doubting-Thought, and Interlopers too;

For you first question'd, and then they pursue.)

Then NEW APOLLO, let me know in Time,

And that in Verse (for you cou'd ever Rhime);

What is that Glorious Throne so much ador'd,

That Eye hath never seen, nor Ear hath heard?

You say, 'till' Christian's Gazette (which I bought)

If there be Heav'n 'tis worthy to be sought,

Or were there none, yet Heaven's a pleasant Thought.

But Heav'n there is, which you in Prose define,

But I would know what Heaven is in Rhime.

For Verse is fittest to describe that Place,

Where highest Flights can't reach the lowest Rays;

Prose is too boarfe to sing Celestial Lays.

Then since your New Apollo is to chime,

And answer Doubts, sent both in Prose and Rhime,

Describe in Verse, that Bright and Joyful Fort,

Which you call Heaven, or the Celestial Court.

Tell where it is, and how bedeck'd with Rays,

And I'll call Death to waft me to the Place;

Who wou'd not die to see his Saviour's Face?

A. Above the tallest most exalted View,

When stretch'd and lifted up by Opticks too;

Above the Convex of this Azure Vault,

So out of Sight we can't tell what to call't;

High above all that our Conceits can reach,

When sublimated to their utmost Stretch,

There is, what we call HEAVEN, a joyous State,

Too happy for a Guefs to calculate:

The greatest Riches that a Miser's Dream

E'er conjur'd up to tempt and flatter him:

The most of Honour that a Monarch's Court

Can give those Men that hunt and rival for't,

The rarest Scenes that raptur'd Saints have view'd,

When Fancy wrought in a Prophetick Mood,

Fall infinitely short of HEAVEN, and can't

Yield Joys enough to treat or tempt a Saint:

He to whose Palate nothing suits but Blifs,
 Can't relish fuch ignoble Fare as this:
 Alas his noble Soul can't ftoop to efteem
 Things fo Inglorious and unworthy him.

Heav'n has more Glory couch'd within a Point
 Than all this worthlefs fcanty World has in't;
 'Tis guarded round with double Walls of Gold,
 As hard to force as ftately to behold;
 The Batteries which damned Spirits make
 Can't fcale its Bulwarks, nor its Pillars fshake;
 Their Hellifh Engines fpend their Strength in vain,
 For Bullets fhot do but rebound again.

The gay Embroid'ry of the Place invites
 All Admiration, and the gaudy Sights
 Which charm the Eye, on ev'ry Side proclaim
 The Pow'r and Skill of him that wrought the fame:
 'Tis garnifh'd round with Light, and blazon'd all
 With thofe bright Rays which from God's Image fall
 Thrones and Dominions here in Order ftand,
 Rank'd in their Stations like a charging Band;
 Mansions like Leaves in their Autumnal Falls,
 Lie fcatter'd up and down on Pedafalls;
 Above hang Canopies of vail Extent,
 Prop'd by the Pow'r of God Omnipotent.
 Scepters and Crowns of coftly Sorts here are,
 Rank'd and enfhin'd like Magazines of War;
 Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds in Clusters fhine,
 And hang like Grapes upon a fruitful Vine:
 The bright Piazza's of the *PALACE COURT*,
 Are pav'd with Rubies of the richer Sort;
 Three Royal Thrones all curioufly wrought,
 Carv'd by the Skill of an Almighty Thought,
 Are fix'd on a commanding Place, wherein
The Father, Son and Spirit fit and reign.

Their Crowns are charg'd with richer Pearls and
 Than *India* yields, or ever *Avron* wore;
 And being triple-fhap'd, they do imply
 The deep-lay'd Myft'ry of the Trinity;
 In Godhead thefe are One, in Will the fame,
 Yet Three in Perfonality and Name.

But as the Deity can ne'er admit
 A fhort-arm'd Human Thought to fathom it,
 So punctually to copy out the Blifs,
 Which to the Saints in Heaven difpenced is;
 Is more than Reason's able to direct
 Me to perform, or any to expect:
 In Nature's Search we to the Caufe advance,
 Before we can inform our Ignorance;

To judge of Acts we must their Objects know,
 Else as unlearn'd as when we came we go.
 So to proportion out the Boundless Love
 That is imparted to the Blest Above,
 We ought to understand the Fountain whence
 These happy Souls derive their Influence.
 What's in th' Effect is in the Cause be sure,
 Streams won't run muddy if the Spring be pure.
 First to know *God* do's necessary seem
 To know the Happiness of Souls in Him,
 But Spirits are so exquisitely fine,
 They 'scape our Notices and pass unseen;
 And if our Reason can't discourse of These,
 Who knows what *GOD* the Father of them is?
 Then if you'd know what Heaven is, and where,
 You must call *Friendly Death* to waft you there;
 For I can only speak my Thoughts, and give
 This loose Account of what the Blest receive:
 Then hearken now unto that bright Report,
 Which I'll here give of the *CELESTIAL COURT*.

The Throne Imperial is encompass'd round,
 With Guardian-Angels to their Stations bound:
 These glitt'ring Courtiers all of Royal Blood,
 Seem by their Services to credit *GOD*;
 Each in the Brightness of his Glory spreads
 More Rays of Lustre than proud *Phæbus* sheds:
 But yet those Beams in which they shine so bright,
 Are all reflected from Diviner Light.
 They borrow all their Beauty, which would soon
 Decline and fade, if *GOD* shou'd hide his own.
 Their diff'rent Orders comblily agree,
 And jointly make a graceful Symetry:
 All know their Distance and devoutly give
 To *GOD* the Rights of his Prerogative.

Next these there does another Order wait,
 Of Beings less insufferably great,
 I mean the Saints whose Faith and Patience sought
 This Purchase, which their Elder Brother bought;
 Whose thrifty Stewardship of Talents gain'd
 These large Possessions in the Holy Land:
 Of These, the Patriarchs (from whom proceed
 The num'rous Offspring call'd the Holy Seed)
 With all their pious Progeny beset,
 Are here in Universal Council met.

Hard by, assembled in a spacious Sphere,
 The grave Society of Prophets are.

These are a Sage Prognosticating Race,
 Exalted by the Chymistry of Grace,
 Above the Vulgar Saints; their Office proves
 Them more Divine by two or three Removes.
 They sit all clad in the Mysterious Dress
 Of Hieroglyphick Schemes and Images ;
 The Pageantry of their Prophetick Dreams
 Is painted in their Robes, the Mystic Schemes
 Of Types and Visions drawn in Perspective,
 Make pictur'd Things seem to the Eye alive :
 Thus gayly dress'd in Party-colour'd Plumes,
 They sit like Limners in their Image-Rooms.

By these, as near as Order will permit,
 The grave Apostles in a Synod meet.
 These, by their Presence, would be guess'd to be
 Committee-Saints, or *Patres Patria*.

Hard by the Martyr'd Champions of the CROSS
 That dy'd lest Life should be a publick Loss ;
 Whose Courage to the Death unshaken stood,
 And wrote their Cause in Characters of Blood:
 Rang'd in Battalia joyfully advance
 Their dear bought Spoils of Faith and Patience.

These, and a thick innumerable Host,
 Swarming throughout the whole Celestial Coast,
 Stand all devoutly ready to fulfil
 The welcome Orders of their Maker's Will.

These are my Thoughts of the *CELESTIAL COURT*
 And what you'll find when *Death* doth waite you to
 But stay for *Death* ; make no more Hast than Speed
 No Angel stirs until he is decreed:
 For *Death* can do no more than ope the Door ;
 'Tis they must waite you to the *GLORIOUS SHORE*

Thus have I shewn in Verse, that joyful Fort,
 Which I call *HEAVEN*, or the *Celestial Court* :
 Told where it is, and how bedeck'd with Rays ;
 And cou'd, with you, even die to see the Place.
 But still this *MAP* of *Heaven* is *GENERAL* ;
 But in my next *APOLLO*, if you call
 For *NAMES* of Persons that are glorify'd,
 I'll give a List of some that lately dy'd.

*Q. Life is a Passage unto Death,
 Our Life dies on, until our Breath
 Expire, and that's the last of Death.
 If this be Death, pray Sir descry,
 What 'tis to LIVE, and what to DIE,
 For both are yet a Secrecy ?*

The Passing-Bell.

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A. They are so, for no Man can tell,
What's LIFE or DEATH, (the PASSING-BELL) }
Both are so ÆNIGMATICAL. }
You'd know what 'tis to LIVE and DIE : }
Too weak are Humane Eyes to pry }
Into the SHADES of Destiny.
Fate spreads a CURTAIN to our Sight,
Thro' which a faint imperfect Light
Serves only to perplex our Way,
As *Blinking-Meteors* make us stray :
What can *APOLLO* then foretell,
In his ambiguous ORACLE ?
Cheating your Judgment, whilst he shrouds
Vain RIDDLES in mysterious Clouds :
Wisely did Providence deny
To Human Curiosity,
That only Priviledge to look,
In Destiny's Eternal Book :
For shou'd we know our Periods, then
What's LIFE, and what to leave the SCENE, }
We shou'd do more, or less than Men.
But die we must, tho' we know not
What 'tis to draw that *Fatal Lot*.
The beating of thy PULSE (when well)
Is tolling of thy *Passing-Bell*.
Night is thy Hearse, whose Canopy
Covers deceased Day and thee;
And all those *Dews* which nightly fall,
Are Tears shed for thy FUNERAL.
Thus ev'ry Thing's a *Passing-Bell*, }
But Death's *Ænigma* none can tell, }
'Tis best resolv'd by living well. }
'Tis Conscience that does make us fear
The grim and saucy Messenger.
PREPARE— (tho' Death's a Secrecy)
You'll never be afraid to die:
Let Virtue be your Passing-Bell,
And never fear the Dying well.
Oh Death! (O watchful Death!) thou look'st for me,
I am prepar'd, O Death! and look for thee.
Q. As Saints when they a VISION spy,
Struck with Amaze and Extasy,
Do their whole Sense and Soul unite,
To give Attendance to the Sight,
'Till ev'ry Look or Thought employ'd,
Is lost i'th' Pleasure it enjoy'd :
So when my ANGEL I accost,
I gaze and wonder, 'till I'm lost ;

And

And thence conclude, that if there be
 A Heav'n upon Earth, it is she.
 I am a Man that trades for O A R
 To PERU, and the Eastern Shoar;
 But in my TRAVELS cannot see
 An ANGEL so compleat—as she.
 When from her Eyes I feel a Pain,
 I'm cur'd by looking on again;
 And when my Sadness she'd beguile,
 FUBS darts me with a killing Smile:
 Thus all in Charms I'm cover'd o'er,
 But of her Pow'r, O name no more!
 Lest ev'ry Thought that flows from thence,
 Commit a RAPE upon my Sense;
 And make me thus devoted, prove
 A MARTYR—of imperfect Love.
 If I thus doat, and can't forbear
 To make an ANGEL of my Dear,
 Pray DUNTON tell me what's the Snare:
 At least, direct me in my Choice,
 To one that's Chast and very Nice;
 For she I doat on does so lure,
 I fear my ANGEL is a W——

A. Your FUBS is Gay, but may be chaste,
 For Virgins 'lure 'till they're embrac'd
 And then are Sick of what they taste.
 But if you'd court a Lady fair,
 One that is chaste, yet Debonair;
 'Tis Madam F——son * I'd commend,
 To be your WIFE, and Bosom-Friend,
 What need you travel, since you may
 More choicer Wonders here survey?
 What need you TYRE for Purple seek,
 When you may find it in her Cheek?

* Mrs. J——son of Kensington is here meant, and here I
 proud that I cannot flatter. Greatness is indeed communicated to
 some few of both Sexes, but Beauty and Wit is confin'd to a
 narrow Compass; 'tis only in the Female Sex, 'tis not shar'd by
 any; and its supreme Perfection is in Mrs. J——son. The Prize
 of Beauty and Wit was disputed only 'till she was seen, but
 all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims; there is no Competition
 on but for the second Place; where ever she goes, there are no
 Eyes for other Beauties; she only is present, and the rest of the
 Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill her Triumph: Where are
 Eyes more attractive than those of this Lady? Where's a Virgin
 careful of her Words, so pious in her Actions, so delicate in her
 Shape, or so lofty in her Mein?

Or sack the *Eastern Shoars*, there lies
More precious *Diamonds* in her *Eyes* :
What need you dig *PERU* for *Oar*,
When ev'ry *Hair* of her yields more ?
Or toil for *Gums* in *India*,
Since she can breath more rich than they ?
Or ransack *Affick*, there will be,
On either *Hand* more *Ivory* ?
But look within all *Virtues* that
Each *Nation* wou'd appropriate,
And with the *Glory* of them rest,
Are in this *MAP* at large exprest ;
That who does *TRAVEL* here will know,
The *LITTLE-WORLD* in *Folio*.
Then if you'd have a *Matchless Dove*,
For *Beauty*, *Chastity* and *Love* ;
'Tis *Madam F*—son you must court ;
She is an *ANGEL* by *Report*.

Q. I wou'd be marry'd, but I'd have no Wife,
For I'd be marry'd to a single Life ;
Give me the Spouse that is Platonick too,
That wou'd not wed as vulgar Lovers do :
" Such Sweets can scarcely be by Death destroy'd,
*" Where not the Body but the Soul's enjoy'd *.*
But where's an Angel-Consort to be found ?
Make such a Match, Apollo shall be crown'd.

A. If DUNTON must direct your Heart,
Fly Double Courtship, 'tis a Dart
That wounds you in the Carnal Part.
But if you'd have an Angel Wife †,
(That's live Platonick all your Life)
Court Cloris || that so much excells,
But court her SOUL and nothing else :
To court the SOUL is so divine,
'Tis courting like a Seraphim.
Wou'd Cloris correspond agen,
I'd be your RIVAL in this Theam :
For there's no Harm, as Doctors write,
For Souls to love and to unite,
When freed from Carnal Appetite.

}

}

Mr. Dunton, These two Lines mark'd thus " , are your own
in the Book you publish'd some Months ago, entitl'd,
Athenian Spy.
Alluding to that Verse in Mr. Watt's Poem to Philomela,
[Since a fair Angel dwells below.]
See her Character more at large in my Project entitl'd, The
able Courtship. Pag. 3, 12, 31, 46, 49, 56.

Then

Then *Philomela*, thee and I
 Will knit us in so strict a Tie,
 As shall with greater Pow'r engage,
Than feeble Charms of Marriage.
 We will be FRIENDS our Thoughts shall go
 Without Impeachment, too and fro;
 In SPIGHT of *Frome*, and ARGUS* too.
 In our first Platonick Dream,
Our Thoughts and Wishes were the same †.
 The same Desires shall elevate
 Our mingled Souls, the self-same Hate;
 Shall cause Aversion we will bear
One Sympathizing Hope and Fear:
 And for to move more close, we'll frame
Our Triumphs and our Tears the same:
 Yet will we ne'er so grossly dare,
 As our ignoble selves shall share,
 (For Double-Courtship is a Snare).
 Let Men desire like those Above,
Unmatter'd Forms, we'll only love,
 And teach the ruder World to shame,
 When Heat encreaseth to a Flame.
 Love's like a *Landskip* which doth stand
 Smooth at a Distance, Rough at Hand;
 Or like a *Fine*, which from afar
 Doth gently warm, consumes when near:
 Thus I wou'd court, and can approve
Of none but pure Platonick Love.
 But if you'd wed as Virgins do,
 (That's love both Soul and Body too);
 Accept this YOUTH, he's so refin'd,
 He'll love your Body too and Mind,
 And if you wed a Thousand Joys,
 And (cou'd it be) a Thousand Boys.

Q. *Some learned Men are of Opinion, That the Sun is the Seat of the Blessed. The Notion is wholly New and surprising, and I want to know what Duntion's Apollo will say to it?*

A. I judge 'twill be an Entertainment to the Lovers of Novelty, if I preface this Question, with a brief, and I believe I may say, a new Account of the Creation of the Sun, which take as follows, viz.

That Light which upon the Conquest and Destruction of the Darkness, had seiz'd upon, and spread it self upon the Parts of the Abyss, it seem'd best to the great Creator,

* ARGUS is the Person that suppress'd my Correspondence with *Cloris*, mention'd in the Double-Courtship. P. 38.

† See the Meaning of this Line in my Double-Courtship, P. 38.

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tract into that most Resplendent and Illustrious, for Quantity and Quality, for Bigness and Beauty, that *Globe of the Sun*, that as the Light was more narrowly pent, so it might be more efficaciously powerful, and might dart its Beams with more Vigour; as also that the *Created Light*, the nearest approaching Nature to the DIVINE GLORY, proceeding from an uncreated *Unity*, might thro' its *Unity*, be shed out upon the Creatures.

From this *Glorious Lamp of the World*, do all the other Bodies borrow Light; for that dark Shade which we sensibly perceive in the Globe of the Moon, by Reason of the neighbouring Earth, and the Extension of her Shadow, we may credibly guess the like to be in the other *Globose Bodies*, not perceivable by Reason of their Distance. Indeed the Prime, and most principal Nature of Sensibles, *The Fountain of Light* ought to be one, from which these Things now might receive the Breath of Life, whence is that true saying, *The Sun and Moon beget Man*.

It was not an improbable Assertion of some of the Philosophers, *That the Soul of the World was in the Sun, and the Earth in the Centre of the Whole*: For, the Consideration of Unity and Nature seem to require, that the Body of the World should have an equal Distance from the *Fountain and Centre of created Light*, to wit, the EMPYREAN HEAVEN, from the Dark Centre the Earth, which are the Extremities of the whole Fabrick, whereby this *Lamp of the World*, in its middle Nature, and joyner of both Extrems, might sit in its Scite in the Middle, that it may the more commodiously receive the rich Treasures of all Powers, from the Spring, and upon a like Distance convey them to the lower Regions below.

Before the Contraction of this Light into the *Body of the Sun*, the Earth spent an idle Time in its Solitude, looking for a MALE, that being impregnated by his Copulation, might bring forth all Sorts of Creatures, for as yet it had delivered only of Abortives and Embryos, to wit, of Vegetables only. For the weak and faint Heat of that scatter'd Light, cou'd not get the Conquest of that moist and cold Matter, nor put forth its Virtue in any higher Actings; but whatever Influence the Sun might have on this lower World, was not a little honour'd, (if we believe the Ingenious Dr. Boyle) in being made the Seat of the Blessed. The Sun, which we have thought to be nothing else but a single Beam of the *Light of Righteousness*, on the Account of its dazzling Splendour, is not only the *Seat of the Blessed*, but even to this lower World is of unspeakable Benefit.

But, Reader, let not this NEWS surprize you, for one of the ancient Philosophers did long since discover, not only the

the Sun, but the Moon, to be the Receptacle of the blessed Souls departed out of this Life; and that all their Happiness consists in hearing the Harmony of the Spheres; that is, the Music (I had like to have said Noise) which is made by the Motion of the Celestial Bodies. If you have seen a *Ravee*—you will easily comprehend it: But because the Philosopher pretends to know exactly all they do there, he tells you *That when the Moon is obscur'd by the Shadow of the Earth, she no longer hear the heavenly Musick, but howl like so many Souls in Purgatory; so that the Moon taking pity of 'em, makes all the Haste she can to get into the Light again.* But that all this is a Whim, or Fiction, I dare credit this News, *The Sun is the Seat of the Blessed.* But — here, methinks, I hear the *Anti-Athenians* reflect, *How! The Sun the Seat of the Blessed!* 'Tis all a Fiction, and nothing can be said in Defence of such a senseless Novelty: But, alas Reader, did you but compare the miserable Scantiness of our Capacities with the vast Profundity of Things, both Truth and Modesty wou'd teach us a *Dialect*, more becoming short-sighted Mortality. Can nothing be otherwise, which we conceive impossible to be so? Is our Knowledge, and Things, so unequally commensurate, as to justify the affirming, that that cannot be, which we comprehend not? Our Demonstrations are levy'd upon Principles of our own, not the universal Nature: And, as my Lord Bacon notes, we judge from the *Analogy* of our selves, not the *Universe*. Now are not many Things certain by the Principles of one, which are impossible to the Apprehensions of another? Thus some Things our juvenile Reasons tenaciously adhere to; which yet our maturer Judgments disallow of: Many Things our meer sensible Discerners are impossible, which to the enlarged Principles of more advanced *Intellects* are easie Verities: Is that absurd in one *Philosophy*, which is a worthy Truth in another; and that's a Demonstration to *Aristotle*, which is none to *Des-Cartes*. That every fix'd *Star* is a *Sun*; and that they are as distant from each other, as we from some of them: That the *Sun*, which Lights us, is in the Centre of our World, and our *Earth* a *Planet* that wheels about it: That this *Globe* is a *Star*, only crufted over with the grosser Element, and that its Centre is of the same Nature with the *Sun*: That it may recover its *Light* again, and shine among the other Luminaries: That our *Sun* may be swallow'd up by another, and become a *Planet*: All these, if we judge by common Principles, or the Rules of vulgar *Philosophy*, are prodigious *Impossibilities*, and their Contradictories as good as demonstrable. But yet to a Reason inform'd by *Christianism*, these have their Probability, and that's all; but the Novelty that the *Sun is the Seat of the Blessed*, as new and surprising

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rising as the Notion looks, has its Rise from the Word of God —

We read in Scripture of an Inheritance reserv'd in Heaven, and do believe that there we shall find an Everlasting Rest, and a Consummation of Bliss. Now in what Part of Heaven we may expect this to be, and where is that of the Blessed, I find our Divines are not thoroughly agreed — Some Place it above the Starry Heaven, but from that Ground, they tell us not — That is an immeasurable Space, and methinks not so suitable for finite Beings, without doubt we shall be. Others that I have met with think it is in some of the Planets; but since we are assured that they are dark Bodies, and have no inherent Light of their own, and perhaps of the same Nature, if not Matter with this Earth, they seem not to be Places so fit for glorified Beings. “ If I may be allow'd (says Dr. Wittie) to bring my modest Opinion to the Test, I rather think it shall be in the Sun, where the Light is inherent, where the great King of Heaven will probably manifest his special presence, being also in the Centre of the Heavens. Besides, I have other Reasons — Our Saviour, *Mat. 13.* describing the State of Bliss which the Saints shall have in Heaven, says, *They shall shine as the Sun in the Kingdom of God*; which tho' Divines limit it to a spiritual Sense, yet why may it not be more comprehensive? — Again, *Rev. 12. 1.* The Church is represented by a Woman clothed with the Sun, having the Moon under her Feet. If that was an Emblem of the Primitive Church, in her State militant, what hinders but it may be applicable also to her in her State triumphant? Especially seeing we find it call'd by St. Paul, *The Inheritance of the Saints in Light*, *Col. 1. 12.*

To these I'll add two Places more, which being compared together seem to make it much more evident, viz. *Mat. 19. 4.* where the *Septuagint*, which is constantly follow'd by our Saviour and the Apostles, who were Penmen of the New Testament, speaks expressly, *ἐν τῷ ἡλίῳ* *ἐποθετο τὸ σκηνώμα αὐτοῦ*, *He hath set his Tabernacle in the Sun* — *Rev. 21. 3.* where the Prophet describing the heavenly Jerusalem, says, *He heard a great Voice out of Heaven, saying, Behold the Tabernacle of God is with Men, and he will dwell with them* — So as it seems to be with Men, and in the Sun.

But I wou'd be modest, and indeed we ought all so to be, that we do not *καταρκεῖν* be not over wise, but always to Sobriety — Our Happiness not consisting so much in the Place that is provided, tho' we are sure 'tis in the Heavens, as in the Beatifical Vision of the Blessed Trinity,

“Trinity, and the Participation of his Glory, which seems to be best manifested to such finite Creatures as we are, and shall be, in glorious Light. Only Rev. 14. 4. It is said, *They shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes*: So that whether it shall be in one Place or other, as by Grace we follow the Lamb here in this our Pilgrimage, we shall then follow him in Glory; and doubtless there is our chief Bliss and Happiness, seeing in his Presence is Fulfillment of Joy, and at his right Hand are Pleasures for evermore, Psal. 16. 11.— But this I leave also to the Learned and Pious of the Clergy—— Thus far Dr. Wittie: And I think he has made it evident, *That the Sun is the Seat of the Blessed*. For my own Share, I see no Reason to think otherwise; for the Sun is a vast Body, and if we are to believe such a vast Body is not inhabited, I think it strange; why should Nature be so partial, as to except only the Earth? But let who will say the contrary, I must believe the Sun is inhabited, and that by the Souls of the Blessed, for the Reasons before ledg’d.

Q. *How does the Soul leave the Body? And how afterwards does it live, act, and discourse, with glorify’d Spirits in the State of Separation?*

A. Canius Julius being condemn’d by that Beast Caligula as he was going to receive the Stroke of the Executioner, was asked by a Philosopher, *Well, Canius (said he) where about is your Soul now? What is she doing? What are you thinking of?* I was thinking replies Canius, to keep my self, and the Faculties of my Mind settled and fix’d, to try if in this short quick Instant of Death, I could perceive the Motion of the Soul when she starts from the Body, and whether she has any Resentment of the Separation, that I may afterwards come again to acquaint my Friends with it. So that I fancy there is a certain Way by which some Men make Trial what DEATH is: But what Death is, is not the Question here (tho’ such a Question has been sent to me, and I shall answer it in my next *Apollo*) but the Question now to be answer’d is, *How does the Soul leave the Body?* And I think it the most puzzling Question that has yet been sent; for if you look upon Death, in a Physical Sense, you shall find it only the Consopition, or laying asleep of some Faculties, that others may awake and act in their stead. And when the Terrestrial Congruity is either naturally unwound, or violently broken asunder, another and more large Capacity and Degree of Life immediately awakes, and then begins what we call the Soul’s leaving the Body, or the State of Separation. Questionless, the Soul of Man was made by the eternal Wisdom, with a Capacity to be united with some other Matter beside Flesh and Blood, as not only the Heavenly Body promised us at the Resurrection.

in, but the Place of our Habitation and Abode do evidently declare. And that between Death and the Resurrection, you'd be utterly strip'd and unbarr'd of all *Matter*, is hard to conceive, especially when both the Nature of the Thing, and the Stories of Apparitions in all Ages so fairly lead us to think that an *Aerial* or *Æthereal* Body will naturally fall to her Share, so soon as she hath quitted the Terrestrial. So that there is no Fear of any ones being lost, or all Life is extinguished upon the Death of the Body; the higher Power, which has indeed been laid asleep in this earthly Body, takes its Turn, and the Soul is so much the happier, by how much larger that Sphere of Life is, in which she is awakened by her Disunion from the Terrestrial, or (as the Querist calls it) *leaving the Body*. To go out of this Body, is for the Soul to ascend, to go up to dispread her self, and to have larger Faculties; to descend, is to go backward, and to pinion her self, to fall into the most inert and sluggish Life of all. The learned *Origen* doubted not to say, *Ἀρχὴ τῆς αἰώνιας ζωῆς*, that our *Terrestrial Nativity* is really the *Beginning of Death*: Because when we come into these Bodies, our Faculties are then contracted and laid asleep, and we come down from a better and freer, to a worse and narrower State of Life. This was it which made that Royal Proboscian himself, *Who is me that I sojourn in Mesheck*, the *Septuagint* thus renders — *ὅτι παρακλίσια μὲν ἐστὶν*, that my Pilgrimage is prolonged; intimating that in this earthly Body, he was in a foreign Country and at a Distance from his Native Home. Here it is that the Soul is denied the Sight of that Eternal Pulchritude, which she once saw with open Face, but now converses with it, as if she were in a Dream, and the *Obscurity of a Nocturnal Vision* is but a Glimpse of it thro' the Crannies of Mortality; because the Place of her Abode, and the Condition of her Life mix'd with the various Inquinations of Earth, turn her Attention from that lovely Spectacle. Thus it is that we are shut out from our Earthly Bodies; but when we are set at liberty, and delivered from these Goals, we enter upon a State of more enlarged Life, and new Scenes of Things present themselves to our View, and our Souls begin to find their Wings again, whereby they soar aloft in the undisturbed Possessions of Blessedness, where their Faces are never turned from that Intellectual Sun that shines with uninterrupted Light upon them.

To the Manner how the Soul leaves the Body to enter on this new Life; this (as I said before) is a puzzling Question, and being wholly New, I must answer it with my Conjecture, which is this following, viz.

162 *How does the Soul leave the Body?*

As soon as I leave this mortal Body, I expect to be clothed with a *New Vehicle*, in Shape resembling the appearance I now have, and to tarry about my Body 'till I know what becomes of it, and thence to be convey'd to my Judge, the Judge of all; not to receive my final Sentence, but my Passport to *Abraham's Bosom* — where 'till the Day of Judgment I humbly hope for Rest and Freedom from those *Storms of Hopes and Fears*, by which the Wicked are hurried about in an *unsettled State*, and ignorant of what will come upon them. And in this my Hope I am confirm'd.

1. By the ancient Opinion of the Continuance of the Soul in the Body, during its remaining uninterr'd.

2. By the Relation of that German noted for Piety, who, without spreading any new Doctrine, who affirm'd himself to have seen his Body after his Exit, and that hence he was carry'd to our Lord, where he saw many Souls from all Parts of the World, some order'd to a more happy State, others to more miserable Companies, but himself remanded to his Body, to amend his Life, and give the World Warning to amend theirs*.

3. Another well attested Relation does confirm the Wicked Souls being hurried about 'till the Day of Judgment.

4. And the Scripture does assure us that the Wicked are bound in Chains of Darkeness (i. e.) kept in Ignorance of the Darkeness of Spirits, 'till the Resurrection of the great Day. Pet. 2. 4.

5. But the Blessed Dead rest (Rev. 14. 13.) in *Abraham's Bosom*, Luk. 16. 22.

Lastly, That this is done by the Soul clothed in a *Vehicle*, is the most certain Account of the Dutchman who saw his own Soul, and his English Friend who felt it (as recorded in the *Journal*) does sufficiently attest.

As to that Part of the Question, *How does the Soul leave the Body, live, act or discourse with glorify'd Souls in the State of Separation*; I answer,

That the Holy Saints and Angels are capable of communicating their Sentiments to each other, is not doubting of the Divines; nor is there any Reason for it. Man is a *Social Creature*.

'Tis a Property that seems to be *Essential* unto him: And we have Reason to think the like of the Holy Angels. They are *Understanding Beings*, as well as Men; and I believe they are endowed with the same *Essential Properties* with the Human Nature. And that *Sociableness* is as agreeable to the Angelical, as the Humane Nature, and from both equally inseparable. And how they do communicate with each other, I do not know.

* See Caussin's *Holy Court*.

nor peradventure, any Man living on the Face of this Earth. He that will tell you how they do it, must intirely understand the Nature of Spirits, and whether they are embodied, yea or no, and what is the Nature of those *Places* and *Vehicles*, in which they lodge or dwell. But these are such Things, that no Man of sound Sense can pretend to know; and by certain Consequence, no Man doth know the Manner how Saints and Angels do mutually converse together, and entertain each other. For whilst we are ignorant of the Nature of Things, we must needs be ignorant how they produce their Effects. We are very much ignorant of the Nature of our Food and Physick; and therefore can't know how they do perform their Operations on our Bodies. Physicians are not yet agreed, whether Purgatives do operate by *Pulsion* or *Tradition*, or meerly by provoking Nature; and we are as little agreed how our Meat and Drink are digested, distributed, and turned into Blood and Humours, and also into Flesh and Bones.

Tho' we know not how very many things are done; yet we are much assur'd that they are. We know not how a Flower grows from a Seed, nor a curious variegated Flower from a Slip, that seems Simple, and without any Diversity. We can't tell how Beasts and Fishes are formed, nor how Birds are bred in a Carcass; nor how Frogs are made of Mud, or the Mud and Slime of the River Nile. The Truth of the Existence of these Things is undeniable; but how they are made and generated, no Man is able to explain, and therefore if many Things be really existent, the Manner of their Existence we can give no fair Account of; I see nothing that can reasonably hinder us from granting, that Saints and Angels do converse together, and communicate Knowledge and Conceptions to each other. 'Tis certain that they do many other Things, which we cannot understand or comprehend. They do, or at least have, often appear'd in humane Shape, and conversed with Men. Whether they have become visible by forming unto themselves separate Bodies, of the Matter of the Air, and other Elements; or whether they have condensed their own proper Bodies, and made them visible by Conspicuating the Air of them, who can inform us? Granting either of these *Suppositions*, who can teach us how they do affect it? These are Enquiries, that the Wisest cannot answer; these are Problems that they cannot reach or fathom.

Tho' the Persons of scandalous Sinners be dead long since, yet the Hurt daily done by their Example; and therefore I don't know whether their Torments in Hell are always encreasing, or will be always so, as is the Opinion of some learned Men?

164 *Whether there may not be a Succession*

A. It is a Question, Whether the damned have their greatest Punishment at first? Some have determined it negatively; and their Reason is, *Because they have not at their Death finish'd all the Mischief they will do.* For, when their Bodies are in their Graves, and their Souls in Hell, their Sins are above Ground, and live in the Memory of Men, and do daily Mischief, and will do so to the World's End. Therefore the Hurt of their bad Example encreaseth, so doth the Punishment — Whether the *Pain of the damned be thus encreas'd*, I know not: But sure I am, Mens Sins and ill Examples may be above Ground, and do Hurt, when the themselves are under Ground and turn'd to Ashes.

Q. Whether Bastards have Right to Baptism? and what Cautions are to be observ'd in that Case?

A. They ought not to be deny'd it; for the Wickedness of the Parent ought not to prejudice the Child in Things that belong to his Salvation; but in baptizing of Bastards this Caution ought to be observ'd.

First, That the Parent be one that holds the true Faith and Religion.

Secondly, That the Minister exhort him to true and feigned Repentance for his Sin committed, and that before the Child be baptized.

Thirdly, That there be some appointed to answer for the Infant, besides the Parents, and to make solemn Promises to the Church, that it shall be carefully brought up, and instructed in the Faith. The same also is to be done before the baptizing of the Children of Parents that are excommunicated.

Q. Whether there may not be a Succession of Worlds to an indefinite Period of Time?

A. Whether there may not be a Succession of Worlds to an indefinite Period of Time, and whether God may govern them much after the Manner of this, partly by natural, and partly by supernatural Laws, who can determine I know nothing in the Christian Religion, that forbids such Opinions or Apprehensions; tho' it teaches no such Doctrine, (nor do I affirm it certainly true or necessary) yet I find not any thing in the Contents thereof, which is opposite unto it, or inconsistent with it. I do not affirm, That shall be a Succession of Worlds equally wicked with this, and consequently such as shall need a *Saviour* and *Redemption*. But what hinders, that there may not be a World, yet many Worlds, that may retain their Primitive Integrity and State, and that God may govern them by natural and revealed Laws, (since *Adam*, whilst innocent, was so govern'd) and after such a Part of Time, as shall seem good

to the Pleasure of his Will, remove the Inhabitants thereof, to better and more glorious Habitations.

Yea, let me add, that I am not very sure, that God governs the Saints and Angels in Heaven, by no other but natural Laws. The Service that they do to God Almighty, either in the Protecting of Kingdoms, Churches, and particular Persons, or in punishing his Enemies, may (in my apprehension) be performed in Obedience to some positive and particular Commands, and Revelations. For altho' Rewards and Punishments be of the Law of Nature, yet the Time and Measure of them is not so. What Law of Nature doth determine, when, and in what Degree and Measure the Enemies of God, and of his People, shall be punished and chastised? What Law of Nature doth appoint, when Kingdoms and Churches shall be protected, or deliver'd out of the Hands of their Oppressors, and such as seek their Ruine? These Things seem to me to depend on the Wisdom and Will of God; and that there is no Possibility of coming to the Knowledge of them, but by immediate Revelation.

And if in particular Instantaneous Cases, they are govern'd by revealed Laws; what hinders, but that in some other Cases they may be govern'd by them, thro' the vast Duration of Eternity? Who knows, but that there may be some positive Institutions, by which they may worship God and exalt his Praise? And who can tell, how various and great may be the Number of them? Or whether some of them may not be temporary, and expire, and others succeed them of new Appointment and Command.

Whether there is any thing that may and shall be known of God, excepted from natural, and reserv'd for supernatural Revelation?

This nice and uncommon Question was never propos'd to the *Athenian Society*, and therefore I shall give it the following Answer, viz.

The Will of God is secret; and no Man or Angel can know, or understand it, 'till he hath by some Overt-Act discover'd and reveal'd it. That God wou'd be reconciled to fallen, lapsed, and fallen Man, was not discover'd by natural Revelation: Therefore all that Angels know about it, is from God; and that by supernatural Manifestation.

Man whilst Innocent, knew at least some Part of God's Will by supernatural and extraordinary Revelations; if after the Fall, God hath continued to make known his Will to the *Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles*, after the same manner; yea, if the *Angels* know much by the same Means and Means of Discovery; I see no Reason why it may not be at least probable, that the Blessed may encrease and

advance their Knowledge in the future State, by the same Way and Method. Tho' I doubt not, but that very much of the Nature, Will and Attributes of God, will be expos'd and lay'd before their Eyes, in the glorious Works of his Hands; yet I am not sure, that supernatural Revelation will be of no Use there. 'Tis not improbable, but some thing, that may and shall be known of God, may be accepted from natural, and reserv'd for supernatural Revelation.

As the History of this *World's Generation* was made known to Man by extraordinary Revelation; so 'tis possible, the History of the Generation of many other Worlds, may by the same Means, be made known to the Blessed: For although it will be abundantly obvious by natural Evidence and Light, that all *Beings* do proceed from the *First Being* and all *Effects* from the *First Cause*; yet the Time and Manner of their Production, is not obvious thereby. If it may be suppos'd, that there are *Angels*, or *Intelligences*, younger than this World; I think it may be said, That they could not know the Time or Manner of its Generation; unless by Revelation, or the Tradition of such *Intelligent Beings*, were Pre-existent to it. There is no Evidence in the Nature of Things, that this World was made between Five and Ten Thousand Years ago; nor that Light was one of the first Things that was made; and other Things in that Order, which they are describ'd in the History of the Creation.

As many of the Laws, and much of the Policy and Government of the Church of God in this World, is known both to Men and Angels by Revelation; so 'tis not impossible, but some Part of the Laws, Government, and Policy of other Worlds, may be known to the Blessed after the same Manner. They may obtain the Knowledge of it, as the Angels obtain the Knowledge of our Laws and Government here below: And 'tis affirm'd by St. Paul, that 'tis by the Church that they attain it: That is, as I conceive, by the Revelations made to the Church, and by Experience that they have of the Obedience that they owe unto them, and the Rewards that are consequent thereunto together with the Punishments that attend the Neglect and Contempt of them; in which, many Times, they are Instruments and Executioners.

And who knows, whether many of the obscure Prophecies in the Old and New Testament, and some other Difficulties in the Inspired Writings, may not be explained and open'd and unfolded, after the same Manner that they were deliver'd to Men? They were spoken by the Prophets according as they were thereunto moved by the Holy Spirit, and perchance, the same Spirit that was the Author of the

be the Interpreter and Explainer of them : The same Spirit that revealed the Matter of them to the Prophets, may open and unfold the Meaning of them to the People.

The Holy Apostle St. Paul, observes some Analogies and Similitudes between the first and second Creation, as is apparent in his 2d Epistle to the *Corinthians*. As in the old Creation, God commanded Light to shine out of Darkneſs; ſo in the new Creation, he cauſes Light to ariſe upon thoſe that ſit in Darkneſs, and in the Valley and Shadow of Death. As a dark and confuſed Chaos did precede Light, and a well-order'd World, and State of Things, in the firſt Creation; ſo a State of Ignorance and Darkneſs, doth precede a State of Light and Knowledge, Confuſion and Order, in the Se-

cond Creation. The Analogies, Likeneſſes, and Proportions, that are obſerv'd between theſe two Creations, by the ſacred Writers, are not few: But 'tis not improbable, in my Apprehenſion, that there may be very many more than thoſe obſerv'd by them; and perhaps, there may be almoſt nothing in the Story of the firſt Creation of Things, which hath not its Likeneſs, Shadow and Reſemblance in the Second. And I dare to deny, that they may be diſcovered to the People, by Extraordinary Revelation?

The Frame and Fabrick of the *Tabernacle*, and the ſeveral Parts and Utenſils thereof, had certainly their Meaning and Signification: The Epistle to the *Hebrews* puts that beyond all Doubt and Controverſie; yet, I think, that there is ſomewhat of the Import and Signification of them expounded unto us, and ſet before us in the *Holy Scriptures*. What is ſignified by the *Shew-Bread*, and by the *Candleſtick*, with its ſeven Lamps, by the *Cherubims* covering the *Mercy-Seat* with their Wings; who is able to determine? Something the *Old Testament* hath ſaid for the Explication of ſome of theſe, and ſomething other Authors have ſaid to unriddle the Meaning of them: But beſides what the Scripture hath ſaid hereof, we have no Security of its Truth. All Accounts of the Signification of thoſe Things, unleſs ſuch as are ſaid in the *Bible*, are but Conjectures; and as they may be true, ſo they may be falſe; for we have no certain Affurance of their Verity: And 'tis not impoſſible, but that ſome full and certain Knowledge of them may be reſerved for the next World; and that the Bleſſed may know them by the ſame ſpecial Revelation.

As for what I have ſaid, there were many *Typical Perſons*, and *Actions*, under the old *Testament*; and I do believe that no meer Man, either did, doth, or ſhall in this World,

World, understand them. Surely the High-Priest was a typical Person; and very many of those Actions, which a Priest) he did perform, were also Typical: And I think of many Things, of which we read in the Old Testament; and particularly, the Holy of Holies, and the Veil that separated it from the Holy Place. *David* also, and *Solomon*, and *Isaiab*, were Typical Persons; and sometimes the Antitypes of them the New Testament doth inform us of, but I think very little, and that darkly and imperfectly too. And perhaps the full Knowledge of them may be kept in Reserve for the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Blessed shall there know it by Inspiration.

To which I may add the Meaning and Importance of many of the Ceremonial Laws, of which we read in the Books of *Moses*. What is the Meaning and Reason of this Institution, is not easie to tell: It may be reasonably supposed, that the *Hebrews*, from whom those Laws were pointed, understood the Meaning and Reasons of them better than we do at this Distance of Years; especially if we remember and consider, that we are under no Obligation to observe them: Yet I am much inclin'd to think, that even they themselves never fully understood either the Meaning, Ends, or Reasons of their Institution.

Who knows the Meaning or Reason of their several Kinds of Sacrifices; or can give us any Evidence, that the *Jews* themselves understood them? Why were some of them wholly consumed upon the Altar, others only a Part? Why was some Part of them eaten by the Priests, and others by the People themselves that made the Sacrifice and Oblation? There were many Particularities in the Order of their Sacrifices, which can hardly be accounted for. I do much believe, that the *Jews* themselves never understood them. And what I have said of their Sacrifices is applicable to many other of their Laws. Some Knowledge of the Nature and Reason of them, was to be found in the more enlightned of them; but a full and perfect Knowledge of them, I do believe they were Strangers to: possibly, may be known by no Means but that of Revelation; nor in no Place, but in the future State, and by the Blessed there.

In most Ages, since the Creation of this World, God hath on sundry Reasons, and at sundry Times, made known his Will and Purpose concerning future Events. Thus he made known to *Abraham* the Servitude and Bondage of his Posterity in a strange Country, for the Space of Four hundred Years, and their After-Deliverance and Prosperity. Thus he made known to the *Jews* their Captivity in *Babylon*, for the Space of Seventy Years, and their Deliverance.

Cyru, and Restauration to their own Country. And many other Things, which those that read the Holy Scriptures cannot be ignorant of.

It may reasonably be conjectured, that the Blessed Saints and Angels had the Knowledge of all these future Events, the Revelations that God made concerning them: And see no Reason, why many Things may not be known by the Blessed in the Heavenly Jerusalem, after the same Manner, and that in a Succession of Times and Ages, without End, or Period of Duration.

Q. *Is it possible in Heaven to arrive to the Knowledge of the Trinity, Incarnation, Resurrection, and other Divine Mysteries, by Ratiocination ?*

A. Mankind does naturally thirst after Wisdom, as that which is the NEWS (or rather Repast) of his Rational Soul. Certainly the Christian Religion held forth in the Gospel, teaches the most Excellent Wisdom, and is the most Rational Thing in the World, affording the most ample Satisfaction to the Soul of a Man, even far above all the Mysteries in Nature or Art, which the Reason of Man has found out; yea, even infinitely beyond all Mathematical Demonstration. Those are Heavenly Mysteries which the Wisdom of God found out at the first, which he kept hid from Ages, but now has made manifest in the World, such as the Angels covet to peep into, and then much more should we whom it specially concerns, seeing if we take Care in Reference to them, to be Wise unto Sobriety, they are able to make us wise unto Salvation: But tho' I cannot show there be several Doctrines and Providences, which in this Life transcends our Understanding; yet I hope to prove, That 'tis possible in Heaven to arrive to a Knowledge of the Trinity, Incarnation, Resurrection, and other Divine Mysteries, by Ratiocination; which NEWS will appear an undoubted Truth, by considering the following *Theses*.

1. Man hath an Inclination and Desire to know God: 'tis natural to him to proceed from the Effect to the nearest Cause, and from that to the next, and so in an orderly and regular Gradation, 'till it ascend to God, the Prime Cause of all Things; and there it rests, and is satisfy'd. That's the proper and terminating Object of all humane Knowledge and Disquisition: When we have pursued Things thither, here we sit down in Complacency, and solace our selves in our Acquisitions.

2. What the Mind of Man cannot receive of the Divine Perfections at once, it may receive at many Times, and by Succession: The Soul being a limited Essence, it cannot receive or know much of the Excellencies of God, at one single Grasp or Fathom, but at several Times, and successively

ly it may know much; and how much is not safe to say or determine. Ten Thousand Men cannot pass the Gates of a City at once; but in Succession of Time, many Millions may do it.

3. Whatsoever is known of God in the future State, will be either by natural or supernatural Revelation. God will be known by the illustrious Works of his Hands. The Objects that adorn the *New Jerusalem*, will declare the glorious Perfections of their Maker; every Thing there will speak forth his Praise, unveil his Glory, and render it conspicuous to those that shall be admitted to behold it there: And peradventure, there may be some supernatural Ways of Revelation, which may uncover something of the Divine Excellencies, even there as well as here.

4. The Objects or Works that reveal and discover the Attributes and Perfections of God to the Blessed, in the World to come, will be very great and many; and how great and many they may be, can neither be determined, nor imagined. Those that reveal him here are many, and some of them very great and magnificent: And surely, it cannot be justly thought, but that the Things that shall reveal God in the other State, will be as numerous, and much more great and glorious; it being designed to illustrate and set forth the Glory of God in a most Resplendent Manner. He will there be glorify'd in his Saints, and admir'd in those that believe. And he cannot attain this Glory, unless there be something very Great to reveal, and lay him open before us.

Having premised these few Things concerning the Perfections of God; I proceed to prove this Stupendious Novelty, *That 'tis possible in Heaven to arrive to a perfect Knowledge of the Trinity, Incarnation, Resurrection, and other Divine Mysteries, merely by Ratiocination*: To prove which I shall again lay down the following *Theses*

1. Ratiocination is an inferring of one Thing from another, or a Proceeding from Things known, to those that are unknown; and a concluding of one from the other. Thus we conclude, that the *Sun* is near the *Summer-Solstice*, because the Days are at their greatest Length; and that it is near the *Winter-Solstice*, because they are of the greatest Shortness. Thus we conclude, that the *Sun* approaches the *Equinox*, when we see the Grass grows green and flourishing, and the Trees put forth their Buds and Leaves.

2. The reasoning Power, and discursive Faculty, will be of Use in the *World to come*. From the Consideration of what God is, from the Memory of what He hath done, and from the Knowledge of what He doth do, the Blessed will certainly conclude, the Necessity of Love and Obedience to him. When they consider that He is the First Cause

giveth Being to all Creatures, and to Men, Life and
th, and all Things: When they remember, that he made
n after his own Image; and when they had lost it by
ing against him, he sent his Son into the World, to
away their Guilt, to renew and sanctifie their Natures,
to restore his Image to them again. When they call to
d, that he supports their Beings and Faculties, and fur-
es them with suitable Objects for their Employment and
ight; they do immediately infer, the great Necessity of
ing and Serving this Great and Good God.

If the Understandings of the Blessed were Infinite, I
k they would have no Use of Ratiocination: But for
much as they are certainly of limited and definite Na-
e, I cannot understand how they will be able to perform
Duty, and exercise those Affections upon God without
which all Men confess are the Employment and Happi-
of the Blessed. Can they love God, without Consid-
on of his transcendent Excellencies and amiable Perfecti-
? Can they obey him, without considering his Rightful
erainty, and many and great Benefactions? Or is not
Consideration, and Love and Obedience consequent
unto, a manifest Ratiocination, and Use of their dis-
ive Faculty and Power?

That some Things in this World are more obvious,
better known than others, cannot be deny'd; and I be-
e, were so to *Adam*, whilst he remained innocent. I
bt not, but that the first Principles of Things were more
n to his Understanding, than the numerous Conclusions
uced from them, as well as they are to ours. 'Twas
e obvious to him, that the several Lines drawn from
Centre of a Circle, were equal among themselves; than
all the Sides of an *Equilateral Triangle*, are the *Radii* of
al Circles; with many others that might be mentioned,
e Thing were not plain, beyond all reasonable Doubt or
uple. And if it be thus on Earth, and were so even be-
the Fall, why may it not be so in Heaven?

If from Moral Principles the Blessed do infer Moral
clusions, (which I think cannot be deny'd) why may
not do the like from natural? If from the Being,
odness, and Providence of God, they do infer Love,
and Obedience, why may they not infer from such
ngs as are natural and well known, those Things that
unknown, yet naturally consequent unto them?

The Science of *Theology* will not only continue, but be
much enlarged. Much more of God will be revealed
the future State, than ever was revealed in this; and our
ulties will be much more capable of considering and
derstanding those Discoveries and Revelations. I do not
doubt,

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doubt, but that Heaven will present to the Blessed far more illustrious Demonstrations of the Divine Perfections, than any that have been made here below. The Creation, Providence, and Word of God, I do acknowledge, have unfolded much of God; yet I do believe, that Heaven will discover much more: For Here we see thro' a Glass darkly, but there Face to Face. Here we see him very obscurely and imperfectly; but there we shall see him as he is. And as the Revelations of him will be more clear and full, so will our Minds be more capable of receiving and entertaining them. From which I think 'tis evident, that 'tis possible in Heaven to arrive to a Knowledge of the Trinity, Incarnation, Resurrection, and other Divine Mysteries, merely by Ratiocination.

But who can guess what *Abysses* there may be in the Theology of the Blessed? Who can imagine what may be the Treasures thereof? and what Time may be spent to exhaust them? and whether, after Millions of Ages there may not remain much unexhausted? The Enquiries that I make, (Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou reach out the Almighty to Perfection? It is as high as Heaven; What canst thou do? Deeper than Hell; What canst thou know? The Measure thereof is longer than the Earth, and broader than the Sea) may be as truly made in the other World, as in this. And in my Apprehension, the Perfections of God, and the Knowledge and Theology of them are truly inexhaustible both.

7. The Mysteries of the Sacred Trinity, and Perfection of Union, may afford Subject and Matter for *Eternal Contemplations*; and it may be, there may be those Depths in them which the Blessed may never be able to fathom or comprehend; they are such Things, as in this World we cannot understand; our Reason draws back at the Contemplation of them: And had we not some Reverence for the Holy Scriptures, that do reveal and propose them, we should utterly refuse all Assent unto them. They are too big for our Minds, in the present State; and therefore, we are under some Temptation to reject them; and were we not aw'd by the Word of God, we shou'd certainly do it. In the other World these Things will be more clearly revealed and more fully understood: But whether there be not something, which after all Search and Enquiry, will remain unknown even to the Blessed themselves, I think very probable if not absolutely certain: However, I see no Reason why the Blessed may not obtain the Knowledge of them, and other Things before-mentioned by Ratiocination. We may not much of the Knowledge that they have there, but of Bodies and Spirits, be gotten by Inference and Deduction.

Why may they not argue from those Things that are plain, to those that are dark? Why may they not argue from Causes to their Effects, and from Effects to their Causes

Here 'tis the ordinary Method of proceeding: Men argue from the Fabrick of Heaven and Earth, and the several Creatures in it, the Certainty of a First Cause, of Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness; and from the Immensity of the Divine Essence, its Incorruptibility; and from its Spirituality, its Simplicity; with sundry other Instances of like Nature: And why the Blessed may not do the same, I cannot understand. If their Reasonable Faculties continue, (as surely they do) the Use of them may continue. If it be consistent with the Glory and Happiness of Heaven to enjoy them, I see no valid Reason, why the Use and Exercise of them may not consist with it.

What hinders, but that there may be such Effects and Instances of a Trinity in Unity, and of an Hypostatical Union, as may much reveal the Nature of those Mysteries; and make the Inference as necessary and easie, as from an Effect to a Cause, or from a Copy to an Original? Some Instances of them we do observe here. In the Humane Mind, there is a Trinity of Essential Principles, and yet but one Person. In Man, the Body and Soul do constitute but one Person: But 'tis not improbable, but there may be more distinct Images of them there; and that those that here observe, will be more fully understood. And in consequence thereunto, these Mysteries may be as evident to the Blessed, as that the Whole is bigger than any Part, and that all the Parts taken together, are equal to the Whole. I do not mean, they shall fully understand them; but they shall clearly understand them, and to the Satisfaction and Quiet of their Souls.

The Reconcilableness of the Infallibility of God's Word with the Liberty of Man's, is an insuperable Difficulty; but perchance, it may be none then. The Blessed may possibly see and understand those Principles, Premises, and Propositions; from whence they may be easily deduced, without any Inconsistency or Opposition. The Difficulty of comprehending these Things, proceeds from our Ignorance of the Nature of God and Man, and the Influence that the one and the other hath upon humane Actions. Did we know what God, and what Man is, and what are the Operations peculiar to one, and the other, in the producing Effects that are ascribed to Men, probably much, or this Difficulty wou'd disappear. Now 'tis not questioned, but that the Blessed will very much understand all these;

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these; and from them will argue; and infer an easie and obvious Agreement between them.

11. The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God are finite; they are Oceans, without either Bank or Bottom. I may so express it. His Power is Omnipotent. God can accomplish whatsoever he pleases. No Opposition can be made to his Mighty Arm: If he will work, none can hinder it. His Wisdom is unsearchable; the Depths thereof are unfathomable; no created Being can find them out to Perfection. His Goodness is of very vast Extension: Who can take the just Measures of it? *'Tis wider than the Earth, larger than the great Abyss*; yea, more extensive than the Poles of Heaven. And what vast Numbers of Inferences and Conclusions may be made from the Consideration of them? How far may they be propagated? And where will they terminate?

12. From the Knowledge of the Divine Nature and Attributes, the Blessed may, 'tis like, infer and deduce the Manner of the Divine Agency upon the Minds of Men. That God doth move and act upon the Souls of Men here, is certain both in Scripture and in Experience; and there is no doubt, but he will do so hereafter; but how he doth it, is an insuperable Difficulty. God is a pure Act of Infinity and Immense Presence; without any Accidents, properly called. His Attributes being his Essence, according to the general Opinion of Divines; I say, how God doth influence the Minds of Men, and what that Influence is, *Ex parte* is past the Reach of Mortals to determine. 'Tis commonly said, That 'tis nothing but God himself; by God, meaning his Act; and thereby understanding his Essence as an Act: But how an Essence equally, and eternally Active, can produce those various Impressions upon various Minds, and on the same Minds, at sundry Times, is past our present Imagination. And so it is also how they can receive Divine Influx, if it be nothing but his Active Essence. It may be, that the Blessed may have Knowledge of the *Præcognita*, from whence the Knowledge of these Things may be infer'd by plain and easie Ratiocination.

13. That there is a Creative Power in God, is commonly held by all Christians; and some sober *Philosophers* have said many things in Favour of it. By Creative Power, I mean a Power of giving Being to Things, without any Pre-existing Matter. This is such a Perfection as we cannot comprehend; but the other State may furnish us with such Knowledge of the Divine Omnipotence and Fecundity, that giving Being to Things by Creation, will be an easie and obvious Effect of it: And the Blessed will as easily infer thence, as we do infer the Growth and Fructification

and Trees, and Fruits, from a fruitful Soil, the
 Mouth of the Sun, and the Dew of Heaven.

The Doctrine of the Resurrection is a Thing that we
 see, out of Reverence to the Holy Scriptures, and God
 is the Author of them: But how dead Bones, and scat-
 ter'd Dust can live; how those Bodies that have been eaten
 by wild Beasts and Fishes, or burnt to Ashes, and those
 cast into the Sea, can be recollected, and become an
 habitation for the Soul, we are not able to understand. But
 not improbable, but that the Blessed may from the
 Knowledge that they have of the Power of God, and the
 subordinate Causes thereof, infer and conclude it,
 with no more Difficulty, than we infer the Building of a
 House again, after its ruin'd and laid in Rubbish;
 from the Knowledge that we have of the Power and Skill of
 the Architect, the Advantages of the Place where it was situate,
 and the Plenty of Materials for the Re-edification of it.

The Nature of that Influence and Support, by which
 we live and move and have our Being, is a Thing that we are
 very ignorant of. That there is such a Thing, is gene-
 rally confes'd by all considering Men; for Creatures do
 not become Independent as soon as they do subsist. They
 depend on God in *Facto esse*, as well as in *Fieri*: They need
 a Divine Causation, as well when they are made, as when
 they are making. But what this Divine Influence and Cau-
 sation is, we do not understand; but 'tis not unlikely, but
 that the Blessed may by Searching find it out. They may
 have the Knowledge of those Premises, from which the
 Nature of it may be easily deduced. In those Sciences that
 employ our selves in, and exercise our Contemplations
 in, there are many Propositions, that in themselves,
 irrespectively consider'd, are unintelligible, and past
 comprehension; which nevertheless, are plainly dedu-
 ced from their Premises, and evident enough to him that
 is prepar'd for the understanding of them, by necessary an-
 tecedent Knowledge. Thus 'tis in Thousands of Mathema-
 tical Propositions. That in all plain right-angled *Triangles*,
 the Square of the *Hypotenuse* shou'd be equal to the Squares
 of the other two Sides, is a Thing that no Man understands
 immediately and irrespectively: But if he understands the ne-
 cessary Premises and Principles, 'tis plain enough, and the
 Demonstration thereof is not difficult. And if Things dark and
 obscure may be inferred from Things more plain and ob-
 vious in this World, I know not why it may not be so in
 the other.

Thus I have argued a Possibility of encreasing Know-
 ledge by Ratiocination in the Future State; and I have
 adduced several Instances, in which an Encrease thereof
 may

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may be so made: But they are but a few of those very many that I might have remember'd. And what Thousands Instances the other World may present unto the Blessed, to the Augmentation of it, in that Manner, who can answer us? What Bodies of Science may be raised from those who can divine? Perhaps each single Instance, and Particular, may minister Subject for a large and ample Science. And where those Instances are innumerable, who can set Bounds to the Encrease of Knowledge thereby; or how far Thus far may it proceed, and no farther? Or, what probability is there in the Eternal Progress of it?

17. Again, Is it worthy, or doth it become a Rational Creature, to act or do any thing for which he can give an Account? Is it congruous and decorous, for Intellectual Essences to act like natural Agents, or like Brutes? Such is their Manner of Acting, if they act without Ratiocination, and Discourse. Is that Obedience and Worship worthy of God, that is irrational, and performed without any previous Exercise of the Reasonable Faculty? Or is it possible, that Worship, Love, and Obedience can be performed without it? Is that Worship or Love, is that Service or Obedience, that hath no Consideration of the Excellency, Goodness, or Authority of God, as the Cause and Foundation of it? I know not what it may seem or appear to others; but I must acknowledge, I am of contrary Apprehensions; and do think, that all Obedience and Love to God, proceeds from Ratiocination; and consequently that 'tis of Use for the Encrease of Knowledge, as well as for the producing of Love and Obedience in the other World.

These Things I have suggested, to make it fairly probable That the Knowledge of the Blessed, in the Future State, may increase by Ratiocination. What Force or Weight there may be in them, I must leave to the Judgment of the Reader.

*Q. One DREW first set my Heart on Fire,
I burn in Love and can't retire;
But when I smile and forward prove,
Then DREW flies off, and cannot love.
Then DUNTON tell me if you can,
How I may catch this fickle Man?
Shou'd I seem always stout and COY,
Or shou'd I press him to enjoy?
Direct me, lest his Love shou'd cool,
For your APOLLO is my Rule.*

I.

A. All Men confess they strait despise
A too too easie gotten Prize;
Then hasty Nymph, be Coy a while,
Nor grant one gracious Look, or Smile;
Then ev'ry little Grace from you,
Will seem a Heaven on Earth to *DREW*.

II.

If thou wou'd'st have *DREW* still love on,
With all the Flames he first begun,
Then you must still as scornful shew,
For if you once but burn like *DREW*,
His Flames will languish and be gone,
Like Fire shin'd on by the Sun.

III.

All Things that are obtain'd with Ease,
As soon as gotten we despise,
Marcus's does much the Value raise,
For this we far sought Jewels prize,
For which o'er Seas the Merchant runs,)
As worthless else as Pibble-Stones.

IV.

Be prudent then, and have a Care,
Lest *DREW* surprize thee unaware;
Let Pride and Scorn thy Guardians be,
And a dissembled Modesty,
That Curse by which poor Womenkind
Are always forc'd to hide their Mind.

V.

Nor lay these Arts too soon aside,
Thou hopes your Lover fast is ty'd;
For I have oft an Angler seen,
With over Hast loose all again;
When if the Fool had longer stay'd,
The harmless Fish had been betray'd:

VI.

Things to Perfection quickly grown
Do still decay and die as soon;
DREW's Love as yet imperfect is,
And born just like an *Embryo*, dies.
Thus early Flowers we often see,
Just blossom forth, then fade and die.

*Q. I am that Rachel * that you did approve,
To whom you said a Thousand Things in Love;
But being marry'd, I no Love can find,
Sure Love is nothing, or at best is blind;
Then tell me PHIL. † that have true Love profess'd,
What Thing is Love; or is it all a Jest?*

I.

*A. Mysterious Query! for 'tis strange that she
Should ign'rant be;
Who gave this Knowledge first to me:
But so the less bright Fire does Warmth beget,
And what it wants it, self, distributes Heat.*

II.

*Well then, I am resolv'd I'll boldly tell
What Pains I feel,
And what I know of Love too well;
'Tis that of which none ignorant can be,
Who have but had the least dear Glimpse of Thee.*

III.

*Love is the pretty Babe that proudly plays
In your bright Face,
And wounds him who presumes to gaze;
And Painters say, Poets with them agree,
He in no Dress but Nakedness should be.*

IV.

*The Darts he uses here, and glowing Arms
Are only Charms,
With which some meaner Beauty warms;*

* *Rachel Seaton, the first Woman I ever courted. †*
for Philaret, a Name that Mrs. Rachel was us'd to call me.

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But when he enflames the Gods, and burns the Skies,
He lights his Torch at Mrs. Rachel's Eyes.

V.

Wings are to him (I know not how) assign'd,
But now I find,
He uses them in Womankind;
But when he storm'd my Heart he laid 'em by,
And never, never from my Breast will fly.

What is Knowledge by Intuition?

Intuition is a present Inspection of Things; or a View of them, as they are presented to us, and set before us. Knowledge of Things by present Intuition is distinguished from that Knowledge of Things that we have by considering the Signs, Images and Representations of them. The Knowledge that I have of Persons, Cities, Villages and Countries, by ocular and present Inspection, differs from the Knowledge that I have of them by viewing their Pictures, Statues, or inspecting the Maps and Delineations of them. The Knowledge that we have of the Glory of the Person of God, and the Person of our Saviour in it, differs from that which the Blessed Saints and Angels have by viewing them. Theirs is present and intuitive, ours is abstractive. We obtain it by considering the Signs that are made, and the Descriptions that are given in the *Book of God*; whereas theirs is attained by Vision, Presence and Inspection of those Things them-

These Things will very much augment and encrease the Knowledge of the Blessed; and those are the Extent of their Presence, and a Facility of moving from one Place to another: These I do humbly conceive will be very great Advantages unto them therein. Peradventure, their Presence may be so extensive, that by Means thereof, they may inspect and behold more Things at one View, than we can successively, and one after another in many Years: Their Motion may be almost as quick as the Motion of Light; and they may pass the Immense Spaces of the Universe in the Twinkling of an Eye; or at least with the same Swiftneſs, and in a very small Space of Time. These Things must be spoken to something more at length, and something more particularly, that they may appear a little probable, if not undoubtedly certain.

The Presence of the Blessed in the future World, will be infinitely definite and limited; for their Advancement to greater Glory will not make them so many Gods; their

proper Natures will still remain: They will be Men in Heaven, as truly as they were on Earth. But tho' they continue Men, yet I do (with Submission) conceive, that their Presence will be much more extensive and large, than it is: And in all likelihood, the Extension of their Presence may be varied there, according to the Variety of the Graces and Virtues, their Faith and their Obedience here.

Our Lord *Jesus* remains a true Man in his glorious State; and yet certainly his Presence is much more extensive, than when he dwelt upon Earth. When he was upon Earth, 'twas as much limited and confin'd as that of other Men: But it seems to me utterly improbable, that it should continue or remain so, now he is in Heaven. Then he was able to inspect, and view by Intuition, no more than creatures that were of humane Race; for *He was in all Things made unto them, Sin only excepted*: But now, perhaps, he may easily inspect the whole Globe of this Earth, and the heavens that encompass and surround it, as any of us can view a Globe or Circumference of an Inch Diameter.

If Extension of Presence be reconcileable, and consistent with the Humane Nature of our Saviour, in his glorious State; it may be reconcileable with it in the Blessed. He may be a true Man, notwithstanding his Presence is extended to very vast Distances: The Blessed may be so, tho' their Presence be extended in some good Degree and Measure. If the Humane Nature in the Holy *Jesus* be capable of such Extensions, and this Amplitude, the same Nature is capable of it in the Blessed, in their Degree and Proportion: By this Extension of Presence will very much encrease their intuitive Knowledge; they will be able to see and observe at one View, much of the Works of God, and many of the Productions of his Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness. By it they will be able to observe the Connexion and Dependence of Things on each other; and consequently the Beauty and Harmony of them, which will very much affect and delight them.

Q. How is Vision made? I have often sent this Question to the Athenian Society, but have never yet seen it answered to Satisfaction.

A. Aristotle and his Scholars will have Vision to be made by certain Qualities commonly call'd the Intentional Species, which as is reported, joyn the visive Power, that is the Soul, with the visible Object, and the Powers represent the Object. These Species, according to this Opinion, are disseminated and are in the Air as in their proper Subject: But they cannot be endured; for if these are Accidents, and have no Substance for their Subject, the Air being chang'd by the least Motion of Wind, the Accident would pass from one Subject to another.

ber, which is refractory to the Principles of these Philosophers. These Species bring in a great many other Difficulties, which relate to their Nature, Production, Propagation in the Air, Eduction, Extension, and Reception into the Eye; all which cannot be solved without captious Conclusions, and when all shall be thoroughly canvased, no Body will be e'er the wiser; from whence it happens, that all Accidents, which are neither Bodies nor Spirits, I am oblig'd to send back to School with their Doctors.

Some believe Vision is made by an Emission of visual Rays out of the Eyes; but neither will this Opinion subsist, so much as it supposes, that to see an Object ten Leagues distant from us, it is of Necessity that the Eye shou'd send Rays thither, and even to the very Heavens, to see the Stars there.

Gassendus wou'd have Vision made by the Species or Figure of the Object, compos'd of Corpuscles or most subtile Rays proceeding from the Object, and received by the Eye. But it cannot be conceived, that a Man plac'd in the middle of a Plain, can continually emit (without Diminution) Corpuscles from every Part, or that these Corpuscles move in the Air without Perturbation and Confusion at the same Time, whilst other Objects emit an infinite Number of theirs; and all this transmitted in a right Line thro' the Cavities of the Air, from whence it follows that thro' the same Space of a Vacuum in the Air, that an infinite Number of Atoms or Corpuscles must pass without Collision and Confusion. *Gassendus* answers, that the Difficulty arises from this, that we do not enough conceive the Mobility of Atoms, nor the Rapidity of their Motion.

Reason does not satisfy, since we know that the Rays of the Air are not greater than Atoms. How then can a thousand Atoms of Matter pass in a right Line thro' a Vacuum, no bigger than one single Atom, without Collision? This Difficulty, besides some others, hath mov'd some Philosophers to say, That the Eye is a natural Spectacle, endued with such a Convexity, as those Glasses which are put into Perspectives, by which we see Things at a great Way distant.

Some Philosophers say, That Light wherein is contain'd a great Number of divers Colours, as it is determin'd upon the Eye by the Angles of the Atoms, does also comprehend the Figure of Objects too, and represents them with all various Colours, according to the diverse Determination of the Rays: Or to say more truly, that Light represents the Objects to the Eye, as it is determin'd by Objects, and it is by this that we see nothing but Light and Colour, that is, Light with

with its Determination; and when we distinctly see an Object, its Extention and Figure, that proceeds from nothing else, than that we see Light determined by the Dimensions and Circumstances of the Object.

The Nature of Light therefore is solely to be considered, and it will no Ways hinder, but that we shall avoid all the Difficulties of the others, by embracing an Opinion which rests upon Truth; which very well, and with the Consent of all, conceives that Light is seen by it self, nor is there any of any Species to see Light; and since we, to speak properly, do not see the Objects, but Light the Object of Sight, there is no Necessity, that the Object shou'd transmit Accidents or Corpuscles, as if Light cou'd not be seen of it self.

From this Doctrine, that which appears new follows, that Light is to be consider'd in a threefold State; and first of all, in the Quality of the Object; Secondly, in the Quantity of the Term.

The first State is Light, determined by the Object, the second is Light expanded in the Air, the third is Light received by the Eye, and represented with all its Determinations. And this is it which we call the Image of the Object in the Eye, as it were in a Glass.

In prosecuting this Subject, I might have treated of the Reason why we see Objects by the Help of Perspective Glasses multiplying their Figure; or by Microscopes, a new invention, by the Help of which many Things are discovered which before lay hid; such as are Worms in Wine, Vipers, Gnats in Water and Dew, as also Pores in Glass, and a thousand little Animals in Seeds. But these are Subjects that have been all handled by the ingenious and learned Hook. I shall therefore wave 'em here, being resolv'd to insert nothing in Duntou's APOLLO, but what is very new or very uncommon.

Q. *Whether such as have been raised from the Dead, rise a second time, yea, or no? Because it is said, It is appointed Men once to die. I speak not of those who have been thought to be dead, and have been stretch'd out, and yet their Souls have been within them; tho' divers, for divers Days, and upon such Sickneses, have had neither Heat, nor Breathing discerned, but only of such, who have suffer'd a true Separation of their Souls from their Bodies: Whether these have again deliver'd the Ghost and dy'd, is what I desire to know?*

A. Before I answer this nice Question, I hold it not to propound to your View, a few Stories out of other Authors. Theodoret, lib. 10. de fine & iudicio, hath two Relations. The first is out of Plato, of one Armonides, Clemens Alexandrinus, Stromat. 5. relateth from Zoroaster,

that it was Zoroaster, the Son of Armenius; He who only, the World, laughed so soon as he was torn (saith Plin. 7. and was so famous a Magician: One of these two, either or Son, the twelfth Day after he and others fell in battle, and was to be bury'd, ante pyram constitutus revixit: being come to himself, told what he had seen, and said: Namely, that his Soul being divided from his Body came with many others, (who died with him) to an horrible and incredible Place, in which there were two Ruptures of the Earth, and two open Places in Heaven right over them. In the midst of these Hiatibus, Judges did sit; who, when Judgment was ended, the just Souls ascend by the heavenly Openness and the Judges sowing on their Breasts, the Notes of their Sentence. But the Souls of the wicked Men were com-
 ed to go on the left Hand, and to be hurried to Hell, going with them, on their Backs, the Memorial of their Life. But as for himself, being now come in Sight, the Judges bade him diligently hear and see all Things, and all those Things which were done, when he revived, were Sayings worthy of Philosophy, saith Theodoret.

The second Story is cited in the same Place, by Theodoret, Plutarch, among those Things which he wrote De Animabus, Heracleon, and I (saith Plutarch) were pre-
 when Antillus told us this of himself: The Physicians Antillus to be dead; but he came to himself, as one out of deep Sleep, and neither said, nor did any other thing, which argues him to be crazy or light-headed; but he told us, that he was dead, and that he was again revived; and that his Death, and that Sickness, was not altogether irrevocable; but that the Physicians, who brought him to Judgment, were sharply blamed by the Rulers, because they brought Antillus instead of Nicander. Within a while after, Nicander died, and Antillus recovered his Life and Health. And Plutarch, in my Opinion, seems to insinuate, that he was present at the Recovery of Antillus. Of both these (if each Particular were true, that they died and revived) we may boldly aver, that they died and revived. Neither doth Plato, Plutarch, or Theodoret doubt of the strange a Story, though more remote from our Sub-
 you may find in Alexander ab Alexandro, Gemistum di-

27.

Other Instance you shall find in Bellarmine, De arte bene mori, lib. 2. cap. 1. taken out of Joannes Climachus, in his grad. 6. who relates thus of a Man that died. In his first Life (saith he) he lived most negligently; and his Soul being perfectly separated from his Body, he returned again, and he desired Climachus, and he departed. Whereupon they wailed up the Cell; and he lived

lived (as an Anchorite) within the Cell, twelve Years; speaking no Man 'till he was ready to die again; eating nothing but Bread, and drinking Water: Sitting so, he astonishedly revolved those Things only, which he had seen in his Separation, with so earnest Thought, that he never changed Countenance, but continuing that Amazement, secretly wept bitterly. When he was at Death's Door the second Time, they forced open the Entrance into the Cell, and coming to him, humbly desired him to speak some Words of Doctrine. He answer'd nothing but this only, "The serious remembrance of Death will not consist with Sin. The like Story you may find in Venerable Bede—— All these, if they liv'd again, dy'd again.

Q. Whether was Christ in his Face, and outward Features beautiful, as Psal. 45. 2. Thou art fairer than the Children of Men?

A. That Text speaks not of his outward Beauty, but of his inward and spiritual Beauty, by Reason of his Wisdom, Holiness, Righteousness, Meekness, &c. Yet its very probable, that in his Body he had much Comeliness: For the following Reasons.

1. The Jews never twitted him with any corporal Deformity, which they would out of Malice have done, if he had any Deformity.

2. He was not subject to any Miscarriages in his Conception or Birth, whence Weakness and Deformities ensue.

3. He was not subject to Diseases, which come by Age, and often deface the Beauty of the Body; nor to any Intemperance in Life, which spoils the Comeliness and Colour. Indeed Christ took some universal Infirmities of Man, as Hunger, Thirst, Mortality, &c. but he took no particular Infirmities, of Blindness, Lameness, &c. He that was perfect God, was made also perfect Man. Some think, and very probably, that the first and second Adam were as comely and well-featur'd in Body as ever any in the World; being both formed without Sin and without Man, and being more immediately compleated and perfected by God. The Perfections of the Person of our Saviour (I mean of his humane Nature) are without all scruple exceeding great and large; and there is not an Essence (unless God himself) equal with it, much less superior to it in the whole Universe of Beings. The shining Lustre of his Body with several Perfections of it will be exceeding great, but the Powers, Excellencies and Capacities of his Soul will be more stupendious, Admirable and Amazing.

Hence it appears, Great is the Mystery of Godliness; certainly, even the Man Christ Jesus is a far more Glorious Person than the most of Christians, yea, or of Christian Divines, do conceive or apprehend. He is called the Son of Righteousness.

Righteousness, and compared to *Light*; and doth enlighten all the Intellectual World. He is the *Express Image of his Father's Person*: That is, perhaps, the most lively Character and Expression of the Deity that is among created Beings. He is *set down on the Right Hand of the Majesty on High*: That is, he is next the pure Godhead, the most *Illustrious Essence* in the World. His Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Presence, and other Attributes, are far superiour to those of any other Creatures; and they approach so near those of God himself, as to be an apt and fair Resemblance of them.

Q. *Why does not God by his Omnipotent and supreme Power, in one and the same Instant, sanctifie and glorifie his Elect ?*

A. Because as God did not condemn us, so he will not save us without our selves. He saves us without our Merits, indeed, not without our Work. He hath therefore in his infinite Wisdom, annexed Conditions to his Covenant, and ordained Faith, Repentance, and all other good Works to be as so many Degrees, in our Ascent to Happiness: That the Earth might be our School, to fit us for Heaven, and the Life of Grace, which is imperfect Glory, might prepare us for the Life of Glory, which is Grace in Perfection.

Reader, I have receiv'd many other nice and curious Questions, concerning Conversion, which you'll find answer'd in my *Awakening Letter to the Unconverted*. For I told you, in my Preface to *Dunton's Apollo*, I shou'd *ATHENIANIZE*, or answer all those curious Questions that occur'd under all my six hundred Projects.

Q. *Whether the Happiness of the Blessed is ever encreasing ?*

A. The Happiness of the Blessed is ever encreasing. This News will seem incredible to wicked Men, but is certainly a great Truth; for the Happiness of the Saints in Heaven is not a thing fixed, steady, and incapable of any Variation: It doth not change or vary indeed for the worse, or to their Prejudice and Disadvantage; but it changes to their Benefit and Profit exceedingly. 'Tis like the Rising Sun, that shines more bright by its Motion and Alteration. 'Tis an Eternal Spring: 'Tis an Everlasting May; the Beauty and Verdure of it encreases continually. We cannot say of the Happiness of the Saints in Glory, hereunto shall it proceed, and here shall it determine.

The Blessed will never want Employment. Matter for everlasting Contemplations will be presented to them, by which their Knowledge will be encreased; and with the Encrease of Knowledge, an Encrease of Affection; and consequently of grateful Adoration. And thus will they be exercised for evermore; The Days of Eternity will be thus consummate: Thus will the Inhabitants of the heavenly *Jerusalem* pass their Time, and exercise themselves to all Durations. Hea-
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ren is no inactive State; the Blessed there are perpetually employ'd, and in that Employment they find their Rest. Idleness is no Pleasure to such Beings, whose Natures are active by their very Constitution; and such is that of our Faculties, and in Action suitable to it; and upon the most raised and glorious Objects, consists their Happiness: There it is, and there they may find it, but no where else.

There will be no Satiety in the Kingdom of Heaven: In this World Men are satiated, and sometimes even loath'd with their Enjoyments and Fruitions: Those Things which they most earnestly and passionately desired, and for which they laboured with the greatest Endeavour, they are oftentimes soon glutted withal, and sometimes grow weary of them. But 'twill not be so in Heaven: No Man will ever be over-fill'd with knowing God, or searching out his Perfections; and God is a Being which cannot be fathomed, or fully searched out: There will be something new to be discover'd in him for ever. No Man will ever be tired with loving God, or being beloved of him: No Man will ever be surfeited of rejoycing and delighting in him, or of expressing it in Psalms and Hymns of *Hallelujah*. The Reason why Men are even cloy'd with their Enjoyments here below, is because they find not that in them they expected; they were deceived by them, and therefore grow into a Displeasure against them; but there will be no such thing Above; God will abundantly satisfy all Expectations: Heaven will deceive no Man; they will there find more, not less than they did expect.

The future State may, perhaps, present us with New Things continually, or at least as often as there is Occasion for them. Who knows, but that when ever the Blessed have sufficiently consider'd and exhausted the Beings that are with them, or presented to them; more may be proposed, and set before them, or that they may be removed to some other Part of the Universe, to observe what is worthy of Observation there? And this Variety of Things and Objects, will take away all Possibility of an offensive Fulness. In this State, few Men are full to loathing, whilst they have continual Variety of Things in Enjoyment, or in Hopes and Prosecution. Variety of Things keeps up their Expectations; and they do hope to find that in one or more Things, which they have in vain sought after in others. In Heaven the Blessed are never deceived in their Expectation: In all things they seek to know something more of God, and that they find in them: And when they have drained one they go to another, and in such Variety there can be no Nauseousness.

Will there not be as great Diversity in the Bodies of the Blessed, as there is in their Minds?

An Inequality of Glory among the Blessed, perhaps may be as to some, but is what I prov'd before, in answer to a Poetical Question upon that Subject: I shall further shew, An Inequality of Glory among the Blessed, is asserted by many Divines; and from what hath been said, we may have some probable Account wherein it doth consist. Per-venture, their Minds may be of very various Capacities; some may be more large and extensive than others: If God will here freely and arbitrarily, as a Benefactor, give unto our Minds of very different Capacities, I know not why he may not do it as a Judge, or as the bountiful Rewarder of those that serve Him. I am not ignorant, that many Philosophers suppose an Equality among Souls; and that those Differences that are so observable in them, proceed from various Structure and Conformation of the Organs, and mixture of the Elements, which constitute our Bodies. I easily grant, that some of the Differences observ'd among men, may arise from thence; but that all do so, I cannot believe. That there is no Difference between the Soul of the greatest Divine, Philosopher, or Statesman, and that of the vilest Dolt or Idiot, is to me an improbable Paradox; I cannot but think, that there is a gradual Difference, at least among Souls themselves.

This Diversity (I humbly conceive) is found in all the Faculties and Powers of the Soul; I mean in the Understanding, Will, and active or executive Power. In all these Differences is various, according as Mens Love, Service, and Good Works may have been various here below. Those that have been most pious, holy, and abundant in the Works of Righteousness, will have the largest Understandings, the most vigorous Affections of Love, Delight and Joy, and the most prompt and ready Power and Method of expressing them, in such Ways, and by such Means as are fit and convenient thereunto. They will know most, and love and reverence most, and express this Love and Joy most readily in the other World, that serv'd the Honour of God, and the good of Men most industriously in this. They that have been most holy, and lived most to the Acceptation of God in Time, know him most fully, and love him most passionately in Eternity: And yet their Knowledge and Love, as well as that of others, may be capable of Increase and Augmentation. And there may be as great Diversity in the Bodies, and in the Organs and Senses, of the Blessed, as there is in their Minds: Some may be more pure and spiritual than others; consequently, more agile and fit for Motion: Some may have their Senses, and the several Organs and Instruments

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ments thereof, more perfect and compleat than others; and consequently more capable of apprehending their Objects, and perceiving all the Perfections and Curiosities in them. Some may have a more large and extensive Presence than others; and therefore be capable of inspecting, at one View, more of the Works of God; which renders them more affecting and more amazing. He that stands upon a high Hill or Tower, beholds more things than he that stands in a Valley, and is much more pleased and delighted therein; yea, is much more ravished with Admiration of them.

How great may be the Variety, and gradual Difference among the Blessed, in these things, is News that e'n't yet discovered. Great have been the Numbers of Men that since the Creation have dwelt on the Face of this Earth; and yet, perhaps, there were never two among them, in all things and totally alike. Some Difference in the Mixture of the Elements, in which they were compounded, in the Shape, Figure, and Proportion of their Bodies, in the Features of their Faces, and Beauty of their Countenances, might be seen and observed upon them: And as various may be the Differences of the glorious Bodies of the Blessed. The Stars are vastly numerous; and yet, perchance, the Difference of their Glories may be as great as their Number, and that none of them are in all things alike and equal: And such may be the Inequalities among the Inhabitants of the Celestial Court.

And it may be modestly suppos'd, that the Love of God to the Blessed, may be as various as their Glory and Perfections are. The more glorious and perfect any Creature is, the more like he is to God; and certainly, the more like any Creature is to God, the more it is beloved of him. Why else doth God despise the Heaven and the Earth in Comparison of an humble and contrite Spirit, and one that trembleth at his Word? Isa. 66. 1, 2. Is it not because there is more of his Image on such a Person, than on the Frame and Fabrick of the material Earth and Heavens? Why doth God love, and take more Delight in the Man Christ Jesus than in Men and Angels, and all the holy Myriads that surround about his Throne? (of which, I think, there is no doubt.) Is it not for this Reason, that he is a far more illustrious Image of his Attributes and Perfections, than any or all of them?

How God will manifest a various and different Affection to the Blessed, according to the Difference of their Perfections, is what my Christians Gazette cannot declare. Whether he will do it by internal Effusions of Joy and Consolation, or by external Effects and Demonstrations, or by both, (which seems most probable) I know not; that's a Question, that I will leave for the Determination of the other World.

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God can, and doth do it, is past Doubt with me. He manifests a peculiar Love to his only beloved Son; and do so to all the Members of his Body, in several Measures and Proportions.

This great Variety of Love and Affection will cause no Envy or Emulation among the Blessed; for they are free from all sinful Passions, Affections, and Inclinations; and do rejoyce in the Effusions and Manifestations of the Love of God to others, as well as to themselves. Particular Advantages are Matter of common Joy. As all the heavenly Spirits do rejoyce in the Preheminence of *Christ Jesus*; so do they in the Advantages of each other.

But tho' this Variety causes no Envy or Emulation in Heaven; yet, methinks, the Meditation of it should be a great Spur and Incentive to Piety, Virtue and good Works on Earth. Certainly, it ought to make us abound in the Fruits of Righteousness, that so we may be capable of the greatest Manifestations of the Love of God; since those that are most diligent in his Service, since those that are the most pious and virtuous in this World, will be the most glorious and excellent in the other.

*Q. The Bless'd so take Eternity in View,
As makes its future Pleasures present too;
Each single Comfort carries in its Womb,
The luscious Foretaste of still more to come.
One brings the Relish of the Rest in Hand,
As Joshua's Grapes did of the promis'd Land.
Their Joys are ne'er adjourn'd, but always near,
For Expectation is Enjoyment here.*

*Thus all have now Eternity of Bliss,
And yet 'tis still in Prospect to possess.
This aggravates their Joys, and scrues their Thoughts,
To Heights scarce vented in Seraphick Notes;
As with what Joy these jocund Spirits move
Round in the Orb of God's suffusive Love!
Their Souls so strut with Joyfulness, that some
Take up ev'n Heaven it self for Elbow-room.
Ointments of Love still sweetning as they fall,
Bedew, embalm, and over-run them all:
Thus are they all delighting in their God,
And gladed with their Being and Abode:
The lowliest Saint in the Celestial Round,
Is made a King, and every King is crown'd.
All this is own'd, but DUNTON, your GAZETTE *
Does say, in Heav'n the Saints have all Respect,
According as they serv'd their God on Earth.*

Alluding to a Book I lately publish'd, entitl'd, *The Christian Gazette*, sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall.
Then

*Then let your NEW APOLLO (if you please)
Tell how the Bless'd do differ in Degrees ?
The Task is hard, but you can do't with Ease.*

*A. Glory is shar'd in common, all unite
In one Community of Love and Light ;
Here are no Guardians of forbidden Fruit,
But Happiness is free and prostitute :
Yet Blessedness has its Degrees ; nay such
As make the blessed Spirits differ much :
Glory is carv'd and parcell'd out, but yet
Its Portions are not all commensurate.
Heaven is no lawless lev'ling Anarchy,
But a Monarchical Theocrisie ;
And therefore we've no Reason to conclude,
That all are uniformly Great or Good.
In Monarchies we own the King supream,
The Princes next, the Viceroy next to them ;
And so thro' all Degrees which represent
The great Decorum of a Government.
So here, *JEHOVAH* superceeds the State,
Beneath his Footstool *Seraphims* are set ;
Next *Cherubims*, and Thrones, Dominions then,
So 'till we take the Hierarchy in ;
As Angels, so no doubt but Saints do bear
Their gradual Subordinations here :
The Elders are a Rank of Worth, but yet
Th' Apostles Order is transcending that,
For they with Christ, as sacred Writings tell,
Shall judge the Tribes, the Twelve of *Israel* :
To each God gives that Portion of his Love,
To which by Faith he did a Title prove :
Each Order and Degree of Grace shall meet
A Form in Glory that shall answer it :
He whose Five Talents gain'd five more, and he
Whose two got two, do differ in Degree.
A Patron of Religion shall have Store
Of glorious Dowries, but a Martyr more :
A late Repentant shall have Room prepar'd,
But long Obedience shall have large Reward.
Yet tho' they differ, he that has the least,
Has what contents his Will and fills his Breast,
He has as much as he can grasp, his Soul
Is complacentially stuff'd and full ;
He murmurs not that other Saints have more,
Or he has least, but rather does adore
In Love and Gratitude his God that gave
What he enjoys, and all his Fellows have :*

Such are the Dignities, they here abide,
 As those to whom they're giv'n are qualify'd;
 All their Perfections are array'd and dress'd,
 To suit those Pow'rs by which they are possess'd:
 For were they modell'd more or less to crave,
 Than by Eternal Charter they can have,
 'Twould 'bate so much of Happiness, 'twould be
 The long Complaint of Endless Misery:
 If they had more than they could bear the Weight,
 Finding no Powers to preponderate,
 Would in the Cruelty of Kindness kill,
 And press their Souls from Heaven into Hell.
 If less, they'd still be hunting in Pursuit
 Of what must ever be forbidden Fruit.
 Thus Disappointments would torment the Mind,
 Finding it self for Misery design'd:
 So that if This, This also must be true,
 That Saints are happy and unhappy too.

*Whether the whole Humanity of Christ was taken from the
 Mary?*

Christ is like unto us in all things, Sin only excepted; and
 taken for granted, that his Soul was created of nothing:
 is used not only as one of the chief Weapons to main-
 tain the Creation of ours; but also as a Shield to defend
 from the Force of many other Arguments, which can-
 otherwise possibly be avoided. It is very necessary
 to fully to clear this Point, and to shew both that it
 immediately (tho' extraordinarily) produced from Adam,
 as ours, and how so it could be free from Sin.

That the Soul of our Saviour was not immediately created
 of nothing, may appear; First, Because it is more than is
 in Scripture. The Holy Ghost in the Description of
 his Incarnation, saith nothing of any such Thing, no
 notwithstanding it is thought to be such a notable, yea,
 necessary Way to clear him from Sin. And who
 would think the holy Ghost should omit one of the most
 important Things, in the mightiest Matter that ever was re-
 lated to Men or Angels? Yea, how contrary to all Rea-
 son, that when the four Evangelists were so careful to
 set forth every material Circumstance (touching his Birth,
 Death, &c.) so as that which is wanting in one, is
 supplied by another; yet in this alone, which is the chief
 of them, they should all forget to mention it, if there had been
 any such Matter? And why then should we thrust in our
 notions of such Things as never were heard of in the Scrip-
 tures? For from the Beginning of the World (since Adam)
 we never heard that a Soul was created of nothing: And
 we then father out Imaginations upon the Scriptures?

Yea,

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Yea, why, or how dare Man speak where the holy Ghost is silent? Know that *curfed is he that addeth ought to the Word of God.*

But not only do the Scriptures not speak it, but they plainly affirm the contrary: As where it saith, *The Seed of the Woman shall break the Serpents Head: And in thy Seed shall all the Nations of the Earth be blessed.* Where by Seed is meant the whole Nature of Man, which Christ took: And how can it be denied then, but his Soul as well as his Body was their Seed? Again, Christ *was made of the Seed of David according to the Flesh*; that is, his whole Humanity, for it is there opposed to his Divinity; as also where it is said, *God raised up Christ, of the Fruit of his Loins, according to the Flesh*: And how else can he be in all Things, except he be like unto us, who are mediately traduc'd from Adam, both Soul and Body?

Again, If his, and all Souls, be immediately created by God, then the Imputation of Adam's Sin to all Men, must lay hold on Christ as Man: Neither is it sufficient to say, that he is more than a Man; for if Adam's Sin be imputed unto all Men, *eo nomine*, even because they are Men, it cannot be avoided, but it must light upon him also, so far forth as he is Man. And thus they must needs fall into that which they so much fear, the making of Christ's humane Nature sinful: So slippery is it to walk out of the right Way, tho' never so warily.

This appeareth also in that his Soul and Body were conceived together both at once; and not after the Perfection of the Vegetative and Sensitive Souls; as they say it is with us. For this is generally confessed, because the divine Nature is immediately united to the Soul, and by the Soul to the Body; so that unless we shou'd say, that his Body did subsist by it self out of the divine Nature, before it was assumed; or else that the divine Nature was united with a brute Body, (or unform'd un-inform'd Embrio) which is Man, I believe, is so brutish to affirm; it must of necessity be granted (so forcible is the Truth) that however it is with us, his Soul and Body was conceived together. Which being so, it followeth by the same Reason that if he be like unto us, and we like unto him in all things, except Souls, our Souls and Bodies also conceived together as his was. And if it be granted that all Souls are present at the first Conception; there will be small Reason to think they can be by immediate Creation.

Besides, it is manifest from the Manner of his Conception; for if his Soul had come immediately from God, it might have been begotten after the common Manner of Men without Sin; but this could not be, and therefore the

is not. The Connexion of the Proposition is manifest, if his and all Souls do come immediately from God, Original Sin cannot possibly come by Propagation; but because God bereaves it of supernatural Gifts, where it becomes evil; or by the Union with the Body at Instant whereof it is guilty of *Adam's Sin*, because the Soul of Man. But seeing Christ's Soul, so soon as it was, together with the Body one Person with the Eternal Word: He must needs be exempted from the common Connexion of Men, and so even (by their Doctrine) neither be bereaved of those Gifts, nor guilty of *Adam's Sin*, more than a Man. Neither can it be said, that there is any in the Act of Generation, for that is naturally Good; the Soul (they say) is not then present, and the Body is not capable of Sin; no tho' the Soul were present, (as they say) Man propagate the Body only. Where if his Soul had been immediately created by God, he might well have been propagated without Sin; but the Assertion that this cou'd not be, is no less apparent, if for more but this; that if it cou'd, no question it shou'd. God and Nature do nothing in vain; and we cannot deny the Truth of that saying, *Frustra fit per plura quod fit potest per pauciora*. So that either this extraordinary Work of the Holy Ghost was in vain, or else Christ's Soul was not immediately created.

Lastly, For the Confirmation hereof, I will only add one more, taken from the Reasoning of the Adversaries to this Doctrine, who therefore prove the Holy Ghost not to be Christ's Father (tho' he overshadow'd the Virgin) because the Matter of his Humanity was not from the Holy Ghost, but from the Virgin. From whence I might conclude,

First, That Christ's Soul comes not immediately from the Holy Ghost; for then the greatest Part of his Humanity shou'd have been from the Holy Ghost; because all external Works of God are common to each Person in the Trinity.

Secondly, That his Soul was taken from the Virgin, for I say his Humanity was; whereof I am sure the Soul is the principle Part; yea that without which it cannot be Humanity.

But that which I do especially conclude from hence is, that if the Holy Ghost cannot be Christ's Father, because he is not the Matter of his Humanity, Christ cannot be the Son of *Adam* nor *David*, according to the Promise: No, the Son of Man (and so no Saviour) unless he receive the Matter of his Humanity (whereof the Soul is the chief Part) from them. And herein indeed they speak the Truth, for it is impossible to be a natural Father to that

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whereunto we give not the whole Matter, yea and *Form* too; as we shall see when we come to the Rules of Nature which God hath instituted, and from whence the Truth of this is also to be fetch'd.

I conclude therefore, that Christ's whole Humanity, his Soul and Body, was traduced from *Adam*; that is, deduced out of his Substance, tho' not after the common Manner but separated from the Person of the Virgin, only by the miraculous Work of the Holy Ghost, which useth to be taken from both Sexes in ordinary Generation. And this Soul cannot by the Power of Nature be produced of a Soul, no more than a Body; yet it being performed by supernatural Power, it is a true Soul no less than the Body is a true Body; and both together makes a true Man, no less than *Eve* was a true Woman (whom *Adam* call'd *Eve* of his Bone, and *Flesh* of his *Flesh*, even his other self-Woman altho' she was taken only out of Man: For that which the Apostle spake in a spiritual Sense, is true also literally that *we are Members of his Body, of his Flesh and of his Bone* and consequently so is he of ours, which could not be if he had not the true Nature of Man, tho' taken out of a Woman only, as well as *Eve*, who was made only of a Man, yea, much more because she was immediately made perfect at the first; and he conceived of Seed, formed, nourished and brought forth by Degrees; like unto us in all things excepting only the Manner of his first Conception, that he might be free from Sin. And here let us stay a little to behold and wonder at the admirable Correspondency, or double Concordancy in the four-fold production of Man, kind, to wit, in *Adam* and us: *Eve* and *Christ*, immediately and mediately, after this Manner.

Adam made immediately without Man or Woman.

Other Men mediately, both of Man and Woman.

Eve partly both Ways, of Man and Woman.

Christ also both Ways, of no Man but Woman.

Thus by the same Authority that they would prove our Souls created of nothing, because Christ's was; I can prove they were not, because his was not; yea, by so much more as there are abundance of Scriptures and Reasons to confirm this, and none at all for, but against that.

I shou'd next proceed to answer those several *Nice* and curious Questions that were lately sent me concerning the *Beatifick Vision* — *The fixed Stars* — *The perpetual Virginity of the Virgin Mary* — *The Fish that devour'd Jonas* — *Diversity of Faces* — *The Love of Spaniels* — *The Degrees of Spirits* — *The Nature of Death* — *The Resurrection* — But for want of Room, I must beg the *Christ's* Patience 'till the Publishing of my next *Apollo*.

P R O J E C T

PROJECT VII.

PARNASSUS Hoa!

Frolick in Verse : Being Poems on none merry, odd, barren and trifling Subjects—Introduc'd with Apollo's Proclamation to all the Masters in Poetry, by what does soever dignify'd or distinguish'd — which is added, A Character of the GREAT (or beggarly Crew) from Homer, down to the famous Dryden— With Improvements from all the most celebrated Poets, both Ancient and Modern— Attempted by JOHN DUNTON, Author of the Satyr, Intitul'd, The Rump ; or a Touch at the Poets Tails.—

PART. I.

contin'd, 'till the Rhimeing Frolicks are all publish'd.

them leave, that Poem is my Son — Randolph.

are merry, odd, barren and trifling any Subject is, more Brains must be allow'd for Sauce— Osborn.

Parnassus Hoa! Or, a Frolick in Verse.

Worthy Reader.— I intend in this Seventh Project, to present thee with the scatter'd Papers of my green Years, which if they want that SERIOUSNESS of man Thoughts, which please the grave Palates of so an Age as this ; let me beseech thy Pardon, had I to thy View, a Volume of Poems beyond Expectation,

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tion, it had anticipated thy good Nature, and left thee
Occasion to have exercised thy Patience. However, As
this I can warrant for my Rhiming Frolick, that it no
deceives thee; for thou wilt find (as thou art told in
Title Page) no Poems in it, but such as are either
odd, barren and trifling; for I consider'd (now the
House is under Disgrace) a Poetical Comedy could
or displease no Man; and therefore, Reader, if
looser Minutes shall either please or profit thee, I have
End.

But perhaps, Reader, your Inclinations lead you to
solid Learning than any you'll find in this Rhiming
yet guessing that a VARIETY may not be unpleasant
have ventur'd to publish this Frolick in Verse, hoping it
serve your Diversion when tyr'd with Business, or
more serious Studies. In these Frolicks there is a Mixture
of Poems as well as of Authors, some of which I trust
may give you the Satisfaction I wish, in their Perusal.
I can justly boast that the Frolicks (and Translations
are taken from the most celebrated Poets, both Ancient
Modern; which of themselves wou'd need no Apology
their appearing in Publick, were it not for the Blame
they may have receiv'd in passing thro' my Hands: How
to make amends, I resolve to compleat my own Perfor-
mances in Verse, from all the merry, odd, barren
trifling Poems that were ever publish'd, resolving to
this seventh Project, not only a Rhiming Frolick, but
universal Entertainment for all the Lovers of Verse
Mirth.

I might alledge several Reasons for the Publication of
RHIMING FROLICK, namely, gratification of Curiosity,
Importunity, Prevention of spurious Impressions. But
are in Print already in many grave Authors, with other
Apologies to express the Bashtfulness of the Author,
the Badness of the Work.

There are another Sort of Reasons not express'd be-
ply'd; as, an Ambition to be in Print, to have a Poem
in Copper, with a Lawrel about my Head, a Motto and
underneath, made by my self, in my own Commemoration
and to be accounted a Wit, and call'd a Poet.

These Reasons being laid aside as TRIFLING, it is
expected that I shou'd present you with better; but I
have them not about me; and for that Reason, I am
to affirm, that I am not bound in Striðness to give
Man any Reason for doing this: For why I make
FROLICKS, I can give no other Account than a Poet
does, why he gets Children; that is his Pleasure, and his
And as with him in his Case, 'tis with me in mine;

Parnassus Hoa! Or, a Frolick in Verse. 197

ht our *Brats* into the World, 'tis our Duty to provide
their Preservation.

I dare not say these *FROLICKS* are witty, nor do I
only know whether they be or not; for the Wits are
agreed of a Standard; nor shall I declare them dull,
others out of Respect to me, shou'd be of the same
on.

this I assure you, that I have been told to my Face,
these *Frolicks* are all either *merry, odd, barren, or*
(i. e. *Diverting*) and I was such a *fond Fool* to
it; else you may be confident, they had ne'er been
ed to View; for upon my Credit, I have no Ambition
laugh'd at: And 'twere a great Disingenuity to offer
to my Friends, which I my self shou'd dislike.

be these *Rhiming Frolicks* witty, or be they dull, yet
ben't too rash, in disparaging 'em, for cou'd I soar
higher than *John Bunyan*, or *Ben. Keach* (i. e. were I a
MASTER,) yet 'tis as unkind and unmanly to abuse
being a bad *Poet*, as it is to rail at a *Dwarf* for being
and weak; it being my Desire to be as good as any
can jeer me; and if I come short by the Head, who can
?

you ask me, what I mean by [*Parnassus Hoa!*] And
by [*A Frolick in Verse*]? I answer, you are told what
by it in the two Poems entitl'd — *Frolick 1.* and
2. — which have been printed several Times. But
I am now Re-printing a general Collection of all my
Poems, I was loath to omit 'em in this PROJECT, and the
first, as *Frolick 2.* is a Sort of Abridgement of all *Frolicks*,
consequently the fittest to lead the Way in this *Rhim-*
ing, which (to render the more diverting) shall conclude
— *A Character of the Laureat (or beggarly) Crew, from*
HER down to the famous DRYDEN.

And further I call this *Rhiming Frolick*, *PARNASSUS*
As I here invite all ingenious Gentlemen and Ladies
(more especially my *Athenian Friends*) that are Lovers of
Poetry, to send me whatever POEMS they have by 'em
are properly *Frolick*, (I mean that are either *merry,*
barren or trifling) and they shan't fail of a Place in
this *Rhiming Frolick*, with their Names to each, ex-
cept they forbid it; and the same Justice I shall do my self,
by affixing every Man's Name to his own *Frolick*,
BENEFACTOR may fairly own (and protect) the
first Issue of his own Brain.

PARNASSUS Hoa! For if our *English Bards* will
go to the Court of *APOLLO* in the Streams of *Heli-*
our *RHIMING WHERRY* shall stop to take them
and if the celebrated Poets (such as *Garth, Addison,*

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Congreve, Prior, Chudleigh, Singer, &c.) will but fill and our BOAT, I won't stick to assert, this merry Frolick will diverting enough to tempt the Beaus (of either Sex) to be into Dunton's Projects, in which (I mean in the graver Subjects) I hope they'll be caught with something that will make 'em serious in Earnest; for as HERBERT says,

*A Verse may hit him whom a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

And now being taught by Custom, to beg something of the Reader, it shall be this, that in reading and perusing these Rhiming Frolicks, he will consider his own Frailty, Fallibility; and read with the same Temper and Apprehension as if himself had written and I were to judge; and if he does not find Matter here, to please himself and love me, let him pity my disastrous Fate, that threw me into this Distemper of Rhiming.

But as to the Men of a severer Brow, who may be scandaliz'd at this merry Way of Writing, I desire them to conceive those FROLICKS which may seem wild and not to be Ideas of my own Mind, but Characters of our Humours set out in their own Persons: And what is on the Times, to be but Expressions of what was thought and designed by the Persons represented; there being no other Way to reprove the Vices now raging among us, but to lash them smilingly; and that my Fellow Traveller PARNASSUS may observe that merry Rule in all the poems they shall send to me, for their better understanding what Assistance is requested of them, towards completing this Rhiming Frolick, I shall introduce it with an Apologetic clamation to all the Masters in Poetry, by what Title ever dignify'd or distinguish'd.

By APOLLO a PROCLAMATION

APOLLO by the Grace of Fate, Lord of Parnassus and Helicon, Sovereign of the Hippocrenian Well, &c. To our Right Trusty and Beloved Subjects, the Masters of the Libraries and Closets of the Learned, Masters in Poetry, Judges and Councillors of Wit, Treasurers and Records of Verses, by what Titles soever dignify'd and distinguish'd, and all others whom it may concern, Greeting. Whilst the Heroick Deeds of the British QUEEN make the Gallick Throne shake, and raise the Admiration of all the Universe; we are not our selves exempted from Fear, but ought to be mindful of our Glory; lest we be incapable from paying to her Merit the Praises it deserves.

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Therefore that none henceforth make an ill Use of our Enthusiasms and Poetical Furies, we have resolv'd, order'd and commanded, and by these Presents resolve, order and command, with and by the Advice of our dearly beloved Sisters the Nine Muses, That from the Time of the Publication of these Presents, none presume to make or compose throughout our whole Dominions (without our special Licence first had and obtain'd for the same) any Manner of Love-Verses, Passionate Stanza's, soft and tender Madrigals, *Billets Doux*, or any other Amorous Poetry whatsoever. Forbidding them for the Present, to all Intents and Purposes, and strictly inhibiting to all Poets, on the Penalty of being most pitifully, the lavishing their Pension of Verse, or draining themselves dry, and wasting our Divine Gifts in Matters so idle and inconsistent. This Prohibition to last and remain in Force during the War, wherein the Victorious Queen is now engag'd for the Liberty of Europe: There being no Reason to devote to Love, a Time altogether due to Glory, and only record the Victories and Glories of our Nymphs, when hers may better employ their Talents. Be it therefore enacted by Virtue of our Sovereign's negative, That it shall not be lawful to speak of any Conquests than hers, whatever Indulgence we may be oblig'd to allow for other Matters in Time of Peace. And that no one may prophane our Mysteries, we rigorously forbid all *Pedants*, *Poetasters* and *Hedge-Rhimers* the Use of Verse, it being enough for them to huzza and cry, *God bless the QUEEN*, with the grand Chorus of the People, obliging them from all Manner of Duty, on Pain of Imprisonment with other Lunatics. And to this intent we direct and create a Court like that at *Lyons*, where forbidden Writers were condemn'd publicly to wipe off their Tongues all they had written. We also command our Satyrists to suspend their Talent in this so just occasion of writing *Panegyricks*; to which End we will instruct them with all the necessary Genius to compose some *Odes*, *Heroic Verses*, and *finish'd Poems*, whilst we will instruct that *QUEEN*'s Enemies with *Elegies* and *Epitaphs*. Poets of the first and second Magnitude shall make *Hochrejoice* the inimitable Valour of him that made it famous, and the *Thames* celebrate the undaunted Resolution and matchless Prudence of the Victorious *ANNE*; *Bucolic* Poets shall be inspired with *Pastorals*, and the *Lyric* with their Praise. *Doggrel* Poets shall be supplied with all Fancies and merry Thoughts to ridicule the Folly and Vanity of their Enemies; wherein the Quibbles and Jests, those Insects of *Parnassus*, will be of great Use to them. And in all Cases we promise to aid and

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assist all our good Subjects in this good Work, provided they humbly beg and require our Assistance in the same.

Given at our Court on Mount Parnassus, the 1138th. Olympiad of our Reign, the first Day of the Year wherein we part our Gifts to Poets.

By Apollo's Command. Sign'd Mnemosyna, Secretary of Parnassus.

Thus, Reader, I have presented thee with a Copy of *his Proclamation to all the Masters in Poetry* (as formerly publish'd by the ingenious *Motteux*). And now PROSE is well, for I am come to the FROLICKS in VERSE.

FROLICK I.

Parnassus Hoa! By Mr. Dunton.

Brentford! — No! No! *Parnassus Hoa!* I mean
For now I row i'th' *Heliconian Stream*:
The lab'ring Oar is now a barren Line,
A merry Catch, or else some Love Design.
Yes, I'll attempt — *A Frolick now in Verse,*
For in *Apollo's Boat* they do rehearse
Such bauling Jests as do the Brain refine,
And set even *Dunton* on a merry Pin:
Then call a *Boat* where Rhimes both odd and merry,
May mix with Barren till we trim the Wherry,
For all shall sing *old Rose*, if *Dunton* steer ye.
Parnassus Hoa! — For I now row for Wit,
To the nine *Muses* (great *Apollo's Seat*);
Where bright *Urania* shall my Mistress be,
And cou'd I wed a Muse, wou'd marry'd be.
'Tis but a *Frolick*, and for want of Pence,
I now must Frolick with Impertinence,
But take no Fare but what are Men of Sense.
Then let no Nymph these merry Frolicks scorn,
For *Cupid* was a rambling Maggot born:
Cry'd out — *Parnassus Hoa!* — and still did roar
'Till he got Bow and Arrows for an OAR,
And then dip'd both in the *Castalian Spring*,
And ever now — *Parnassus Hoa!* — will sing.

Then being fix'd in great *Apollo's Boat*,
Row on bold Muse, the Wind does move you to
Make all the sail you can, and never spare,
For merry, bold and humourfome they are,
That truly sail in great *Apollo's Chair*.

Parnassus Hoa! No, Sir, we mean to steer
 Far from rich Sots, for Poets are our Fare.
 Farewel all Lands—— for now our Brains do flow
 I'th' narrow Seas, and merrily we go.
 Bless me, 'tis hot! Another Bowl of Wine,
 Cry'd Cowley, that did row with all the Nine *,
 And then his Bards did cut the Burning Line. }
 Ho Boys! She skuds away, so fast does row,
 We round Parnassus Mount are sailing too.
 Thus on a very fair and Star-light Noon †,
 Our Boat launch'd out and gently left the Moon, }
 Excuse the Frolick for it might be done.
 So stoops the Sun to kiss his watry Fare ||,
 And with bright Footsteps paints the ambient Air.
 Boreas had lock'd his Bullies in their Cave,
 And— Birds of Calm brood o'er the marble Wave **. }
 That's we got safe unto Parnassus Coast,
 Where what we saw, 'tis he that knows can boast—
 But since these Frolicks look a Thousand Ways,
 That Hoa Parnassus! may deserve the Bays, }
 We'll now row back— that's Frolick all our Days.

* The Nine Muses.

† [Thus on a very fair and Star-light Noon.]

Lucian, and the Ship's Crew, had taken a Voyage to the Land
 the Moon, (without the Help either of Domingo's Feathery,
 others Christal or Brazen Chariot, or so much as the French
 Smith's Wings) and after many strange Adventures met with
 you need not question) in so strange a Place, is now just bound
 Earth and Sea again.

[So stoops the Sun to kiss his watry Fair.]

Apollo's pretty Hostess, whom he uses a Nights to call upon.
 they are both very civil Persons, and certainly mean no man-
 of harm in the World.— I forgot to tell you her Name is
 etis.

** [And Birds of Calm brood o'er the Marble wave.]

These are a kind of Creatures the Poets have had the Happiness
 discover, as Harpys, Chymara's, &c. when all the other less
 sensitive, or less lucky Part of the World know nothing of 'em.
 are said to brood on the Sea, at a set Time in the Year ;
 Neptune while they are hatching, is so complaisant to give
 all fair Weather. If any would see any more of 'em, let 'em
 enquire at Lucian's true History, second Part, and they shall
 know farther.

FROLICK II.

The Poetick Ramble : Or, a Frolick in Verse. By Mr. Dutton.
The Third Edition.

O Ne Night, when Fumes of *charming Bottle*
Had Fermentation rais'd in Noddle;
When *various Troops* of Airy Notions
Danc'd in my Brain *Morisco Motions*;
Judgment, that us'd to guide the Rudder,
Was quite amaz'd i' th' horrid Pother;
So that the Ship was steer'd by Chance,
As Chaos was by Atom's Dance;
My Soul (as all wise Men aver)
Was here, and there, and every where;
A Shuttlecock which you might than see
Toss'd by the *Battledoor of Fancy*,
—— And spinning wildly here and there,
Danc'd Jigs and Frolicks in the Air.
Thus while my Thoughts were on the *Ramble*,
I scribbled down this long Preamble;
And fustian Fancy eas'ly ambling,
Did thus descant in Praise of Rambling.

“ *Nothing i' th' World is steady found,*
“ *But an eternal Dance goes round.* [Cowley
And jarring Seeds of Nature be
Still constant in *Inconstancy*.
The Sun (as all Men know his Course is)
Rides round the World with *Coach and Horses*,
And like a wicked Fornicator,
Leaves his true Bed, the warm *Æquator*;
And let old *Jove* say what he can Sir,
Rambles to *Capricorn* and *Cancer*.
The fix'd Stars too (tho' *Erra Pater*
Swears they ne'er mov'd, nor will hereafter)
Yet ha' been found by *Optick Engines*
To've rambled backward a whole Sign since.
Then for the Planets (Heav'n's save 'em!)
No mortal Man knows where to have 'em;
They move by *Excentrics*, *Epicicles*,
And outchange threescore *Madam Fickles*.
Nay more, the rambling roguish *Gipsies*,
Amaze the World by dire *Eclipses*,
Cause Battles, Famines, Death, Diseases,
And whate'er Mischief *Gadbury* pleases :

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But tho' these rove and live at Random,
Ye'r Comets still go much beyond 'em.
 A Comet is a rambling Blade
 That scours thro' Heav'n in Masquerade;
 Sometimes in antick Dress he appears,
 And frights the Angels from their Spheres;
 Sometimes stuck round with Links and Torches,
 To sublunary Worlds he marches;
 And sily entring on a sudden,
 Scares silly Boors from eating Pudding;
 Then before *Flamstead* with his Glasses
 Can tell ye whereabouts his Place is;
Whip, Sir, he's gon! to th' Antipodes,
 Where deeper Heads, * think his Abode is.
Within the Bound of Heavens high Wall
Is kept a constant Carnival,
And there, -e'er since the World's Creation,
Rambling has been the Recreation.
Thus what's the Harmony o'th' Spheres,
 (Which deafens ev'ry Mortal's Ears)
 But Musick made in Serenading,
 And thrum'd Guittars in Masquerading?
Then as for Thunder, pray what is't else,
 But Noise of Frolick Angels Pistols?
 When one in dark doth t'other juttle,
 And shakes the Welkin in the Bustle?
So when the Stars (that serve for Torches
 To guide the Gods in rambling Marches)
 Grow dim and twinkle (as you know
 Our earthly *Flambeau's* often do)
 The cunning *Link-Boy* whirls it round him,
 To make the Light be more abounding,
 Or knocks it full against some Planet,
 For want of Post or Porter's Bannet:
 Hence a vast Sphere of fiery Drops,
 Fly all about as thick as Hops;
 And some o' these which downward go,
 Do pass for Meteors here below;
 Cheat Rusticks ignorant and fearful,
 And make 'em think they see a Star fall.
Thus far for Heaven: Pray, now let's see
 What Frolicks in this World there be:
 And first, our *Modern Virtuosi,*
 Who with new Problems daily pose ye;
 Say, that this very earthly Ball,
 Town, Cities, Rivers, Men and all,

* Some of the Royal Society.

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*Runs round the World with all us in it,
And rambles sixty Miles a Minute.
The Elements their Places change,
And into foreign Regions range;
They ramble so confus'dly round,
They're no where Simple to be found :
Fire does from highest Concave go,
And lurks in Flints and Stones below ;
Air enters Earth's vast hollow Caverns,
And there like Bullies drunk in Taverns,
Roar, Frolicks, Scours——*

*And here the Author was most graciously pleas'd to Ramble
to somewhat else.*

FROLICK III.

Pegasus : Or the Muse on Horse-back. By Mr. Anonymus.

THus to be ridden, whip'd and spur'd,
In Silence cannot be endur'd :
Blows did a silly Ass provoke ;
With Reason, and with Cause she spoke.
Nay, Tubs and Pans with fullen Dub,
Murmur at Stroak of Massy Club :
The empty Bagpipe and the Drum,
When squeez'd or beaten, are not dumb :
And shan't I for my self dispute,
Since nothing's got by being Mute ?
The Samian Wrestler lost by Wrong,
His Prize, which made him find a Tongue :
Then will I speak, tho' of Discourse
I know as little as a Horse.

Ye Gods ! Since first I was a Fool,
There's not a Transmigrating Soul,
Has suffer'd half such sad Disasters
In Change of Shapes, as I in Masters.
Most of Mankind have been my Plaguers,
Few Kings, some great Men, many Beggars.
The great rid neither high nor far,
They both themselves and keeping spare :
The Lovers kept me at a Gallop,
In vain pursuit of Flying Trolop :
The Philomath Astrologers,
Wou'd Post upon me to the Stars ;
To fetch Advice, and make Relation,
In high Flown *Monthly Observation :*

But I've play'd such a Coltish Trick,
And cast them down so Lunatick,
Thro' *Grubstreet* they came stumbling back,
To warble forth an *Almanack* ;
Judge when poor Rogues, like these, do back me,
If I am not a wretched Hackney ?

Poets and Poetesses, Millions,
I without Saddles bore, or Pillions.
The First that mounted was *Belev-ophon*,
Without a Bridle or a Styrupe on,
Thinking, 'twas only Up and Ride,
Like *B—more* whip'd me Back and Side ;
Above the Stars he thought t' ascend,
But like *Furor* miss'd his End ;
And as high Lookers in an humble
Sir-reverence may chance to tumble,
He daring such a lofty Pitch,
Fell Giddy backward on his Breech :
I forward went, but was kick'd down,
By th' fiery Stallions of the Sun.

With founder'd Feet, and weary'd Hams,
Then in sad Tones, I neigh'd the *Psalms* ;
But since I have better Riders found,
I prance on that uneven Ground :

Must I be us'd wh' am Flesh and Blood,
As if I were a Horse of Wood ?
Nay, worse ; for Wooden Horse is made
To punish, not be punished :

Henceforth they shall no more provoke
My Flight, than were I Heart of Oak.
Tell me, ye Powers ! Shall such a Nag as is
Great *PRIOR*'s, and the Muses *Pegasus*,
Starve ? By such needy Scriblers fed,
Who want alike both Sense and Bread.

I feed with Men, and what is stranger,
Live worse than if at Rack and Manger.
No Wonder Poets often fall,
Whose Bread the Staff of Life's so small.

The *Trojan Horse*, that like a Tow'r,
Many Stout Men in's Belly bore,
In his full Paunch had never stow'd,
Of Heroes, half so great a Load,
As I must carry to *Parnassus*,
Of Poets dire, and Poetesses ;

Like Trooper's Horse, I shou'd not care,
Were I to carry Provinder ;
The Proverb says, That he's a proud
Ass, that refuses such a Load :

But

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But I'm like *Elephants*, who bear
For others, Castles in the Air,
Whom they Support, whilst all they get,
Is to be burthen'd with the Weight.

Great *Jove* to free me from this Curse,
Transform me to a *Baker's Horse*,
And let the Wings I whilom bore,
With *Dryden* when I us'd to soar,
Be into *Panniers* turn'd, and ty'd
Full of *Brown Loaves* on either Side.

FROLICK IV.

DUNTON:— *Or, the Projector of the Rhiming Frolick:
Being a merry Character of himself, the meanest of all the Frolick Tribe.*

I Don't pretend (as some of late I've seen)
To've ev'r been drunk with th' *Muses Hypocrene*;
Nor on *Parnassus* Top to've laid me down,
And there dreamt Lawrels should my Temples crown
And waking find my self a Poet grown.
I'm none of those; I leave the *Muses* Seats,
And silent Groves, those shady blest Retreats,
To th' happier *Laureats* of the Age, whose Fame
Obscures the Glory of my meaner Name.

If you shou'd ask me who those *Laureats* were
That sat as *FIRST RATES* in the Poets Chair,
I'd name some few, and leave the rest to steer.

Chaucer shall live, whilst this our *British* Land,
Or the vast *Cornwal-Mount* in it shall stand:
Or whilst (almost a Sea it self) the *Thames*,
To th' Ocean rowls his tributary Streams.
Sidney's great Name shall last, whilst there are Swains
That feed their Flocks on the *Arcadian* Plains;
Each Nymph shall tune his Praises on her Reed,
Whilst Beasts, to hear their Songs, forget to feed:
Ecchoing Groves aloud their Joys shall tell,
And praise that Swain that sung their Praise so well.
The Majesty of mighty *Cowley's* Name,
Shall travel thro' the farthest Coasts of Fame;
His noble Works for ever shall impart,
The Height of Judgment, Nature, Wit and Art.
Dryden, great King of Verse, shall ever live,
Judicious *Dryden* shall himself survive.
Whilst in this Town there's a procuring Bawd,
Or a smooth flattering Whore that plies the Trade,

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A wily Servant, cruel Father known,
 The Lawrel shall the matchless *Johnson* crown.
Shakeſpear, tho' rude, yet his immortal Wit
 Shall never to the Stroke of Time ſubmit,
 And the loud thund'ring Flights of lofty *Lee*
 Shall ſtrike the Ears of all Poſterity.
Creeches ſublimeſt Verſe in God-like State,
 Shall ſoar above the Reach of humble Fate ;
 Nor ſhall he die 'till the World's mighty Ball
 Shall be diſſolv'd, and to a Chaos fall.
Spencer's Heroick Lines no Death ſhall fear,
 His *Fairy Queen*, and *Shepherd's Kalendar*,
 Shall be admir'd, whiſt to our new Room [London.]
 The Vaſſal Iſle to pay their Tribute come.
 As long as Flames laſt, Torches, Bows, and Darts,
 (Love's great Artillery to conquer Hearts)
 Shall witty *Strephon's* wanton Verſe be read
 By many a melting Youth, and yielding Maid.
 From Eaſt to Weſt *Suckling's* ſoft Muſe ſhall run,
 Swift as the Light, and glorious as the Sun ;
 Each Pole ſhall eccho his Eternal Fame,
 And the bright Miſtreſs he vouchſafes to name.
 When ſolid Ir'n ſhall be eat up with Ruſt,
 And Marble Statues crumbl'd into Duſt,
 To deathleſs Verſe Time's Spight ſhall do no Wrong,
 For that muſt ever laſt, be ever young.
 Kings and their Triumphs, all the Pomp they boaſt,
 In dark Oblivion would be quickly loſt,
 Did no bleſ'd Poet the vaſt Loſs repair,
 Making them deathleſs, as his Numbers are.
Agas to Verſe muſt yield altho' it roll'd
 In Floods of Treafure, and a Tide of Gold.
 All theſe were *Fiſt Rates* and did Frolick oft
 Unto *Parnaffus* in the *Laureat Boat* ;
 But *DUNTON* is the meanest Rhiming Thing,
 That ever *SIPT* in the *Caſtalian Spring*.
 Yet tho' a rude, unpoliſh'd Muſe I have,
 A Place among the reſt I humbly crave.
 What is't that makes the chattering Parrot learn
 His Maſter's Name, and when he calls diſcern ?
 What makes mute Birds an humane Accent get ;
 And Poets write in Spite of *Senſe and Wit*.
 From Want the beſt Supplies of Fancy grow,
 To her the Invention of moſt Arts we owe.
 Would Birds but once the Uſe of Money find,
 Money the adored Hope of frail Mankind !)

Then

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Then Crows and Pies wou'd learn to course a Muse,
 They'd learn to dedicate and to abuse,
 And all the Tricks that flattering Poets use.
 But tho' the Mob will Prose and Gold admire,
 Let Love and Poetry my Breast inspire.
 Let me *Apollo*, and the Muses quaff
 In full charg'd Bowls, *Castalian* Rivers off:
 The sacred *Heliconian* Streams shall be
 A *Tagus*, and a *Ganges* both to me ;
 Our Life feeds all the Envy we shall have,
With us it sleeps in quiet in the Grave :
 When dead, the Honours we from Verse receive
 Shall guard us, and that Fame our Merits give,
 So that when Nature shall dissolve this Frame,
 And turn me to that Dust, from whence I came ;
 Ev'n then o'er Death I shall a Triumph gain,
 And the best Part of me shall still remain.
 For as was said by a Poetick DON *,
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

FROLICK V.

The Boat's Crew: Or, a merry Health to the Travelers
 Parnassus—— By Mr. Herrick.

1.

BRave Lads now squeeze for Room,
 So while we here sit crown'd,
 We'll drink a merry Health
 Until the Boat turn round.

2.

O! You the *Virgins Nine* !
 That do our Souls inspire ;
 Refine our Muse with Wine,
 Lest *Pegasus* shou'd tire.

3.

Now's the Time for Mirth,
 Nor Cheek or Tongue be dumb:
 Let's drink a Rhiming Health,
To Frolick we are come.

4.

Homer this Health to thee,
 In Sack of such a Kind,
 That it wou'd make thee see,
 Tho' thou wert ne'er so blind.

* *Randolph.*

V.

Next *Virgil* I'll call forth,
To pledge this second Health
In Wine, whose each Cup's worth
An *Indian* Common-wealth.

VI.

A Goblet next I'll drink
To *Ovid*, and suppose,
Made he the Pledge, he'd think
The World had all *one Nose*.

VII.

Then this immensive Cup
Of *Aromatick* Wine;
Catullus, we'll quaff up
To that Terce Muse of thine.

VIII.

Wild I am now with heat;
O *Bacchus*! cool thy Rays!
Or frantick I shall eat
Thy *Thyrse*, and bite the *Bays*.

IX.

Round, Round, the Boat do's run;
And being ravish'd thus,
Come, we will drink a Tun
To my *Propertius*.

X.

Now to *Tibullus* next,
This Flood we'll drink to thee:
But stay; I see a Text,
That this presents to me.

XI.

Behold *Tibullus* lies
Here burnt, whose small Return
Of Ashes, scarce suffice.
To fill a little Urn.

XII.

Row to *Parnassus* then,
Verse only will aspire,
When Pyramids, as Men;
Are lost i'th' funeral Fire.

XIII.

And when all Bodies meet
In *Lethe* to be drown'd;
Then only Numbers sweet,
With endless Life are crown'd.

FROLICK VI.

The Superannuated Maid: *A Paraphrase upon the XIIIth*
in Horace Lib. 4. *Audivere Lyce, &c.*

I.

Long have my Pray'rs slow Heav'n assail'd,
But Thanks to all the Powers Above
That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love,
Lyce at last they have prevail'd:
Now full Amends by Heav'n is made
For who can *Providence* upbraid,
That sees thy former Pride with hast'ned Age repay!

II.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward Ways dost strive
Th' unwilling Passion to revive,
Dost dance, and drink, and teach thy *Lyce*,
And all, to set some puny Heart on Fire:
Alas! in *Chloe's* Cheeks Love basking lies,
Chloe great Beauties, fairest Prize,
Chloe that charms our Ears, and ravishes our Eyes.

III.

The vig'rous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend
(For Love like other Gods disdains
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.)
He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy gray Hairs, and wrinkled Brow,
How should his youthful Fires agree with hoary

IV.

In vain with wond'rous Art, and mighty Care
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair,
No far-fetch'd Silks one Minute can restore,
That Time has added to the endless Score,
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er so bright
They shine with their own native Light,
Will but disgrace thee now, and but enhance thy

V.

Ah me! Where's now that Mien! That Face
That Shape! That Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whose enchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led:
Strange Turn of Fate, that she
Who from my self so oft has stol'n poor me
Now through the just Revenge of Time stol'n from me

VI.

Time was, when *Lyce's* pow'rful Face,
To *Phillis* only gave the Place,
Perfect in all those little Tricks of Love,
That charm the Sense, and the quick Fancy move;
But Fate to *Phillis* a long Reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride,
She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou (like some old Commander in Disgrace,)
Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,
Now the great Business of thy Life is done,
Review't with Grief what Trophies thou hast won:
Doom'd to be parch'd with Lust in frozen Age,
And tho' past ailing, doom'd to keep the Stage.
That all might laugh to see that glaring Light
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
And with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

FROLICK VII.

Against Knowledge. By Mr. Hawkshaw.

I.

If none but Fools which are in Error blest,
Can truly here be said to hope for Rest;
Why do I then pursue, and try
To read the Volumes of Philosophy?
I say they're gawdy Nonsense all,
And do like Flowers in the Autumn fall;
There is no Knowledge in this World below,
For all we've read, we scarce our selves can know.

II.

The thoughtless Man is never wrack'd by Cares,
Tho' the Storm rise, he entertains no Fears,
On any thing he can take hold,
He cares not for the sparkling Gold,
He never does the Metal slight,
So that his *Cesar's* Image be on it;
Altho' the Bark's but small, the Bottom's sound,
And tho' he sleeps, she'll never run a Ground.

III.

The Man that did to high rais'd Sense pretend,
Confess'd that after all it had no End,
So much deceiv'd, he did repine,
So lavishly he'd spent his Time,
Vowing that nothing here below,
Brought so much Sorrow, as this Thing to know,

O. 2

But

212 Parnassus Hoa! Or, a Frolick in Ver

But we, as foolish Gamesters use to do,
Still know the Trick, yet still are cheated too.

IV.

The *Stagarite* who knew all Nature's Laws,
Prov'd the first Martyr in this silly Cause;
But thou my Soul, with what thou'st seen
Sit down, ne'er go behind the Skreen
Of Nature, for the Cause of Things,
T' observe the Motions, and the hidden Springs:
Aspire not too high; if you'll improve
Your Time, be sure to spend it *all* in Love.

FROLICK VIII.

Narcissus * : Or, an Elegy on a certain Beau (commonly call'd handsome F——) who (falling in Love with himself) by admiring his own Person—— By Mr. Anonymus.

UNmanner'd Death, thus rudely to alarm
So fine a Thing, that all but thee could charm
Of such Address, and such a courtly Mien;
What tho' his Years were ripe? His Brains were gone
If Age had made him for thy Sickle fit,
Thou might'st have spar'd him for his Infant Wit:
Had'st stay'd 'till that did to ripe Judgment grow,
He'd then been certain an *Immortal Beau*.

How could thy Barb'rous Hands their Force employ
So neat a Pile of Structure to destroy?
Who daily to repair it did endeavour,
As if he had design'd to live for ever.

Had he e'er rail'd against thy Sithe and Glafs,
Or dar'd thy Force, like an unthinking As;
Or call'd thee with Reproach the greatest Evil,
(As some have done) to Mankind next the Devil,
'Twere just; So far was he from Thoughts to write
That he ne'er once so much as thought upon thee;
Yet to thy slender Form he look'd so big,
One'd think he might have scar'd thee with his Wig.

If nothing could retrieve his fatal Pass,
Thou might'st have gi'n him leisure at the Glafs,
To've taken formal Leave of his sweet Face,
And then the Stage he'd quited with a Grace;

* Narcissus, the Poets tell you was a Beautiful Youth (sighting Eccho, and falling in love with his own Shadow in Water) pin'd away to a white Daffadil.

But thus to steal upon him by Degrees,
And all his Charms repudiate with Disease,
Was such a gross Affront, that I durst swear,
No Beau henceforth will for thy Presence Care.

Fair *Albion's* Sons and Daughters loudly bawl
Your Sorrows out, his Loss affects you all:
Your Fears, and Sighs, and Lamentations joyn,
Until your Grief is swell'd as great as mine.

Ye learned Artists, whose deep Knowledge can
Make of a Log, a Clod of Earth, a Man;
Taylors and Peruke-makers, you have cause
To mourn; who now shall give your Skill applause?
You've lost your Patron, nor thus only cross,
But 'tis fear'd also, that your Debts are lost.
Ye Scampstresses, you've Reason too to whine,
How often have you help'd to make him fine?
Whilst on his PHIZ he wou'd so often leer,
With *E'nt I Handsome*, prithee, speak my Dear.

But for the D——ess, she does sing and laugh,
For C—— on F—— bestows this Epitaph.

Here lies *Narcissus* that did so admire
His pretty Face, he dy'd with *Self-desire*:
But being dead, this *Epitaph* shall have,
And so I'll leave him stinking in his Grave.
Here lies Beau F—— that two Deaths did pass,
First made a MAN, and after made an Ass:
He also had a double Death, or Wound,
For he that's pox'd, rot's 'bove and under Ground.
Two Burials too, it was his Fate to have,
First in a WIG, and after in a Grave.

FROLICK IX.

A King turn'd Thresher *. By Mr. Dunton.

Farewel ye gay Bubbles, Fame, Glory, Renown!
Farewel you bright *Thorns* that are pinn'd to a Crown!
Your little Enchantments no more shall prevail;
Look, look where my Scepter is turn'd to a Flail!
O who can the Bliss of a Monarch discern,
Whose Subjects are *Mice*, and whose Palace a *Barn*?

* [*A King turn'd Thresher.*]

I think I may adventure to pronounce this an Incredible Para-
and so others that know no better, may be apt to think too;
I can assure 'em, the Foundation of the Story is as infallibly
as any in—— *Lucian's true History.*

In spite of curs'd Fortune he *Kings* it below,
While he looks all around him, and sees not a Fox.
The Groans of the *murder'd* in Death and Despair,
Ne'er reach his calm Kingdom, but die in the Air:
Fierce *Battles* roar on, but too weak is the Voice,
For he *thresbes* and *thresbes*, and drowns all the Noise.

* The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod,

† *Dionysius's* Scepter was as light as his Rod;

|| And the *Little-Great Charles* with his Shovel and Spade

Dug a Hole, and lay down in the Grave he had made

But a thousand Times brighter my Stars do appear,

And I ne'er was a *Monarch* in earnest till here:

On a Heap of fresh Straw I can laugh and lie down,

And pity the Man that's condemn'd to a Crown.

No Armies of *Frogs* here croak by my Throne,

I can rise, I can walk, I can eat all alone:

Reliev'd from the Siege of importunate Men,

I enjoy my original Freedom agen.

Scarce peeps out the Sun with a blushing young Ray,

** E'er my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell me 'tis Day

Proud with his *Seyallio* behind and before,

He cheerly triumphing, struts along by the Door.

Here's an honest brown *George* which my Scrip does adore

Here's a true *Household-Loaf* of the Hue o' my Corn;

Here's a good *Rammel-Cheese*, but a little decay'd,

As fat as the *Cream* out of which it was made.

* [The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod.]

When his Envy could not be satiated on the *Christians*, he left
the Empire in Discontent, and retir'd to the *Salonian Garden*
as *Cowley*.

† [*Dionysius* his Scepter was as light as his Rod.]

That Tyrant driven from his Kingdom, travel'd into *Greece*
and set up *Schoolmaster*; where his Caves are here affirm'd a *Bel-
vy* as when a King.

|| [And the *Little-Great Charles* with his Shovel and Spade

Dug a Hole, and lay down in the Grave he had made

Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, who after a great
a Ruffle in the World as has been made these several Centuries
after War, not only against most of Europe, but *Argiers* in *Africa*
too; at last on some Discontent, or the displeasing Face of his
Business, resign'd the Empire, and retir'd to a little House in his
Garden, which he cultivated with his own Hand, and there he
and dy'd.

** [E'er my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell me 'tis Day]

Meaning Chaunticleer, — as *Gransire* Chaucer has it; or in
new English, no better nor worse than a Cock, — that *Bell-
Tell-Clock* of the Night, as *Cleveland* christens him.

When Death shall cross Proverbs, and strike at my Heart;
When the best of my *Flails* is no Fence for his Dart;
I'll open my Arms, not a Groan, not a Sigh,
Drop soft on the Straw, with a Smile I will die.

FROLICK X.

*The common old Fellow having taken Occasion to hang himself a
little; another comes in, in the Nick, and cuts him down;
instead of thanking him for his Life, he accuses him for
loosing the Rope. — By Mr. Dunton.*

The Dog! y' ha' spoil'd my Rope! 'Twas strong and tight,
And cost I'm sure a Groat but t'other Night;
And substantial Rope to give its Due,
Could hold an hundred heavier Rogues than you.
Near the Peace! I stood in fear o' my Life;
As & arms came; he brought a Knife;
Which, tho' I for certain cannot know't,
Yet the Villain meant to cut my Throat.
Per he spoil'd my Goods, the best I had,
And my Rope, I'm sure, and that's as bad;
Pounce the Rogue; I'll try from Court to Court,
There be any Law in England for't:
Such an Arbitrary Cur as he,
Is one of one's Right and Property?
If the Judge such Tricks as these allows,
I shan't hang himself in his own House:
Who dreads not such Presidents as that?
'Tis in vain! I'll ne'er referr't; that's flat.
Sweetly dangling 'twixt the Earth and Sky,
Wrap'd up in *Hempen-Extasie*;
Which all who view'd my lovely Snout might know,
All my Dregs of Man were drop'd below:)
A wretched Wretch dragg'd back my staring Soul,
Lambring up against the steepy Pole,
When with Liberty grown free and wild,
I'd it to a Corps, (an't please ye!) all defil'd:
Soul alive for both the *Indies* Riches,
I'd e'er descend to such a Pair of Breeches?
Hang him up for saving me, and then
I cut him down, e'en hang me up agen!

When Death shall cross Proverbs, and strike at my Heart,
When the best of my *Flails* is no Fence for his Dart.]
The common old Proverb here meant, is, that
— There's no Fence against a Flail.

FROLICK XI.

The Wedding Bell. By Mr. Forde.

NOW, now, the Hurly Burly's done,
 Now the Battle's lost and won:
 Eye upon't, why sneak you thus?
 Eye upon't, what makes you blush?
 No intruding Wag was nigh,
 None was under Bed but I.
 Fee me well and never fear,
 None alive a Word shall hear,
 True, it is the babling Bell,
 Did a little Motion tell.
 What of that we Three can swear,
 'Twas the Intemperance of the Air.
 Or the *Fleas* 'twas, who does know,
 That did make you tumble so?
 Or the *Bridegroom* and the *Bride*
 Quarrel for the better Side:
 And dispute when none was by,
 Which should in the Middle lye.
 Or a Reason may be shown,
 That he's us'd to lie alone,
 And now with powerful Brandy sped,
 Kicks the Lady out of Bed.
 But whatever may be guest,
 You can tell the Cream o'th' Jest.
 Mum for that, no more I'll say,
 Lest we all the Sport betray.
 See what 'tis to trust a Friend,
 Give you Joy, and there's an End.

Blessings in Abundance come,
 To the *Bride* and to her *Groom*;
 May the Bed, and this short Night,
Know the Fulness of Delight!
 Pleasures many here attend ye,
 And e'er long, a *Boy Love* send ye,
 Curl'd and comely, and so trim,
Maids (in time) may ravish him.
 Thus a Dew of Graces fall
 On ye both; good Night to all.

Now (Sirs) th' unwilling willing *Bride*,
 With th' busie *Virgin Crew* aside
 Was stol'n to undress.

Parnassus Hoa! Or, a Frolick in Verse. 217

The Youth whose active Blood began
To strike up *Love's Tantarra*, came
Within an Hour and less.

In came he, where she Blushing lay,
Like to a Musk-Rose into a
Lapfull of Lillies cast.
What pity 'tis we still should stay,
And make them riper Joys delay,
Only a Kiss to taste!

But still as 'twere to cross their Blifs,
The Bridemaids Banquet enter'd is,
The Youth devour'd it half,
To End it, not his Taste to please.
For minding those *SWEETS* coming, these
Were dull, as Whey and Chaff.

At last, the Lights and we went out ;
Now what remain'd to do, they do't:
Some say they danc'd a Fig.
If so (Sirs) 'twas but such as that
That you and I i'th' Bower had
With *Betty* and with *Peg*.

F R O L I C K XII.

To Chloe, who wish'd her self young enough for me.
By Mr. Cartwright.

C*hloe*, why wish you that your Years
Would backwards run, 'till they meet mine,
That perfect Likeness which endears
Things unto Things, might us Combine?
Our Ages so in Date agree,
That Twins do differ more than we.

There are two Births, the one when Light
First strikes the new awak'ned Sense ;
The other when two Souls unite ;
And we must count our Life from thence :
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new Souls give,
And in those Souls did plant new Pow'rs ;

Since

218 *Parnassus Ho!* Or, *a Frolick in Verse.*

Since when another Life we live,
The Breath we breath is his, not ours ;
Love makes those young, whom Age doth chill,
And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

Love, like that Angel that shall call
Our Bodies from the silent Grave,
Unto one Age doth raise us all,
None too much, none too little have ;
Nay, that the Difference may be none,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine ?
Our Eyes, our Ears, our Taste, Smell, Touch,
Do (like our Souls) in one combine ;
So by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

FROLICK XIII.

On the Bear-fac'd Lady. By Mr. Duntou.

TOO charming Maid, whose Viznomy divine,
Shoots Darts around like any *Porcupine* * :
Who gives to *Cupid's* Arrows new Supplies,
Heading 'em from your Face, and not your Eyes:
Like *Cleavland's* Lover, pallizado'd in †,
And fenc'd by the sharp *Turn-pikes* of your Chin.
Happy the Man to whom you must disclose
The flaming Beauties of your *Rainbow Nose*.
What tho' in vain t'approach your Lips he seek ?
He may with Leave come near and kiss your Check ;

This Story, and the Lady's Picture — appertaining thereto — are notorious enough about London, without Explication of the Subject in general.

* [Shoots Darts around like any *Porcupine*.]
She's pictur'd with a Bear's-Head, and consequently, has a
all bairy.

† [Like *Cleavland's* Lover, pallizado'd in.]
Alluding to that in Cleavland's Souldier.

“ [O let the *Turn-pikes* of my Chin
“ Take thy *Half-moon* Fortress in.

Parnassus Ho! Or, a Frolick in Verse. 219

as when *Turks* expect they should be heard
 Prayer, you will but turn aside your Beard * :
 All this were true, tho' *Art* should you disgrace,
 And shew her own, instead of *Nature's* Face.
 But you discreetly chuse the *Russian* Way †,
 And closely veil it till the *Wedding-Day*;
 Not *Stega-like*, by too sincere a Carriage ‡,
 Your *Imperfections* shew, and mar your Marriage.
 You are resolv'd that *Faith* and *Stomach* too
 Shall meet in him who must be bless'd with you ;
 And by so just a *Touch-stone* mean to prove
 The Mettal of his Courage and his Love :
 Nay, *Joan* her self, whom he'll i'th' dark embrace,
 When the *Light* comes, may have my *Lady's* Face :
 As has his Chance, it may be good enough,
 For all *Love's* but a Game at *Blind-man's Buff*.
 Who to meet a Devil does prepare,
 Like *Spencer's Knight*, may find an Angel there ||.
 Kissing a *Snake*, he may at last prevail
 To hold a fat, tho' slipp'ry *Eel* by th' Tail.
 When *Psyche* thro' the *Air* to *Cupid* rode **,
 She fear'd a *Dragon*, but she found a *God*.

If, as when *Turks* expect they should be heard
 Prayer, you will but turn aside the Beard.]
 The Traveller, and ingenious Observer, at Constantinople,
 Relation he gives of their Customs in Devotion, has this
 the rest ; That when in the highest Fit of Zeal, and Top of
 Service, for an Amen, they are to manage their Beards,
 the Work is left uncompleat.
 But you discreetly choose the *Russian* Way,
 And closely veil it 'till the *Wedding-Day*.]
 The Description of *Russia*, among *Struys's Voyages*, he de-
 scribes for one Humour religiously observed in all their Mar-
 — They never see one another 'till made fast.
 Not *Stega-like*, &c.]
 An old Lady, in the Play, out of Sincerity, us'd to let her
 friends see all her Imperfections— as her no-Teeth, no-Eyes,
 &c. and so frighted 'em all away.
 He who to meet a Devil does prepare,
 Like *Spencer's Knight*, may find an Angel there.]
 Spencer's Fairy Queen ; In one of the first Canto's, in-
 terrogating an old Witch, the Knight found a brisk young Lady.
 [When *Psyche* thro' the *Air* to *Cupid* rode,
 She fear'd a *Dragon*, but she found a *God*.]
 She was required by the Oracle to be expos'd to a *Dragon*;
 Prometheus to the *Whale*— When in pops *Cupid*, like *Perseus*
 sets her at Liberty, carries her Home, and all that —

Suppose

220 Parnassus Ho! Or, a Frolick in Verse.

Suppose the worst, a Rival's Spight has said,
Here's Spouse enough, tho' she had ne'er an Head.
A just Proportion every where behold,
And Gold, the Cream o'th' Jest, remember Gold;
Gold! Gold! those subtle Charms must needs prevail;
Gold! Gold! enough, had she nor Head, nor Tail.
Sure this must even the flintiest Heart subdue;
Those Chains, those Pearls, those Lockets, all for you!
What if no Cubbs blefs the ill-natur'd Joys?
Look, she's already stock'd with yellow Boys;
And she
May live like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd *,
While you
Lie with her Coin, and get her Bags with Child.

FROLICK XIV.

The Bishop and Beggar. By Mr. Anonymous.

A Covetous Miser, who'd think it? 'Twas odd;
Was made a Right Reverend Father in God:
For, tho' no bad Man has the Gift of the Spirit,
Yet he may the Mitre and Profits inherit.
But to tell you my Story—— A Man with one Leg,
On New-years-day came to his Lordship to beg:
"I hope your good Lordship five Guineas will spare;
Which no sooner was spoke but the Prelate did stare;
And cries, "Why, old Man, 'tis true you may lack it,
"But I think, if I give it, I shall be distracted:
At this my poor Gaffer was forc'd to come down,
So he fell to five Shillings, which you know is a Crown:
But that was deny'd; "Ah, Sir, 'tis a hard thing,
Cries the Beggar—"Then give me but one Copper-Farthing
"No, no, cries my Lord, why, how now, Sauce-But
"Here, take him, and set him to prate in the Stocks:
"Then, Sir, says the Fellow, I, with your Permission,
"Will only beg leave to add this one Petition;
"Which is, that your Blessing you'd please to bestow,
"For then I am happy wherever I go.
So the Bishop, to shew him his utmost Affection
And Pity; "Cries, Kneel Friend, and take Benediction

* [She—may live, like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd,
Vid. Fuller's Church-History, p. 91. This Etheldreda, you think it, was married to a Prince, and a King, and by her own Desire, liv'd still as pure a Virgin as ever—Mother was when she was born.

Parnassus Hoa! Or, a Frolick in Verse. 221

No, no, says the Man, plucking up a good Courage,
You may, if you please, keep your Breath for your Por-
and as for your Blessing, Sir, you may e'en save it;] [ridge;
Had it been worth a Farthing, you would not have gave it.

M O R A L.

Perhaps, if we look in the World, we may find
A Shop still of the same Kidney and Kind;
The Moralist gave me this prudent Injunction,
The Fault of one Man not to lessen the Function.

FROLICK XV.

Innocent Fraud: Or, the Liar in Mode and Figure. By Mr.
Dunton.

FOR Naked Truth let others write,
And fairly prove that Black's not White;
Quarrel and scold, then scratch and bite,
'Till they're with Cuffing weary:
Give me a Lye, trick'd neat and gay,
As fine as any Hedge in May;
Most think so too, altho' they'll say,
Perhaps, the clean contrary.

The Courtier first is counted rude,
If he's with Lying unendu'd;
Nay, when he's in his Altitude,
He gives it Oaths for clenching:

The Brisk and Young sowre Truth despise,
And kick her back to th' old and wise;
Wenching's the Gallant's Life, a Lye's
The very Life of Wenching.

Room for the Man of Parchment next,
Whose Comments so confound the Text,
And Truth's High-road so much perplex,
One scarce can e'er get at it;

With his own Practice not content,
He'll either quote, or he'll invent,
He'll find or make a President,
And gravely lye by Statute.

Next the poor Scholar loaden comes
With Packs of Sentences and Sums,
Scratches his Head, and bites his Thumbs,
For Truth is all his Vigour;
Like Lynceus self, O who but he *

[Like Lynceus self, O who but he]

Mr. Lynceus was, you must know, a mighty quick-sighted
— He could see thro' Walls, Houses, and Ships at Sea, at the
Distance, and — But that's enough already to believe at
The

222 *Parnassus Hoa ! Or, a Frolick in Verse.*

The Essences of Things can see ;
 When he deceives but orderly,
 And lies in Mood and Figure.
 Who but the Poet ought t'appear
 I'th' End? Who should bring up the Rear,
 But he who without Wit or Fear
 Lays on his Lyes by Clusters?
 Never of sneaking *Truth* afraid,
 He'll her with open Arms invade,
 And dreadful Armies in his Aid
 Of his own *Hero's* Musters.
 Well, since on all Sides 'tis confest,
 A quiet Life must needs be best ;
 Who'd think it hard to purchase Rest
 By such a small complying?
 Let him that will speak Truth for me ;
 Truth the worst Incivility!
 I'd rather in the Fashion be,
 Since all the *World's* for Lying.

FROLICK XIV.

A Widow wou'd marry. By Mr. Anonymous.

A Bonny brisk Widow who Riches possesse,
 Yet thought that of all Things a Husband was best
 To her Crony she told her, " Her Heart was inclin'd;
 And employ'd her to seek for a Man to her Mind.
 " But don't you imagine, cries she, I require
 " A Man for the sake of a Carnal Desire.
 " My End's to be eas'd from all Troubles and Care,
 " By getting a Spouse to look after Affairs.
 Her Neighbour obeys her, performs her Request,
 And tells her withal, she had done for the best.
 " I've a Person, cries she, in whom you'll delight,
 " For he'll never disturb you with Tricks o'th' Night.
 " Nay, between you and I, Dame, he can't if he wou'd
 " His Ability that Way is not very good.
 " Be gone, cries the Widow, you Block-headly Fool
 " For, whatever I told you, I-hate such a Tool:
 " Shou'd we ever fall out, and I be in a Passion,
 " He has no Way to lay it upon an Occasion.

M O R A L.

*Some Ladies by this may perhaps be offended,
 And think an Affront to the Sex was intended;*

Parnassus Hoa ! Or, a Frolick in Verse. 221

Our Author protests, without mincing the Matter,
That it's foolish for any to struggle with Nature.
The People that marry, whatever's their Station,
Have doubtless design, for Encrease of the Nation,
To promote the good Work which is call'd Propagation.
And why else by the Law are old Batchelors fin'd,
For doing no Good to their Species or Kind?
When stricken in Years, they ought never to marry,
Tho' their Wives do not, they'll surely miscarry.

}

FROLICK XVII.

A Satyr upon Reason. — By Mr. Anonymous.

I.

REASON, thou vain Impertinence,
Deluding Hyppocrite, be gon,
And go and plague your Men of Sense,
But let my Love and me alone.

II.

In small Concerns of Life we'll own
Thy so much boasted Sovereignty,
But sacred Love, just like Religion,
Scorns and throws off thy Tyranny.

III.

Natur'd, churlish, ill-bred Thing,
Who me amidst my Rapturous Joys,
Dost with thy Checks of Conscience sting,
Whose Bitter all my Sweet destroys.

IV.

In vain some dreaming thinking Fool,
Wou'd make thee o'er our Senses reign,
And all our noble Passions rule,
And constitute this Creature Man.

V.

In vain some Dotard may pretend,
Thou art our Torch to Happiness,
To Happiness, which poor Mankind
As little know, as Paradise.

VI.

At best, thou'rt but a glimmering Light,
Which serves not to direct our Way,
But like the Moon confounds our Sight,
And only shews it is not Day.

The

224 Parnassus Hoa! Or, a Frolick in Verse.

VII.

The Fool's the Happiest of Mankind,
Whom Tyrant, thou dost ne'er controul,
No Care disturbs his thoughtless Mind,
Like Night there's Rest, and Darknes in his Soul.

VIII.

Nay, even Brutes are far more blest
Than wretched humane Kind,
For they those Joys may freely taste
From which by Reason we're confin'd.

FROLICK XVIII.

The Amorous Union. — By Mr. F—w.

I.

Let dull *Philosophers* the Ign'rant tell,
That Souls are *indivisible*;
We find their Rules do not prove always true,
'Tis but one Soul informs us two;
So by one Loadstone touch'd, as we by Love,
Two distant Needles to the same Point move.

II.

Go now, and ask thy jealous Kindred, why
They thee to love thy self deny.
For 'tis just so, our Love's a *Phoenix* grown,
And we are eminently one;
Such Miracles our Sympathy can do,
That I no longer am my self, but you.

III.

Then let's not talk, *But Kindred disagree*;
Prithee what's that to thee and me?
Our Love's the Worm, they've try'd so oft to kill,
By separating us, yet still
Mistaken Fools! We mock your subtle Art,
This, tho' divided, lives in every Part.

In my next *Voyage to Parnassus* I shall load my BOA
with such Variety of FROLICKS, as shall make Amuse-
ment for the few transported in this; but I was the shortener
of this Eighth Project, it being only design'd as a *Piece of*
cent Recreation to divert the Reader, that he might not be
melancholly when he falls to reading my Ninth Project;
'tis — A SATYR upon King William.

PROJECT I.*

SATYR upon King William; being the secret History of his Life and Reign, extracted from the private Minutes that were taken by Colonel Babington, and other Persons of Quality. The Fourth Edition, corrected.

THE PREFACE.

NOT long since, I writ a Panegyrick on George Lord Jefferies, (one of the worst of Men) for banging so many in the West; I am here attempting a SATYR on King William, that has accounted (by some) one of the Best.

I shall find it a hard Matter to bear an ill Opinion of K. William the Souls of those who tell us, That he was born a Hero; That his Mind was vast and comprehensive, His Imagination fruitful and lively, His Memory large and tenacious, His Thoughts wise and His Words few, but comprehensive, His Actions many and That he was always the same, whether in good or bad Fortunes; That he was the Rightfullest King that ever sat upon the Throne, as being set up by the same Hands which made the first and will make the last; That he was the Choice both of God and People, and the very Darling of Heaven; That he had a right to the Crown (as was said of his Royal Consort) even in Nature and superior Merit, before he wore it; That he maintain'd the Liberty of England, without persecuting the Dissenters; That he was religious without Superstition, Just without Rigour, Merciful without Partiality, Cautious without Fear, Valiant without Rashness, without Pride, Conscientious in all Relations, Master of the Passions of his People, and Master of Himself; and in a Word, he carry'd on the Noble Designs of Heaven, in raising up Opulence and Virtue, in securing the Protestant Religion, and in procuring Peace and Happiness to the World: And (say these Sticklers for King William) He was thus Meritorious without Thanks.

But in the Character the Williamites give of their Dutch Hero, I will atone for the many Failings I shall find in him) I will say to it, That he dy'd as he liv'd, serious and compos'd, and acquiescing in the Divine Will, and concern'd for nothing but that he cou'd serve his People no longer. And I

will farther add; (for I will give his Virtues their due Praise, where I satyrize I may be thought impartial) "K. William with him more real Glory to the English Throne, than it was possible he shou'd receive from it: That he was, (as the new Monument erected to his Memory tells us) the Wonder and the Darling of Europe, before ever he wore a Crown; and I can't deny but it will henceforward be an additional Glory to any one that shall sit on the English Throne, that so Great a King once had his Seat. Her Majesty being of this Opinion, declares in her first Speech to the Privy Council; My Lords, I am extremely sensible of the general Misfortune of these Kingdoms, in the unspeakable Loss of the King—— 'Twas this made both Houses of Parliament often to thank His Majesty for delivering them from Popery and Slavery, and to vindicate his Honour, with respect to those scandalous Papers which were falsely said to be found in his Closet after his Death—— And for this Reason the Duke of Queensberry pleas'd to declare, that While Religion and Liberty are in Value, K. William's Memory must be in perpetual Honour. And 'tis said the City of London intend to erect his Statue in Marble perpetuate (as they call 'em) his Matchless Virtues to the End of Time. Thus far I agree with the Williamites (but no farther) in the Character they give of their King.

Now, if K. William be thus accomplish'd, perhaps his Friends (that don't know him so well as I) will be ready to say, We challenge any (even the rankest Jacobite) to blacken this Glorious Prince, or shew us one Spot in his whole Life.

To this I answer: Tho' a Satyr on K. William will be too good Matter to slip down any Man's Reason who had not before been a Jacobite-Protestant) enlarg'd his Swallow with plain Convictions; yet I can't help it, (tho' his Friends shou'd heap up his Praises to the Sky) if this Hogan Mogan be the Subject of this Satyr, for my Talent lies in finding of Faults, and what care I if his Majesty be admir'd by all the World but my self?

I own K. William deserves the Glorious Character his Friends give him, (I confess this, that the Errors I shall find in him may more disgrace him) but tho' I own his Merit, yet still I will find Faults, and shall therefore turn all the Venom of my Ink and Soul, on his Life and Reign.

I know this Satyr upon K. William will be a great Surprise to his Friends, especially to those who almost adore him; but A Cat will look on a King; and I an't afraid to tell the World K. William was no Angel.

When Reflections were once made before Q. Mary, of the Cruelty of some Historians who had left heavy Imputations on the Memory of some Princes, she answer'd, "That if those Princes were truly such as the Historians represented them, they had deserved that Treatment; and others who tread their Steps should look for the same; for Truth wou'd be told at last."

Lies are sooner believ'd than Truth; for Truth seeketh
 as suspecting her Fudge, tho' never as fearing her Cause;
 'tis my Love to Truth, and the Opportunities I had to
 the Secrets of His late Majesty, that made me write the
 Sheets; in which, (tho' I snarl at his Innocence where I
 else to satyrize) I am equally impartial to his Vices and
 ; having no other End in this Publication, but to undeceive
 world. 'Tis true, some Men have found out a way to Canonize
 for Saints, whom the Justice of the Nation hath condemn'd for
 ; and there be others, that meerly to gratifie their Ill-nature,
 up all the Scandals of Mens Lives, give a malicious Turn to
 ing, and Libel every body, without respecting the Sacred
 of Princes: And they are full as base, who invited over
 of Orange, and to his Face call'd him their great Do-
 , but have since his Death forgot every Word on't. Nor have
 Apollo's Tribe strung their Harps, or sung Lachrymæ on the
 of their great Patron, save the Noble M——gue, the
 Stennet, and the Immortal Dennis.

let none be surpriz'd that I publish a Satyr on K. William;
 wou'd ask the late Dean of St. P—— what is publishing no
 -Sermon on K. William's Death, (as he did on Q. Mary's)
 Temporizing Satyr against him?

is our Livery-mens crowding and hunching so much at
 us, but a Satyr on his restoring their Rights?

is Sa——el's talking so high for the Church, but a Satyr
 Moderation?

what is T——'s writing no Elegy on K. William, but
 grateful Satyr on his Royal Master? Or in other Words, a
 g a Health to Sorrel: Yes, sure enough, such Men as these

Rejoice at the Disasters of his Crown,
 and drink the Horse's Health that threw him down.

Here's witty C—— (a Man that writes for Bread)

Whilst Royal William liv'd he Praises paid;

but now neglects the Hero since he's dead.

Not one poor Stanza yet his Urn dares grace:

A grateful Tribute for his Laureat's Place.

that the Frolick has gone round, and every Man (either by
 ling the Memory of his Benefactor, or by acting counter to that
 tion he prais'd in him) has made a Satyr against him; as if
 have us believe all the Blessings of his Life are turn'd into
 since his Death.

others (tho' not so ungrateful as these) are peremptory in their
 , and impose on the World their Conjectures for real Truth:
 mine's therefore in this Satyr is to find out Truth, and to speak
 whether it be for, or against the Person I wou'd now satyrize.

William III. is now as dead as William I. and as he is gone, and
 ally extinct with him, I can be under no Temptation to flatter

him; and, considering the Assistance I had from Col. Babington's Minutes, my bare relating Matter of Fact will be Satyr enough. For they are much mistaken, who think the Care of Princes sufficiently rewarded with the Wealth and Beauty of their Crowns. It is that, together with the Errors they are led into (by designing Favourites) which torments and makes 'em unhappy.

But perhaps you'll say, That as Kings must see and hear by the Eyes and Ears of other People, this makes it their Misfortunes, more than their Crimes, that they do amiss.

To this I answer; Their little kind of short-lived Felicity is envelop'd with Error and Hazards; Treason and Mistakes are close Attendants of Majesty; and as Princes are often carried by those about 'em, so they have great Falls and Descents; Precipice is from steep Rocks and Mountains; they fall from Heaven to Earth; and, when they are dead, even Pages of the late Stairs dare satyrize Crown'd Heads.

Thrones are very uncertain, they are tottering and unstable; the Royal Diadem twinkles, and is not so solid and lasting as a fix'd and sharp Eye may look through it, and see its Spots and blemishes in the very Noon of its Glory. The Purblind People (who can't see into the Secrets of Princes) are much amused and pleased with the little Glitterings of Honour; they lift up their Heads, and are elevated; they adore and worship the King, but know nothing what Turmoils and Difficulties, what Fears and Troubles perplex him. Crowns are not so massy and ponderous, they are weighty and burdensome.

Our Gracious Queen being sensible of this, was pleas'd to say in Her first Speech, That she was extremely sensible of the Weight and Burthen the unspeakable Loss of the late King brought, in particular upon Her self; which she is pleas'd to say, Nothing cou'd encourage Her to undertake, but the great Concern She had for the Preservation of our Religion and the Laws and Liberties of Her Country.

The Dim-sighted Vulgar do not see the Thorns and Thistles attend Crowns, for those little Beams of Glory which surround them. The Purple of Princes is well colour'd and splendid, but sometimes it is lined with Nettles and Brambles, with Scylls and Daggers; and as the Splendor of a Crown is subject to a thousand Hazards, so the Person of a King is subject to a thousand Torments.

But here K. William's Friends will be ready to say, That Respect that is due to a Crown'd Head, obliges us not to aggravate the Misfortunes or Errors, of his late Majesty, rather cast a Veil over all his Failings.

To this I answer — I profess myself a Disciple of the Great Man, who being ask'd by Heliogabalus how he durst plain? Because, said he, I dare die: I can but die if I tell the Truth, and I must die if I flatter. And therefore

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is great Respect due to a Head that has wore a Crown, yet as Quality of the Person aggravates the Crime; so, should the King we see in a King escape Reflection, the malicious World say, (and justly too) that Justice is not fairly hood-wink'd, makes a Shift to get a Glance of the Parties concern'd, and spares more than an other; That all this Noise about a Reformation, is about little Sinners, while the Man of Quality may still take Liberty he himself pleases.

In this Impartial Regard to the Errors of Men, that makes attempt to blacken K. William's Memory, and I hope to prove as bad as the Devil cou'd make him: indeed his Friends say he never tempt him to a base Thing, yet I prove, in the following Satyr, that all Men (from the Prince to the Beggar) digress from the ways of their Lives, (even Life it self is nothing else digression) and for this Reason, were I a Williamite, I wou'd all the Failings of his late Majesty into the great heap of humane

But however Charitable I am to others, I have such an Eye to William III. that I heartily wish and pray, one that hates him as much as myself) That our Gracious Queen, and all those who succeed Her, may so far shine Him in all Virtue and Success, that his very Memory may shrink into as little a compass as some desire it, and may the Lustre of Her Name so far out-shine the Glory of King William, that the memory of his greatest Merits may be forgotten.

True, K. William deliver'd us all from Popery and Slavery, as the first King on the English Throne that promoted a Reformation of Manners: But tho' King William signally Retriev'd ancient Honour and Glory of the English Nation, yet as his made way for a Queen whose Heart is entirely English, in a most particular manner a Nursing Mother to the Church of England, we may (with a good Conscience) rejoice in it, and had died sooner.

Never satyricall this may look upon K. William, (and upon few Clergy-men that condol'd his Death in Funeral Sermons) yet there's reason enough for this unnatural Joy, if we consider the humbling the French Tyrant (who contemptuously said, but a WOMAN had declar'd War against him) seems to Honour reserv'd only for Queen ANNE.

K. William laid the Plan of this glorious Conquest, and we follow his brave Example, our Army will soon put Lewis into a Sweat.

William III. that first set the Wheels of our Deceit a going, or our Bodies had been now broiling in Smiths and our Quarters adorning the City Gates; yet I wou'd less blame in this Undertaking, did not the Archbishop assure us, we had no Prospect but of sinking under Popery and

Arbitrary Government, yet then he rais'd up our late King and Queen, of glorious Memory, to rescue us from our Dangers, and to secure us in the Possession of all that was dear and valuable—— And tho' (*continues this great Prince*) it hath pleas'd God to deprive us of these two great Blessings, in taking to himself first our incomparable Queen, and now lately our King; yet such is his Goodness, that he hath preserv'd to us another Branch of the same Royal Stock (*a Sister of our never-to-be-forgotten Queen*) to repair our Losses.

So that we may warrantably rejoice in K. William's Death, it sets the Crown on the Head of a Queen that was providentially reserv'd to perfect that Reformation which he but began.

But his Friends tell us, Had he Reign'd longer, perhaps he had pleas'd every Body, and made the Nation eternally Happy.

To this I answer: This is but a thin Fig-leaf to cover K. William's Failings; for I might reply to this, If Nero himself had died in the beginning of his Reign, or before his Quinquagesimal was run out, he had been rank'd among the best Emperors, and look'd upon to be little inferior to Titus himself.

But (say his Friends) supposing King William guilty of those Defects, yet, where the Good preponderates, we should not run, as peccant Humours, to the Tumour to enhance them.

To this I answer: Some Mens Prejudices, Passions, Ignorance, Malice, or Bigotry, have taught them often to invent, to catch at Failings in K. William, where they really know none; but 'tis no Argument, because some Men (who perhaps never knew him speak) have misrepresented his late Majesty, that Col. Dodington should be ignorant of him, who was near his Person for many Years, and ('tis clear by the following Satyr) was privy to his secret Actions, which being Notorious, I have made K. William as black as his worst Enemies can (in Reason) desire.

I own, those that can't find in their Hearts to forget the late Revolution, and thought K. William (as he call'd himself) Common Father to all his People, will read with Indignation that K. William was hardly cold in his Death-bed when he endeavour'd to blast his Name; but the Case is alter'd, for being a High-flyer, I am now above the Wrath of Disbanded Sentinels, the very Devil himself (who Tutch---n says puts in a Vacancy) can't frustrate my End in publishing this Satyr (as the World goes) what do I care to oblige the Whigs enough for me, that the turning K. William's Virtues into a Satyr will please his Enemies, I mean those fiery Sons of the Church who now sling about their Bombs and Granadoes against the sick, as if they were storming a Conventicle.

I hope this Satyr on K. William will be no less acceptable (such as reverence true History; for I do not only endeavour to

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in every Virtue which his Friends say he possess'd; but I also use the very Secrets of his Life and Reign; especially those of Closet, Bed-Chamber, and Cabinet-Council—— I shall also set all his private Speeches and Sayings, from his Birth to his

death. So that this Satyr sets K. William in a new Light, finds such visible Faults in his Conduct as no Man ever saw but my self; and writes the secret History of his Life and Reign.

It is true, upon a strict Observation of the Life and Actions of William, I cou'd never find he swore on Oath, that he ever sinn'd, or (like his Predecessors) ever accusom'd himself to any sin in Expression: And he was a Prince of that strict Temperance, that he never drank to Excess.

As for that unnatural Vice which some said he was addicted to, to get certain Knowledge, he was as free from it, as Lot when he left his Lot. If any affirm he was guilty of that more natural Sin, of seducing a Woman, let him read his last Speech to the Parliament, wherein he says, I hope what Time can be spar'd will be employ'd about those other desirable Things which I have so often recommended from the Throne; I mean, the forming of good Bills for employing the Poor, for encouraging Trade, and the farther suppressing Debauchery. And in his Speech he made to the Parliament, December 3. 1697. he tells 'em, He will place the Glory of his Reign in defending their Religion, Liberties, and Liberties: And then adds, I shall make it my Endeavour effectually to suppress Prophaneness and Immorality, and to encourage Piety and Virtue.

Who that reads this excellent Speech, and still believes K. William innocent, we may conclude him endu'd with just such a convenient Notion of Sense as wou'd go to the making a Jacobite.

These Discoveries it appears that William III. (as if he were made of Flesh and Blood) did not make one sensual, or false Step, in his whole Reign; and that his Life was one continued Study for the Good of his People.

Who tho' K. William was thus refin'd in his Morals, yet still he deserves the following Satyr, for Humanum est errare, and therefore he can be cou'd not be faultless—— 'Tis true, the worst thing I

say of him is, That he was a Man; for had he been a Woman, every Sex wou'd have oblig'd me to ha' thought him an Angel:

But he was a Man, and that alone includes so many and such great Affections, that having made a narrow Search into his Conversa-

tion I shall make him as black as a Man (quatenus, a Man) can be.

For K. William's Virtues were as bright and universal as the Sun; but if Hypparchion (for which he was struck blind) cou'd find

in the Sun it self, I may hope to find as many Blots in K. William's Manhood. I own, Plutarch (that Father of Morality)

thinks him that can moderate his Affections to be half virtuous; and that his sovereign Command over his Passions, to be a perfect

Man. But as these Days go, we take such to be good Men (as Cicero) as have only Appearance of Virtue in them. Sure I am Perfection was too absolute for K. William: 'Twas the Saying of a late Author, That inferior Virtues were good enough for Irish Men. Most think, if (with Balaam) they desire to die, the Death of the Righteous, it is enough they think, (like very Men as they are) a matter for the Interim of their Lives.

But the Admirers of K. William will be ready to say, That might transgress as he was a Man, yet consider him as King and he cou'd not err.

To this I answer—— I am very sensible that none can hope to make their Court to our Gracious Queen, by asserting the Memory of our late Sovereign: For it must be acknowledg'd, that as Q. ANNE was eminently instrumental in the late Revolution; so her Government stands upon the same Basis with that of K. William. Neither the bringing the Illustrious House of Hannover into the Succession, nor any new Project in the Year 1700, since not only His late Majesty (with Consent of our present Queen) but most of the Lords, and many of the Commons, stickled for it Eleven Years before. But Princes are Demi-Gods, yet if we rake in their Affairs, we find them Men: No Man is so Great or Holy but may err. I own, for a King to have his Honour darkned, is ten times more than for an habitual Sinner to die upon the Gallows; yet it must be own'd, that a Man, by being a King, makes his Failings the more notorious: For a black Spot is quickly discern'd in a beautiful Face, and the Sun is more gaz'd at in one Hour when Eclipsed, than in Seven Years when she shines brightly. So that as Greatness and Goodness sets off the Lustre of Virtue, so it makes Vice more apparent. And this is so evident by the following Satyr, that K. William's Friends will be forc'd to acknowledge it, if they read it thro'—— Yet I must so far satyrize my own Satyr, as freely to own, that K. William any thing else but a Man, I shou'd think him. However, the best of Men (for so the Williamites call him) are Men at the best; and therefore by dissecting K. William's Body (that I may shew where the Defects of Humanity reside) I shall do good Service to the English Nation, since the best way to avoid Error is to know it.

This is the Subject of the ensuing Satyr, (which perhaps may amuse both Friends and Enemies) but is written with such a Respect to Truth, that I have inserted nothing in it but what is able to prove.

Were this Satyr writ by a Friend of his late Majesty, I should suspect his Partiality wou'd blind him as to his chief Failings: but I have discover'd what Col. Rabington was privy to; and have access to it the secret Memoirs of some noted Favourites to the late King, who had the Honour frequently to have his Ear.

But tho' the Design of the following Satyr is to expose the Errors and Failings of His late Majesty, yet I am willing to own,

ever Curtains of Night-work I draw over his Throne, whatever I cast into his Courts, there will come a Time, when the Name of William will be as the pouring out of a sweet Ointment, and bruising of evapourating Spices. Then will our Annals be perused with his Memory, when all the Honour we can do him will be to bury in his Relicks, and make much of his Ashes. Then the Children of those who will not now give him a good Word, shall think worthy of Incense.

As if the Williamites shou'd be so ungrateful, as not to erect a Monument in Remembrance of him, (who rescu'd their Religion and Liberties from the Jaws of Ruin and Destruction) all that I can say is that I shall then consent, that even this Satyr upon him may be the lasting Monument of his Fame: But I am willing to be thought an Enemy, and will vindicate this Satyr, 'till such Time the Williamites prove ungrateful; for why may not the Author of these things (like the rest of the World) adore the Rising Sun?

I shall only add—— When I first enter'd upon this Satyr, the Subject pleas'd me, yet not knowing but some might condemn it as soon as born, and perhaps such that were no Enemies to the Design of the Author; the Fear of this made me reflect on my Passage very like this, of a Book written in the last Age, to which Women had no Souls; wherein were amass'd up Scriptures, Authorities, and Reasons, to prove the Assertion, and all the Arguments to the contrary answer'd. This was the Face of the Book, but the real Design was to expose the Arguments of the Socinians against the Divinity of our Saviour, by making use of all their Topicks in proof of this ridiculous Assertion, and solving all those brought against it in the same manner they were accusom'd to do, as plainly shou'd to those who look'd close enough into it. However, some honest Man there was who happen'd upon the Book, (as perhaps some Williamites may do upon this Satyr) and not seeing thro' it, shou'd a mighty Indignation against the Person who endeavour'd to propagate such an Antiquated Heresie, and sets himself in good Order to write an Answer to it, to prevent the Mischief it might do to the World: Wherein he did very gravely refel all the Authorities and Reasons that Wag had laid together.

Farce think this Satyr on K. William will meet with the same Fate. But that none may be scar'd with a Title-page, and now and then the Word Satyr in fearful great Characters and a Black Letter, may here led the World by the Nose into the Design thereof; and this Preface let the Reader (if he is not a stark Fool) into the meaning of this so unintelligible a Work.

A

SATYR

UPON

King WILLIAM, &c.

TIS on several Accounts dangerous to give a true Character of a living Prince *, for it must necessarily be either good or bad; if good, it will carry with it the Appearance of fulsome Flattery, and be ungrateful to the commanded Sovereign: For by how much the more they deserve, much the less do they (generally) desire to be applauded: If the Character be bad, who will dare to speak it out, when Princes are arm'd with Power to do us so much Good, and hurt, according as they are either pleas'd or displeas'd? by how much the worse they are, so much the less can we bear to be told of it. But when they are remov'd out of the World, and Death has brought 'em upon a common Level with the rest of Mankind, every one will then take a Liberty of Freedom of Speech, and venture to say what was true, what they did believe before, tho' it was not fit to be said sooner.

As this emboldens me to attempt the writing a Satyr upon William; in which (for Method sake) I shall first treat of the Imperfections of his Body: And next, display those of his Mind.

And here, that I may do equal Justice both to his Virtues and Vices,

I shall first relate what K. William's Friends say of his good Qualities.

See Mr. Robinson's Sermon on the Death and Funeral of the late King.

I shall next shew, how far I agree with his Friends, in what they say in his Praise.

And, that my Satyr may be as keen as possible,

I shall conclude each Head, with exposing all the Faults find in every one of his Virtues.

For tho' his Friends tell us, *All the Virtues met and combin'd in his Royal Person, to reform the Age, and to vanquish the Powers of Sin and Darkness*; yet upon a narrow Search into his Life and Reign, I shall find such Failings to expose in him, as will convince his Admirers, that *William III.* was no more an Angel than his Predecessors.

This is the Method I shall pursue in the following Satyr in which (that I may paint *K. William* as Black as possible) I shall dip my Pen in Vinegar: Yet no Malice or Ill-will shall make me forget that I ought to speak only Truth.

To write the Secret History of *K. William*, is to expose some Men of the first Quality: But I fear nothing on that account of the Discoveries I make; for, as he is Dead, my Words can't make me guilty of Treason; or were *K. William* alive, if I asserted nothing but Truth, Truth itself would protect me. 'Tis true, as my Satyr will be all Truth, it will bite the deeper: However, Col. *Babington* having kept a Journal of the Secrets of *K. William*, I resolve (now he is dead) to publish it.

I know those who tell us, *K. William* had a brave and generous Soul; That his whole Life was a constant Course of doing Good, and think a Satyr upon him a very ungrateful Task; but the Opportunities the Colonel had to discover more than other Men have put me upon writing this *Secret History*; in which no Blemish in the Soul or Body of *K. William*, shall escape my notice.

Reader, you may now suppose me sitting in close Confinement against *K. William*, and ransacking every Inch of his Life and Reign. And, as my Design is not to palliate, but to expose his Vices; not an under Officer of his Court (either here, or in *Holland*) but I'll strictly examine; that so where the least Defect appears, I may fairly expose it.

I shall also perswade the very Attendants of his Person into an unreserv'd Confession and Disclosure of the Customs of his House, (nay, and those of his very Bed-Chamber) nor shall the Freedom of his Table (for now he is dead, I'll conceal nothing) be allow'd him unpurg'd; probably even there but a Syllable might escape him, which may be artfully interpreted into Levity, or wrenched into a Connivance at it: So that nothing shall escape my Satyr which will bear the least Shadow, or Reflection of Dishonour to the Person, Dignity, or Memory of *K. William*.

er I've narrowly search'd into his Life and Reign, none can be squeez'd out that can (tho' but colourably) do him, I'll fall to indict even his Piety and Valour, if I can find nothing to satyrize here, I shall call for a Pen to penetrate into the very Recesses of his Soul; for it may be there may sculk some wicked Thought (or I will guess at it) which, if possible, I will tear from his Heart, and mix it with my Satyr with it: But if even that be white and innocent too, I will satyrize his dying Legacy *, (which every Age keeps in a Frame) and will endeavour to prove, that his snowy Innocence (had he hearkned to Bigots) would have taken a crimson Dye, and have been (at least) seemingly so. So that my *Secret History* of K. William, will be a full Satyr upon his whole Life.

here (that I may proceed in the Method I first propos'd) I shall first satyrize the Imperfections of his Body.

As to his Body, 'tis no secret to tell the World, 'twill be a Satyr from Head to Foot. I confess, 'twas said of his Royal Consort, "If Personal Accomplishments cou'd make a Crown, she might with Justice have challeng'd the Imperial Diadem, even in an Island to which all other Countries yield the Prize of Beauty; and, if sublime Virtue deserves the supreme Command, (she was so far above Satyr) she seem'd destin'd for the Empire of the World.

As for the Personal Accomplishments of Q. Mary; but as for Perfections can we find in the Body of her Royal Husband—His very Birth (as if he was Born fighting) seem'd unnatural; for he was so unruly whilst he lay in the Wind-chambers of Nature, that the Princess Royal (his Mother) made him an Orphan of the eighth Month. As Satyrizing this looks, I have sufficient Evidence for it, in a Letter of Mr. Abraham Cowley †, where are these Words; "We receiv'd News the Princess Royal is in her eighth Month; if it please God to give her a Son, it will be some consolation in this great Misfortune, the Death of the Duke of Orange, who died last Week of the Small Pox; this Letter being written in the 18th of October, New Year was four Days alter her being brought to Bed, tho' Mr. Cowley cou'd not at that time be suppos'd to know it, for the Distance of Place; for every Body knows, that K. William was Born on the 14th of November, 1650; that is the 11th Day New Style.

That he was oppos'd (if I may say so) even in the Womb, his sufferings he met with there, thro' the Griefs and

his last Speech to the Parliament.

to be found in *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 152.

Sorrows

Sorrows of a Mother made a Widow by the sudden Death of her Husband. The Impression his Father's Death made on his Mother was such, as rendred her incapable to take any due Care of him; so that he was cast upon the immediate Protection of Heaven in his very Infancy; for as few minded him, many laid Snares for him, even in the Cradle. 'Tis true, he rose gradually by Opposition, and encreas'd in Favour with the People as he grew in Stature and Years; yet his Life was like an Eye-sore to some great Men, (whose Names I think fit to conceal) that they thought it their interest to suppress him, and speciously gave out, that it was the Interest of the publick so to do.

But tho' when he came into the World in the eighth Month few expected he cou'd live, and those that did, oppos'd him yet (as if he had made Bullets of Flesh and Blood) he forw his way through the Conduit of Nature, and was (as 'twas Born a Soldier.

Then none can doubt of the Cruelty he shew'd to his Mother, in coming so hastily into the World; but his Body was sufficiently punish'd for this unnatural Speed to be Charg'd with his Enemies; for 'twas often afflicted with one Distemper or other, nay, his very Friends have acknowledg'd in my hearing, "That K. William was but a sickly Man at the birth; that his Cough and Asthma had consum'd him almost to a Skeleton; and therefore (say they) had he not had a Head wholly turn'd for great Matters, he'd ne'er have ventur'd himself in so many Campaigns.

'Tis true, (as his Friends tell us) "He descended from a Race of Hero's, who rose remarkably to the highest pitch of Honour and Goodness; yet they all acknowledge William's untimely Birth, that his Body was crazy, and of a slender make, and that he was of a sickly Constitution from his Youth; his very Heart it self (upon Dissection by Mr. Ward and others) was of the smaller Size, and his Body in general was much ematiated.

'Tis true, he was capable of enduring Fatigues in War, and Hardships by Sea; but this was no great matter, because he made Difficulties easie to him, by frequent and constant Trials.

As his Heart (however magnanimous it was in Battle) was a meer Punctilio for Size, so his Head (as much as his Friends extol it for Wisdom and Plety) was a sort of Superfluity to his other Members. His Nose was of a Roman make, 'twere no abuse if I call'd it a Promontory: 'Tis true, his Forehead resembled that of Julius Caesar, and his Head (for that's the best Word I can give it) that of Constantine Great; as if he had been mark'd out by Providence to be the first in Contrivance and Courage, and the second in Success.

to do him Justice, (for I not the Person but the Praises
there was something extraordinary in his Eyes, Majesty
Mildness (tho' seldom seated together) did equally shine
in these wonderful Luminaries; they were all Flame,
'twas a Lambent, not a scorching one.

how many things were there seen in him that rendred
Perfections displeasing? For tho' his Eyes sparkled with
Mildness at the same time, yet (as if he wou'd
thro' you) they were so piercing none cou'd bear to be-
em; and for this Reason he never forgot any Face he
once fix'd his Eyes upon: So that by reason of his piercing
(tho' there was a great deal of Mildness in em) one
one's self, when one spoke to him, under a reverential
and Dread, as if by an unaccountable way he had been
to remember his Distance, and keep a just Decorum
ingly.

as much as he pierc'd and aw'd others, yet he was not
observant of himself, in relation to little and minute
things: Which great Neglect of himself his Friends excuse,
ing, *That he was a Thoughtful Person, of a vast Intellect, and*
Minute Things were below him, and foreign to the Situation of
him, and Elevation of his Genius. But however exalted his
was (which I shall examine anon) 'tis certain, his Head
but a rough Figure at best, being of a large and oblong
and for his Hand, (and had I Time, I wou'd satyrize
other Members) tho' 'twas as soft and white as ever
men, yet was there a Taperiness in all his Fingers, and
rendred his Body the more imperfect) there was but
ymetry in his whole Contexture.

that you see Reader, whatever fine things K. William's
say of his Mind, (which I shall next treat of) they
no great matter to boast of, with respect to his Body.
ing satyriz'd the Body of K. William, I shall next (that
pursue the Method propos'd) discover the Imperfections
Mind.

wou'd be endless here to satyrize all K. William's Fail-
as he was a Man; but, that my *Secret History* may be
ful.

will first discover and satyrize, what his Friends call his
his *Conduct* and *Valour*, in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and in the
revolution.

they call his Humility and great Condescension, in
ing of three Crowns.

they call his gentle Reign, and Mildness of Temper,
the highest Provocations.

they call his Fidelity to his People, and Ruling ac-
to Law.

I shall also discover and satyrize, what his Friends call *Conjugal Love*, and Grief for the Death of his Queen.

What they call his Moderation and Tenderness to *Protestant Dissenters*.

What they call his surprizing Wisdom, with which he contrive and carry on all his great Designs.

What they call his indefatigable Industry and Application with which he also did attend em.

I shall next satyrize what his Friends call his *Generosity, Justice, Complaisance, Friendship, Sincerity, Magnificence, Humanity, and fine Speeches*.

I shall also discover many Secrets respecting his serious (as his Friends call it) undissembled Piety, neither shall I omit Perfection that was magnified in him, mis of being left to what it was.

And as I shall expose all the Secrets of his Life and Behaviour so I shall be as satyrical upon (what the *Williamites* call) his Pious and Triumphant Death.

These are the Imperfections of his Mind I am now to Discover and satyrize.

And the first I promis'd to take notice of, was (as his Friends call it) his matchless Conduct and Valour, in *Holland, Flanders*, and the late Revolution: And here, that I may do him Justice,

I am first to relate what K. William's Friends say of that daunted Courage, with which he look'd every Difficulty in every Enemy in the Face.

I am next to shew, how far I agree with his Friends in what they say of his Valour.

And (that my *Satyr* may be as keen as possible) I am to conclude this Head with exposing all the Flaws I find in his martial Achievements.

First, As to his *Conduct and Valour* — (His Friends say)
 " Never any Man beat the Paths of Honour and Dignity
 " more Danger and Hazard than William III. or enjoy
 " Seat of Authority with less Ease and Pomp.

He that considers with what Vigour and Dexterity he handled his Sword, will easily believe he was not only bred up in the Camp; that the Field was his Nurture; that he was Rock'd in no other Cradle than in an Ammunition Waggon; and that the Noise and Roarings of Guns were his Lullabies.

You might see him fight like a Champion, with Light in his Eyes; he drew his Sword as if he meant to cut off Heads at a Blow; he would open a Passage for God's Army thro' all Hazards, and clear the Coast amidst a Company of Devils.

did (say the *Williamites*) perform all that Historians ap-
in their own *Cæsars* and Princes: Who is so great a
ger that hath not heard of his Name, and the loud Noise
Victories? He hath blown down the Walls of the *Spiri-*
perico, and cursed (say his Friends) be that *Hiel* that re-
them. He hath put the *Perizites* to flight, and *Amorites*
ain before him; neither is his Conduct and Valour re-
d to *Holland*, *Flanders*, or the Revolution in *England*, &c.
most Serene and Irradiant Abroad: The Christian Inte-
all Regions and Countries had a good Share in his
ies: In what Court was he not termed *Illustrious*? And
at Palace and Territories was he not known and dreaded
Name of *Invincible*? In a Word, he was compos'd all
its, (he had all the Conduct that has ever been re-
ble in all Ages before him) and his Valour had a kind
patience in compleating his Glories.

prove this, (continue his Friends) do but examine the
Motives that made him a Soldier, and you'll find, He
d no Effeminate Pleasures, but reckon'd the Field of
as delightful as the Court, when Duty and his Peoples
er call'd him Abroad to suffer Toils and Fatigues. And
is Reason, when Colonel *Babington* was privately ask'd
he thought of K. *William's* Valour, the Colonel answer'd,
William is a great Soldier: And I really think (upon a
Search into his Conduct for many Campaigns) one
truly fears God. And therefore the *Williamites* tell us,
Lewis Le-grand contented himself to send his Armies under
the other General, and thought it most adviseable to keep
out of Harm's-way, he scorn'd to follow this Modern
le of Cowardice, tho' set off under the specious Title of
and *Prudence*; but shew'd his Concern for his Soldiers, by
ing himself as far as any of them; over whom he fig-
manifested his Vigilance and Care, at the same Time
imated them by his Example.

How assiduous was he in Reviews? How narrowly did he
e them, as to Arms, Cloathing, and Horses? How they
l, and how they were paid and provided for? How did
pathize with 'em when Funds became deficient? Of
his Mortgaging so much of his own Estate, (which has
ept as a Secret to this Hour) is an unanswerable Argu-

"How often (said Col. *Babington*) have I seen him on
e-back, almost the whole Day, considering the State
is Army, enquiring of the Motion of the Enemy, view-
the Ground for this and the other Design; and in a
d, taking all the necessary Precautions as Matters stood.
true, (says the Colonel) he was often thwarted in his
ures; whereas, had he always had the sole and supream
mand of all other Troops as he had of the *English*, we

" may well conclude he had sooner forc'd the French to
 " sonable Terms. But however lasting the Wars were,
 certain (say the *Williamites*) his Conduct and Courage were
 Remarkable and Heroick: To the same Hearts he was
 formidable and belov'd. To his Soldiers he was courteous
 familiar; yet his Military Discipline was so sharp, and
 that the Sentence of a *Court-Martial* seem'd not more
 to them than one Frown of their General: They durst
 meet with the Thunder of an Enemy, than encounter
 Displeasure, and the certain Justice of his Passion. And
 (as Colonel *Babington* said, who was many Years in his Service)
 He knew well how to encourage with a Smile, how to
 with his Countenance: He cou'd make them valiant with
 Looks; and no Man cou'd teach them better how to use
 their Swords.

He was still careful, after Victory, to heal and bind up
 Wounds; and in all the Time of his Conduct, (which was
 the Heart of a Soldier) he wou'd be sure to reward Merit
 Courage wherever he found it. He was besides, a great Friend
 of his Men, even of those that were slain and left behind
 the Field; to whom (as Col. *Babington* tells us) he wou'd
 press'd himself, even after their Deaths, in being ever
 of their Widows and Orphans: When the Fathers were
 he had Tears and Succour for their Children and Families
 of which 'tis in vain to deny it) my *Secret Memoirs* give
 several Instances.

In whatsoever we examine and scan the Conduct of
William; wheresoever we trace him, we find Prudence
 Piety commanding, Courage undertaking, Valour performing
 and all the Graces together turn'd *Amazons*, and fighting
 his Conduct. Neither (say the *Williamites*) can any
 doubt K. *William's* Bravery, that will privately
 matchless Conduct and Valour, in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and
 the late Revolution, &c.

To begin with *Holland*, when *De Wit* was sent to the
 of *Orange* with a Message from the States, when some were
 depressing his Highness, which was long before he was
Stadtholder, the young Prince, with a Courage becoming
 Family, made Answer, " That He, his Father, Grandfather
 " and Great Grandfather, having so long liv'd in it, he
 " he was very unwilling to leave it; and the Pensionary
 " go and tell the States, wou'd not, 'till forc'd out.
 The Prince returning this brave Answer, the States took
 it their best Prudence to let the Matter die, and take
 farther Notice of it.

His matchless Valour is also seen in the following Instance.
 When a certain Duke (whose Name I forbear to mention)

Arguments with the Prince of Orange, for accepting of
sovereignty of his Country under the Protection of
England and France, he telleth him at last, "He wonder'd
that he cou'd propose to himself in such a desperate Case;
and, according to the Humour he persisted in, he must una-
vailingly see the final Ruine of it: But the Prince replied,
that what his Grace said concerning their dangerous Con-
dition, was indeed true, but yet that he had one way still
left not to see it compleated; which was, to lie in the last
place: By which he meant the fighting it to the last. *quod*
The *Williamites* tell us, that after the Battle at *Senef**, there
a Letter intercepted from the Prince of Conde to the French
King, wherein he gave him an Account, That upon a general
review of his Army, he found himself but in a sorry Condition,
having lost the Flower of his Infantry, and the best part of
his Horse; and therefore did not think himself strong enough
to hazard a second Engagement. And as this Generous Prince
was very ingenuous in the Acknowledgment of his Loss; he
was no less just to his great Adversary the Prince of Orange,
giving him the Character, "That he had acted like an old
captain in all, but only venturing himself too much like a
young Man. *quod*
But more fully yet was that of General *zouches* Letter to the
King; wherein, amongst others, he us'd these Expressions:
"I have endeavour'd to discharge my Duty in attending His
Highness the Prince of Orange, during the bloody and famous
Battle between the Confederate Arms and that of the Most
Christian King; the Issue of which has prov'd so much to
the Glory of the Prince of Orange, who (tho' he is young)
show'd upon that Occasion, the Prudence of an Aged Cap-
tain, the Courage of a *Cesar*, and the undaunted Bravery
of a *Marius*: All which, my Lords, I speak without Flattery,
which is contrary to my Nature—— And the *Williamites*
add, That his Allies, his Friends, and his very Enemies,
were agreed in giving him equal Glory upon this Adventure.
That he had none greater than what he gain'd at the Siege of
Maestricht†. Which Siege was carry'd on with such Bravery,
the Prince, exposing himself upon all Occasions, receiv'd
a bullet-shot in his Arm; at which, perceiving those about
him were daunted, he immediately pull'd off his Hat with the
hand that was hurt, and wav'd it about his Head, to shew the
King and was but in the Flesh: At which they all reviv'd, and
his Highness went on in the vigorous Prosecution of the Siege.
In this Siege of *Maestricht*, he behav'd himself with such
Courage and Bravery, that *Heer Dyke Velts*, in his Letter to
the States General, is pleas'd to say, "High and Mighty Lords,

In August, 1674. † In July, 1676.

B b 2

" it

" it was to have been wish'd that God wou'd have blest'd our
 " Arms at the Siege of *Maeftricht*; for his Highness, the Prince
 " of *Orange*, shew'd extraordinary Diligence, Vigilance, and
 " Courage, upon this Occasion: He encourag'd our Troops
 " with the greatest Care and Application imaginable during
 " the whole Siege, and often put his own Person in eminent
 " Danger.

They also tell us, That at the Battle of *Montcassel**, the
 Prince fought with great Bravery and Resolution; That he
 led up every Batallion and Squadron in Person; That he rally'd
 his broken Troops several times, and renew'd the Charge;
 but at last, (as some have confess'd that were near his Person)
 was quite born down by the plain Flight of his Men, when
 he was forc'd to resist like Enemies: He fell in among them
 with Sword in Hand, and cutting the first cross the Face, cry'd
 out aloud, *Raskal, I'll set a Mark on thee, at least, that I may
 hang thee afterwards.* But 'twas not his Conduct nor Bravery
 cou'd give Courage to Men that had already lost it; and so
 the Prince was forc'd to yield to the Torrent of these Run-
 ways, that carry'd him back to the rest of his Troops, which
 yet made a stand; with whom, and what he cou'd gather of
 those that had been routed, he made (say his Friends) a Retreat
 that came little short of a Glorious Victory—— And this
 is confirm'd by a private Letter sent by the Duke of *Blenheim*
 to an *English* Gentleman then at the *Hague*; where are these
 Words: " What may I not say, where I can say nothing
 " too much? Nothing so Brave which is not due to the Con-
 " duct and Valour of the Prince of *Orange* at the Battle of
 " *Montcassel*: He held up and maintain'd the Cause and Spirit
 " of his Army; when all was near lost, but the Courage of
 " this vigorous Commander, he won back, and regain'd all
 " by a Victory.

About this Time, the States order'd a Medal to be stamp'd
 in Honour of his Highness; the Words were, *God preserve
 His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange: He is the Honour and
 Protector of his Country.*

And in the Year 1675, the *French* King himself sent him this
 Complement: " Sir, I assure you that your Conduct and
 " Valour for some Years, has not lessen'd the Affection which
 " I always had for your Person and Family—— To which
 the Prince return'd this Answer, by the same Hand: " I as-
 " knowledge the Honour Your Majesty did me; and do assure
 " Your Majesty, that the Misfortunes of the Times has not lessen'd
 " the Respect and Veneration which is due to Your Person.

The *Williamites* give us more Instances of his Conduct and
 Valour in *Holland*, and *Flanders*.

* In April, 1677.

They tell us, at the Battle of St. Dennis, (where was nothing but Fire and Smoke to be seen) the Prince of Orange, accompany'd with the Duke of Monmouth, (and animated with Hopes of good Success) cry'd *To me, to me*, to encourage Regiments that were to second the foremost.

At the Battle at *Flerus* he shew'd himself a Hero, and a great Commander.

At the Sieges of *Mons, Ipres, Namur, and Charleroy, &c.* he assisted himself with the like Bravery.

He twice attempted the Relief of *Utrecht* (when besieg'd by the French) and after the loss of Colonel *Zulestine*, (whom he dearly lov'd) he maintain'd a desperate Fight for several Hours. He took *Beaumont* in the Sight of the Duke of *Luxemburg*:

which Time a strange Providence happen'd to His Majesty as he was standing under a Tree to view the Enemy's Camp; for the Enemies perceiving abundance of Attendance, fir'd their Cannon at the Place, believing the King was there: His Majesty was but just mov'd from the Place, when a Cannon-Bullet shot the Tree against which he stood.

And at the Battle of *Landen*, K. William shew'd himself (as he had always done) a Brave and Gallant Man: And (say his Friends) it was only the wonderful Providence of God that preserv'd one who expos'd himself so much as he did; and narrowly escap'd Three Musket-shots; one thro' the Peruke,

which made him deaf for a while; another thro' the Sleeve of his Coat, which did no harm; and the third carry'd off the end of his Scarf, and left a small Contusion on his Side. But (the *Williamites*) His Majesty this Day gain'd so far the Respect and Admiration of his Enemies, that it was a common saying amongst them, *That they wanted but such a King to make Masters of Christendom.*

And the Brave Prince of *Conti*, whose Letter of his intercepted to his Princess, was pleas'd to express himself thus: "That he saw the King every where present, where there was any Action, exposing his person to the greatest Dangers; and that it was pity so much Valour cou'd not have the peaceable Possession of the Crown he wore.

But his Bravery and Courage appear'd chiefly in this, That no Success lifted him up; so no Loss or Disappointment sunk his Spirits, or cast him down; the same Sedateness and Composure being ever discernible in him. When therefore he was oblig'd to retire with a considerable Loss at *Landen*, he said to a main Prince who was blaming this and the other Party for not doing their Duty. "Forbear, this is the Will of God, and what we call the Fortune of War; nor is it any thing extraordinary for a greater Army to conquer a smaller one: I am not easily beat. It was ever the Fortune of my Great Grandfather, to grow by Losses and Disappointments: And

“ so it has been with my self ; and you shall find this ven-
 “ quickly ; for you will soon see me at the Head of a be-
 “ Army than before. Which was remarkably fulfilled not
 after.

By which we see, true Gallantry hath a Never-dying
 Immortal Lustre, it may be Clouded for a Time, (as was
 in the late Disappointment at *Cadix*) but it is to Advantage
 breaks out with greater Splendor than before.

But K. William's Bravery and Conduct never shew'd it
 at a more seasonable Time, or more dazled the Beholders,
 it did at the famous Congress of the Confederate Princes
 where His Majesty courageously told 'em, “ That in the
 “ circumstances they were in, it was not Time to deliberate,
 “ to act ; That the Enemy was Master of all the chief Forts
 “ that were the Barrier of the Common Liberty ; and that
 “ wou'd quickly possess himself of all the rest, if the Spirit
 “ Division, Slowness, and private Interest continu'd am-
 “ 'em ; That it was nothing but Soldiers, strong Arms, and
 “ prompt and sincere Union between all the Forces of the Alliance
 “ that must do the Work ; and that these must be brought
 “ oppose the Enemy, without Delay, if they wou'd put a
 “ to his Conquests. Then drawing to a Closure, He pro-
 “ tested, as to himself, he wou'd never spare his Credit, For
 “ nor Person, to concur with them in so just and necessary
 “ Design : And that he wou'd come in the Spring at the Head
 “ of his Troops, to make good his Royal Word : Which
 did with a Witness ; for (as if he had been but a *Royal Post*)
 He cross'd the Seas every Year, to Head the Confederates,
 to beat the *French*.

Thus have I made a faithful Discovery of what K. William's
 Friends call his matchless Conduct and Valour, in *Holland* and
Flanders, (both before and since he was Crown'd) I shall
 reveal what farther *Secrets* they give us, (and to which *Colin*
Babington was made privy) in relation to his *Military Actions*
 in the late Revolution : And I shall be the freer to magnify
 his Warlike Actions, that when I come to satyryze his Character
 I may be thought impartial.

So that in the Prosecution of this *Secret History*, I am now
 discover what his Friends say of his Expedition for *England*.

They tell us, when we were on the Brink of Ruine,
 Prince of *Orange* being invited over by several Noblemen,
 (who privately cross'd the Seas to carry the several Disputes
 &c.) came to defend us from *Popery* and *Slavery* : This was
 the End he had in his Eye. When he took leave of the
 he told 'em, (and I have it from one that was then present)
 “ That it was needless for him to recapitulate the Reasons
 “ which induc'd him to leave his Native Country ; That
 “ hop'd and pray'd that God wou'd endue him with Wisdom
 “ For

forefight, and Courage, and not withdraw his Arm from him in Time of Need: That he call'd God to witnefs, between him-
self and his own Conscience, that he did not undertake such an
arduous Affair for his own Glory, but that his only Aim was
the Honour of God, the Welfare of their Country, and the
Christian Religion; and that therefore he hop'd God wou'd
bestow his Blessing upon it. And here he seem'd to have
made an End; but yet (being a most tender Husband) he re-
commended one thing more to 'em; "That as he did not
know how God might dispose of him, since he had put on his
word, and did not know when he shou'd put it off: That if
he shou'd lose his Life in the Expedition, they wou'd
take the Princess (his Wife) under their Protection, who
was as well affected to that Country, and the Religion
planted there, as he was: That she cou'd no where find
such a secure Place, as under the Wings of the States: And
then (as the private Minutes assure me) he desir'd they wou'd
always mind him in their publick and private Prayers, of
which he shou'd have the same Regard to them: With which
words the Tears ran down his Face; and I'm told the Pen-
sivary return'd him an Answer suitable to the Occasion.

After the Prince had taken this private Farewel of the *States*
Holland, he embark'd in the *Dutch Fleet*, consisting of 52
men of War, and 14352 Land Forces. He was accompany'd
by several *English* and *Scotch* Lords; as the Earl of
Bucksbury, Marquis of *Winchester*, E. of *Macclesfield*, Viscount
Portland, E. of *Argile*, Lord *Wiltshire*. Lord *Pawlet*, Lord *Coor*,
Lord *Elan*, and the Lord *Dunblaine*, together with Dr. *Burnet*,
Rufson, *Willman*, and some others. And the *Williamites* say,
Mareschal Schomberg, and two or three Hundred *French* Officers,
who left their Country upon the score of their Religion, had
likewise a Share in this *Protestant Expedition*.

Admiral *Herbert* leading the Van of the Fleet, and Vice-
Admiral *Everson* bringing up the Rear, the Prince of *Orange*
set himself in the main Body, carrying a Flag with *English*
Colours, and their Highness's Arms, with this Motto, *The*
Protestant Religion, and the Liberties of England; and underneath
the Motto of the House of *Nassau*; *I will maintain it*.

Being now at Sea, there arose a terrible Storm; but the
Prince of *Orange* was not in the least dismay'd, when most Mens
parts were as Stones, dead with Fear, his Countenance was
very different, as other Mens did; but, like a true *Paul*,
Servant of Jesus Christ, he encourag'd all in the Ship where
he was, making them chearful, when their Spirits were dejected,
and saying to some in the Ship these Words, (as I receiv'd Informa-
tion from one in the same Vessel) *For my part, I am not in the*
least doubtful, but that we shall do very well; I know God is a
merciful God, and tries the very Heart and Reins, and sees the very

End and Bottom of my Thoughts: He knows my Integrity in this Undertaking; that 'tis not to get my self a Name, or for my own sake, but for the Promotion of his Glory, and his Church's Good; and therefore he will not give his Enemies any Cause to rejoice in the Destruction of the pure in Heart. And I'm told by a Noble Lord, (then on Board the Ship call'd the *Golden Sun*) that a certain Minister in the Fleet pulling a Bible out of his Pocket, he open'd, and held it so in his Right Hand, making many Harshes with it unto the People, whose Eyes were fix'd on him, and duly observ'd him; thereby signifying to the People the flourishing of the Holy Bible, (by God's Blessing upon the Prince of Orange's Endeavours) and calling out as loud as he was able, said unto them on the Top of the Rocks; For the Protestant Religion, and maintaining of the Gospel in the Truth and Purity thereof, are we all, by the Goodness and Providence of God, come hither, after so many Storms and Tempests. Moreover, (said he) it is the Prince of Orange that's come, a zealous Defender of that Faith which is truly Ancient, Catholick, and Apostolical, and the supreme Governour of this very great and formidable Fleet. Whereupon all the People shouted for Joy, and Huzza's did now eccho in the Air, many amongst them throwing up their Hats, and all making Signs with their Hands. So after the Minister had given them some Salutations, and they had turn'd him the same again, he came down from off the upper Deck unto the vulgar one, among his Acquaintance.

On the 4th of November, being Sunday, and the Birth-day of the Prince, most People were of Opinion, that he would Land either in the Isle of Wight, or Portsmouth; but his Highness dedicated that Day to the Use to which it is consecrated to the Church; that is, to the Service of God Almighty: And now a Protestant Wind mov'd every Tongue, and was part of our secret Letany.

On the 5th of November, they Landed at Torbay, where the People (being already prepossess'd with the good Intentions of the Prince) flock'd to the Shore, not to oppose the Prince's Landing, but to welcome their Great Deliverer with loud Acclamations, and to furnish him with all Necessaries.

The Prince of Orange, after his Landing, took up his Quarters at Sir William Courtney's House, within a Mile of Newton Abbot; where (whatever the Jacobites have said to the contrary) he was very kindly entertain'd; but the Prince finding the Ground hereabout unfit for a Camp, he rid with his Army to Exeter, whither Dr. Burnet was sent before to prepare Quarters for his Highness.

As soon as he came to Exeter, (where he enter'd in a Glorious and Triumphant Manner) the first thing he did, was, to give pay his grateful Acknowledgments to the Almighty, and to cause *Te Deum* to be sung in the Cathedral, for his safe Arrival.

er the Collects were ended, Dr. Burnet began to read His Highness's Declaration; which being ended, he said, *God save Prince of Orange*; to which, most of the Congregation wer'd, *Amen*.

During the Prince's Stay at *Exeter*, News was brought him, a private Hand, that his Friends were up in the *North*; as Lord *Delamere*, Earl of *Devonshire*, Earl of *Stamford*, Earl *Danby*, Sir *Scroop How*, Sir *William Russel*, with divers others. His Express came to the Prince nine Days after his Arrival; the first that join'd him were Sir *Robert Peyton* (who rais'd a Regiment in the space of one Day) and the Gentlemen of *Wiltshire* and *Derbyshire*; to whom (as one that was near his Person assures me) his Highness made the following Speech.

Gentlemen, tho' we know not all your Persons, yet we have a Catalogue of your Names, and remember the Character of your Worth and Interest in your Country. You see we are come according to your Invitation, and our Promise. Our Duty to God obliges us to protect the Protestant Religion; and our Love to Mankind, your Liberties and Properties.

We expected you that dwelt near the Place of our Landing, would have join'd us sooner; not that it is now too late, nor that we want your Military Assistance so much as your Countenance and Presence, to justify our declar'd Pretensions, in order to accomplish our good and gracious Design. Tho' we have brought both a good Fleet, and a good Army, to render these Kingdoms happy, by rescuing all Protestants from Popery, Slavery, and Arbitrary Power; by restoring them to their Rights and Properties establish'd by Law, and by promoting of Peace and Trade, which is the Soul of Government, and the very Life-Blood of a Nation; yet we rely more on the Goodness of God, and the Justice of our Cause, than on any Humane Force and Power whatever: Yet since God is pleas'd we shall make use of Humane Means, and not expect Miracles for our Preservation and Happiness; let us not neglect making use of this gracious Opportunity, but with Prudence and Courage put in Execution our so honourable Purposes.

Therefore, Gentlemen, Friends, and Fellow Protestants, we bid you and all your Followers most heartily welcome to our Court and Camp. Let the whole World now judge, if our Pretensions are not just, generous, sincere, and above Price, since we might have even a Bridge of Gold to return back: But it is our Principle and Resolution, rather to die in a good Cause, than to live in a bad one; well knowing that Virtue and true Honour is its own Reward, and the Happiness of Mankind our great and only Design.

We

We have had many false and imperfect Accounts of this Excellent Speech; but I can assure the Reader, that which is here inserted, is exact to a Word, as the Prince spoke it.

The *Williamites* tell us, this Valiant Speech of the Prince of Orange so gain'd the Hearts of the West-Country Men, that they Huzza'd him where'er he come; and when he came to London, (which he did with very little Difficulty) there was a Noble Medal struck upon his Memorable Entry into London, having these Words; *William III. by the Grace of God, Prince of Orange, the Restorer of Religion and Liberty.*

Most of the Nobility Congratulated his Highness's safe Arrival at St. James's; and on the 20th, the Aldermen and Common-Council of the City of London, attended his Highness upon the same Account; and the Lord-Mayor being disabled by Sicknes, Sir George Treby Kt. Recorder of the Honourable City of London, made an Oration to his Highness, to the Effect.

May it please your Highness,

"THE Lord-Mayor being disabled by Sicknes, your Highness is attended by the Aldermen and Common-Council of the Capital City of this Kingdom, deputed to Congratulate your Highness, upon this great and glorious Occasion.

"In which labouring for Words, we cannot but come short in Expression.

"Reviewing our late Danger, we remember our Church and State over-run by Popery and Arbitrary Power, brought to the Point of Destruction, by the Conduits of Men, that were our true Invaders, that break the Sacred Fences of our Laws, and (which was worse) the very Corruption of our Legislators.

"So that there was no Remedy left, but the last.

"The only Person, under Heaven, that cou'd apply the Remedy, was Your Highness.

"You are of a Nation, whose Alliances at all Times, have been agreeable and prosperous to us.

"You are of a Family most Illustrious, that have been benefactors to Mankind. To have the Title of Sovereign Prince, Stadtholder, and to have worn the Imperial Crown

"are amongst their lesser Dignities. They have long enjoyed a Dignity singular and transcendent, viz. To be Chosen of Almighty God, sent forth to several Ages, to maintain his Cause against the greatest Oppressions.

"To this Divine Commission, our Nobles, our Gentry, and among them our brave *English* Soldiers, render'd themselves

"and their Arms upon your appearing.

Great S I R,

"When we look back to the last Month, and contemplate the Swiftneſs and Fulneſs of our preſent Deliverance, aſtoniſh'd, we think it miraculous.

"Your Highneſs, lead by the Hand of Heaven, and call'd by the Voice of the People, has preſerv'd our deareſt Interests.

"The Proteſtant Religion, which is Primitive Chriſtianity, reſtor'd.

"Our Laws, which are our ancient Title to our Lives, Liberties, and Eſtates, and without which, this World were a Wilderneſs.

"But what Retribution can we make to your Highneſs?

"Our Thoughts are full charg'd with Gratitude.

"Your Highneſs has a laſting Monument in the Hearts, in the Prayers, in the Praiſes of all good Men amongſt us; and late Poſterity will celebrate your ever-glorious Name, 'till Time ſhall be no more.

The chief Deſign of this Satyr, is to diſcover ſuch Secrets have hitherto lain conceal'd; and therefore I had not inted this grateful Speech, (made to the Prince at his firſt coming) but only to reſreſh the Memory of thoſe, who in their tranſports of Joy for a Gracious Queen, have forgot what ſharp and miſerable Condition the Prince of Orange ventur'd Life to deliver us from; and likewise to convince my Reader, am as juſt to K. William's Virtues, as I ſhall be to his Failings, when I come to 'em. But to return to the *Secret Hiſtory* of Conduſt and Valour.

The Prince ſucceeding in his Noble Enterprize, the late James abdicated the Throne, went down the River to Cheſter, and from thence took Shipping for Breſt, whither the Queen and ſuppoſed Prince of Wales was gone before, and himſelf ſoon after. Upon which, the Prince of Orange diſpatch'd his Circular Letters for the Meeting of the CONVENTION; who after ſome Debates, whether the Vacant Throne ought to be fill'd up by a Regent or a King, they made a Tender of the Crown to their Highneſſes; to which the Prince of Orange return'd this following Answer.

My Lords and Gentlemen;

THIS is certainly the greateſt Truſt you have in us that can be given, which is the thing that makes us value it the more: And we thankfully accept what you have offer'd: And as I had no other Intention in coming hither, than to preſerve your Religion, Laws, and Liberties; ſo you may

“ may be sure that I shall endeavour to support them, and
 “ shall be willing to concur in any thing that shall be for the
 “ Good of the Kingdom, and to do all that is in my Power to
 “ advance the Welfare and Glory of the Nation.

And the same Day their Majesties were solemnly Proclaim'd King and Queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, by the Names of *William and Mary*. And thus (as the *Williamites* tell us) by the *Conduct* and *Valour* of K. *William*, was accomplish'd the greatest *Revolution* that ever befel the *English Nation*; and it so pleas'd the *Savoy Ambassador*, that a Month after (at a *Private Audience*) he thus complimented the new King,

Great S I R,

HIS Royal Highness my Master, does by me Congratulate your Sacred Majesty's glorious Accession to the Crown: It was due to your Birth, and deserv'd by your Virtue, and is maintain'd by your Valour, &c.

This is the Account K. *William's* Friends give of his *Conduct* and *Valour*, with respect to the late *Revolution* in *England*; and as Col. *Babington* was privy to most of it, it must be own'd to be Matter of Fact.

I shall next add, what Discoveries they make as to his *Military Achievements* in *Ireland*, and as they have been conceal'd for several Years, they render 'em a secret History of that Expedition—And now fresh Laurels attend him again in *Ireland*.

In this new Expedition K. *William* went to subdue the Rebels then under the Command of the late K. *James*.

K. *William* being Landed at *Carrickfergus* (attended by his Royal Highness Prince *George* of *Denmark*, and the D. of *Ormond*) his Majesty vigorously pursued the War, and (observing the small Progress his Army made in his Absence) disapproved of the cautious Councils of some of his Generals, by saying, *He did not come there to let Grass grow under his Feet*.

Upon a critical Review he found his Army to consist of 30000 Men, and marching his Army to *Dundalk*, was so pleas'd with the Prospect of the Country as he rid along, that he said to those about him, *it was highly worth fighting for*.

His steady Belief of a Divine Providence, did enable him in *Ireland*, (as it had done in other Places) with Life and Courage, to expose himself to the most threatening Danger. His Attempts of this kind, and the unmov'd fearless Spirit that appear'd in his Fight at the *Boyne*, was misinterpreted by some of his Officers, as if they had proceeded from an imbu-

his Notion of *Fatality*, tho' few knew his Sentiments in Matter: Yet I can assure my Reader, he has with great Freedom (in Private) declar'd himself to this purpose, viz. When a Battle was approaching, or other hazardous Enterprize, that his Method had been seriously to consider what was his present Duty; and that when, upon due deliberation, he had seen Reason to determine that God would have him expose himself, he would add, He then knew not what Fear meant; for that he knew under whose Protection he went. Was (say the *Williamites*) this Belief of a Divine Providence, that made his Majesty at the *Boyne* to march in the front of his Forces, resolving in Person to fight the Enemy.

Major-General *Scravenmore* seem'd to despise K. James's Army, saying, "They were but a Handful of Men; but the King and Prince *George* wisely answer'd, "That they might have a great many Men in the Town, &c. however (address'd the King) we shall soon be better acquainted with their Numbers. The King (like a valiant General) marching nearer the Enemy, the *Irish* fired at him, and with the first shot kill'd a Man and two Horses within an hundred Paces of his Majesty. This Bullet was presently succeeded by another, which flanted upon the King's Right Shoulder, took out a piece of his Coat, and tore the Skin and Flesh, and afterwards broke the Head of a Gentleman's Pistol.

It is more easie to conceive than express, what a sudden Concomitant this Accident struck into all that were about the King: but his Majesty's Belief of a Divine Providence, made it difficult to imagine how calm and undisturb'd his Majesty remain'd — The King himself took notice of this unexpected accident, but kept on his pace, saying, *There was no necessity that you'd come nearer.*

However the Enemy reported K. William was kill'd, and the News spread as far as *Paris*, where the giddy Multitude expressed their saucy Joy by Bonfires: But his Majesty having got his Wound dress'd, mounted again on Horseback, and address'd himself to the whole Army, to dissipate their just Fears.

That nothing could discourage his Majesty; for that Even K. William gave Orders that every Soldier should be provided with a good stock of Ammunition, and all to be ready to march at Break of Day, with every Man a green Bow or Sprig of his Hat, to distinguish him from the Enemy, who wore Hats of white Paper in their Hats — The Word that was *Westminster*. His Majesty rid in Person about midnight at Night with Torches quite thro' the Army, and retir'd to his Tent, with eager Expectation (to use his own Words) of the glorious approaching Day. And never was a more memorable Battle fought in this Western Part of the World

World; for, as two Kings in Person contended for the Imperial Crown of *England*, so the Fate of their respective *Alms* (and consequently of all *Europe*) seem'd to depend on the Success of their Arms. Both Armies were animated by the Presence of their Sovereign, and both fought for their Religion.

The expected Day being come, K. William Attack'd K. James upon the Banks of the River *Boyne*, gave him a total Rout, and struck him into such a Pannick Fear, that he run, like a frightened Hare, first to *Dublin*, thence to *Waterford*, where he was Shipping for *France*, leaving an easie Conquest of the whole Kingdom to K. William; which was afterwards completed by the Earl of *Athlone*.

Upon the Report of this Victory, Colonel *Fitz-Gerald* (who was then in *Dublin*) was pleas'd to say, " His Majesty is Born to Teach and Instruct Kings in their Wars, and (continu'd the Colonel) so blessed with all the Gifts and Accomplishments of a great General, that God and Nature seem in this last Age of the World (when valiant Princes are scarce) to have sent him to *Ireland* for a Noveltie, as a special Token of Endearment.

K. William, during the Battle at the *Boyne*, might be said to be every where, since he directed all by his Conduct, and gain'd a glorious Victory. So that K. William's Valour (as his Friends tell us) had a great share in the Honour of that Day.

His Majesty, accompany'd with the Prince of *Denmark*, went to the River with the Left Wing of the Horse, and that with great Difficulty; for his Horse was Bog'd on the other side, and he himself forc'd to alight 'till one of his Attendance had disengag'd his Steed; but as soon as the Men were put in order, his Majesty drew his Sword and march'd at the Head of his Troops towards the Enemy: But the *Irish* refusing Courage, he was oblig'd to retreat, and made the *English* Horse shrink, tho' they had the King at their Head: Thereupon the King rid to the frontiers, and ask'd them, *What they wou'd do for him?* Answering by this Invitation, they boldly came forward, and at the Head of 'em the King receiv'd the Enemies Fire. Lieutenant *Clinton* being routed Horse and Foot, and himself taken Prisoner, when he was brought to the King his Majesty ask'd him, *Whether the Irish wou'd fight any more?* — Yes, Sir, (reply'd *Clinton*) upon my Honour, I believe they will. When he pronounced that Word Honour, the King look'd wistly upon him, and turn'd about, repeating once or twice, *your Honour!* Intending, that what he assur'd upon his Honour, was not to be depended upon, since he had forfeited that before, in siding with *Tyconnel*; and this was all the Rebuke the King gave him for his Breach of Trust.

this Fight at the Boyne the Duke of Scamberg (one of the Generals France ever had) was shot thro' the Neck, and Walker, so famous for the Defence of Londonderry, receiv'd a wound in the Belly.

In the whole Action his Majesty did all that the greatest of Generals cou'd do upon this Occasion: "He chose the Field, dispos'd the Attacks, drew up his Army, Charg'd the Enemy several times, Supported his Forces when they began to sink, and demean'd himself throughout with that Conduct, Gallantry, Resolution and Presence of Mind, (and such a Poise for the enclining Victory to his own side) that the Irish themselves confess'd, "That if the English King'd Kings with them, they wou'd fight the Battle over again.

After the Victory of the Boyne was over, K. William rid in a triumphant Manner to Dublin, where one of the Magistrates, in the Name of the City, gave him the following Welcome.

Great SIR,

Had need of good Eyes to contemplate your Glory, but more especially your Victory at the Boyne. It bath all in it, that for the past bath been Resplendent and Dazling: We may see in you all the Great and Valiant Princes we read of: You resemble all in your Conduct and Valour; their best Features are all united in you; you represent them most lively, as if when they was framing You, they had all sate for their Pictures.

In his eloquent Speech (which was ne'er publish'd before) he ended, K. William went to St. Patrick's Church, to return thanks to Almighty God for his late Conquest.

Certain, he own'd God in all his Victories; for in his Speech to the Parliament, (1694) he tells the Commons, He endeavour'd to do his part to carry on the War; but adds, It is the Blessing of God we must all expect such Success as may answer our desires. And he was so very mindful of the good Success of his Arms in the Reduction of Ireland, that he appointed the 10th of November, 1691, to be kept for a solemn Day of Thanksgiving for the same.

I shall only add what an ancient Lawyer told K. William, at the beginning of the Revolution, "That he had out-liv'd the Lawyers in England, and had he not come over, he wou'd have out-liv'd the Law it self. And therefore, say those Men who give us this secret History of his Conduct and Valour in Ireland, had not K. William ventur'd his Life and Fortunes for the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe, wou'd we have long before now little more than a Name.

And

And as *K. William* openly defy'd Death, and durst meet in the Mouth of a Cannon, so he was as little afraid of swords and unthought of Dangers; for they tell us, when his Palace at *Kensington* took Fire*, he immediately said, *Where is the Sword?* as supposing there was some Treachery in it — that (say these *Williamites*) there was something of a firm Firmness and Steadiness of Soul that was peculiar to him, which no Battles, no Dangers cou'd shake. But where is *K. William* now? Can he march in Battle Array, or in Warlike Triumphs thunder about his Tomb? After all his Conduct and Valour, when you have said all, *he was but a Man*; Death and his pale Horse has trampled upon him, and kick'd out his Breath.

*Death came at last, and with a little Pin,
Bor'd thro' his Castle Walls, and farewell King.*

Death kills not Princes upon his bended Knee, nor does he use any more Ceremony to *K. William*, than he does to the poorest Beggar: And Death having drawn the Curtain over him, this mighty Pageant is at an end. But *K. William* (that in all things else was invincible) cou'd not conquer Death, yet the *Williamites* say, the Fame of his Conduct and Valour shall never die; and for that Reason, (on the 20th of November, being the Birth-Day of this great General) the bells in several Churches were rung, and in the Evening the Streets were Illuminated, and Bonfires made, "In remembrance of the *Post-man* calls it) of the wonderful Deliverance of the Nations from Popery and Slavery, accomplish'd, under the Conduct and Valour of *K. William*. And I'm apt to think the *Williamites* so doat on his Person, that no one Gallery of Heroes or Persons will be hereafter erected, in whose Assembly of Master-pieces his Effigies will not be accounted the Master-piece.

These are the secret Discoveries *K. William's* Friends make of what they call his matchless Conduct and Valour in *Flanders*, and the late Revolution; and (to do his Majesty Justice) I find by the *Secret Journal*, they have as much to say for him, with respect to his Humility, Mildness, Fidelity, and other Virtues.

But no more of these at present; for I am next (according to the Method propos'd) to shew how far I agree with my Friends in what they say of his Valour; and I'll be as impartial here, as I shall be (when I come to that part of my Satire) exposing all the Flaws I find in his Martial Achievements. Well then!

* Nov. 10. 1691.

In spight of my SATYR.

So far agree with his Friends as to own, *William III.*
born with an Heroick Courage — *A Courage which nothing*
equal but his Conduct!

And here, if I cou'd shew K. *William* at the Head of his Ar-
my, lock'd and shut up by his invincible Legions, how he pro-
vok'd his Soldiers to Fierceness, with what Bravery and Choler
he saw him Fight (while their Hearts take Fire from the
glaring of his Eyes)! if I cou'd paint him thus in his Con-
duct and Valour, I shou'd give the true Character of this great
General. However, I do him Justice enough to acknowledge,
that *William III.* was admir'd by all *Europe*, when they saw
at the Age of 25 Years, General of the Armies of the
United Provinces.

That his Courage kept him six Hours in the Heat of the Fire,
the first Battle he ever saw, and that made him one of the
few that retreated from the Camp of *Landen*; an Action that
Satyr must allow to be Brave and Valiant, and may serve
to convince the World, that 'tis possible to lose the Victory and
gain all the Honour of the Day.

That his Soul was lifted up to the height of all Duty and Va-
lour, that he made no Campaigns in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and the
Revolution, but with Honour to himself and his Kingdoms.
And he did not fall in the Field, fighting for the Liberties
of *Europe*; in the Defence of which he had so often cross'd the
sea, and expos'd his Life to a thousand Dangers; yet (if I'll
do him Justice) I must own he dy'd with all the Cares of Go-
vernment about him, and such a Love to his Subjects, as was
sufficient to leave them safe and prosperous, and (being fix'd
in his Heart) was the last thing that dy'd in him.

That his Conduct and Valour was not meerly a sudden Flame
of Blood, but a steady Resolution of Soul, undaunted, lasting,
invincible; a Courage which was not a Transport of Fury,
(I shall own anon there was Choler in it) but which fought
at *Namure*, the *Boyne*, &c. with the same Presence of
Mind in the Field, as it debated at the Council-Board.

Further acknowledge, that as forward and resolute as he
was in fight, that his Courage delighted not in Blood and Slaugh-
ter, that 'twas far from being an Effect of Cruelty or Indiscre-
tion, but a constant, uniform Constitution of Soul, and sup-
ported by Reason and Thought; That he never made War
for Side, Glory, or Ambition of large Empire, but for the
Liberty and Rescue of wronged and oppressed Nations.
That he saw himself at the Head of seventy Thousand of his
Subjects, (a greater Army than any of our Kings ever
had) and when he saw himself yet stronger in the general Af-
fections

fections of the People, he never made use of these Advantages to the Purposes of Arbitrary Power, (no Imprisoning Dissenters, or Pulpit-Railery, was heard of in his whole Reign) neither cou'd the poorest Subject (whether Churchman or Dissenter) complain, that this King ever did them the least wrong, in Person, Estate, or Liberty.

I also declare, (for I must agree to what Col. Babington says with his own Eyes) That his Success was as remarkable as his Conduct and Valour, and carry'd in it a kind of Wonder and Prodigy; those Stars which fought against *Sisera*, were all engaged on his side. We may remember, when the very Name of *Orange* was a kind of Charm to the Enemy, whom he every where so easily vanquish'd, it might be well thought by some, when they had fought their best, they had done no more than ought together to be beaten. How many Armies did he run over and defeat? To tell how many Towns and Cities he has storm'd and Victories won, wou'd be near as difficult as it wou'd be to another to do 'em — With what speed was he wont to reduce Garrisons? As if the Enemies had taken the Field, and come into their Fortresses, for no other purpose than to give him Livery and Seizin.

In spight of my SATYR.

I must declare, his Success was full of Strangeness and Miracles; it gave Safety and Peace beyond our Councils and Thoughts, in the very Nick and last Breath of our Hopes, at the Extremity and very Brink, (as his Friends express it) when our Lives were in danger by corrupt Judges, our Laws dissolved by a Popish King, our Charters surrendred by *Jacobites*, our Dissenters Consciences in danger from *Doctors-Commons*, and all ready (being mov'd to it by the odious Names of *Whigs* and *Tory*) to tear and rend, to throw off Gospel and Law. It was then that the Prince of *Orange* gave us all the pleasing Sweetness of his Victories, that he began to deal the timely Fruits of his good Fortune and Success; wherein (tho' his Conduct and Courage, what I shall satyrize) he not only vanquish'd our Fears, and prevention of that Sword and Danger which hung over our Heads, but reviv'd our Hopes, which were at that Instant in a very damp and dying Condition.

In a Word, I agree with his Friends, That the late Revolution (for that's the Deliverance I'm speaking of) did not look much of a Miracle; for, in Truth, our Hopes were almost spent, so near fainting and gasping, that they seem'd to be little less than recall'd and rais'd from the Dead: This Revolution deliver'd us in such a critical Minute, it was a kind of turning us to Life when we were given over, and after Tolling

But I'll stop here; for to do him Justice on this Head, you'd require a Genius as vast and comprehensive as his

And as I agree with K. William's Friends, in owning the Success of his Arms, so that I may set our Deliverance in a yet better Light, I'll imagine our Native Country a Ship battered and much torn in a Fight, and in her Sailing off, caught in a Tempest; her wilful Pilot being lost in the Storm, the confused Mariners lay all Hands on the Compass, to the great Propriety of the Vessel; which being now ready to sink, they were content to give her and themselves up to the Government of one single Person, whom they think most skilful to save. This new Pilot brings them safe to a good Harbour, but hath little Thanks for his Pains; some taunt and revile him that he did not steer in another Course to a better Haven, others tell him plainly he ought not to be Pilot, he hath no right to the Place. And truly such is the Ingratitude of many in these Nations to his late Majesty, by whom they have been saved from a Wreck; from whose Hands they possess their Lives, Liberties, and Estates. and yet can no ways be oblig'd; as if it were his Fault that some Goods have been lost in the Storm, and that some tumultuous unruly Persons have been cast overboard in the Conflict, for the Security of us all; as if they had rather die and perish, than confess and have him their Preserver.

But whatever his Enemies say of his Conduct in the late Revolution, I so far agree with his Friends as to own, To save a torn and sinking Vessel in a Tempest, and in the Low'rings of a Storm; to set disjointed States, and heal ulcerated Kingdoms, in the midst of Tumults and Confusion; to compose and quiet a Distracted and Disorderly People; to repair Breaches and Ruins, are great and powerful Works, and cannot be compleated or undertaken without the Wisdom and Assistance of the God of Order and Victory.

These astonishing Things were effected by the Conduct and Valour of the Prince of Orange. But (to do Justice to his great Merit) 'twas a Courage which ascrib'd the Glory of all Successes to God, and which gratefully own'd his Goodness in every Preservation, insomuch as when a Ball shot from a Mortar fell on the Place where he had sat but a Moment before, *Oh my God!* said he, with Eyes lifted up to Heaven) *Thou hast saved my life, and I will serve thee all my Days.*

And as I can't deny but his Conduct and *Valour* did Wonders in Holland, Flanders, and the late Revolution; so I also acknowledge, That his way of Fighting was different from most Generals.

I own he made use of Bombs and Granado's, but his great Artillery was Prayer, his Amunition, Devotion, and his best Armour,

Armour, a pious Life: You might see Angels heading his Weapons, and his Guns were sent him from Heaven; but 'twas his Prayers slew more than all his Muskets and Pistols. These were his Rams and Cannon, his Magazines, his great Castles and Elephants. Prayer is that strange Engine which with a Saint, *Archimedes* like, can save or sink a Ship in his Closet.

K. William being sensible of this, did often retire from the World in Secret and Closet Devotion, when some have imagin'd he was otherwise employ'd; and as sometimes he allow'd a close and serious Person to join with him as a friend, in order to assist him this way, so his Marks upon pious Books which he perused, by folding down of the Leaves, were plain Indications how he had at other times been taken up in his retired Hours.

Nay, I must further acknowledge, That both in Camp and Court he constantly kept up a Course of secret Duties. I have known after he had been tired out with the great and necessary Affairs of his Army, he cou'd not with any Satisfaction go to Rest, 'till he had retired for secret Conferences with God.

And besides his more stated Courses, it does appear (from many excellent Forms of Prayer drawn up with his own Hand) that he did also, upon all the more special Occasions that did occur, seriously look up to God, and commit himself and his Army into his Hands. So that upon the whole, that Character did most exactly agree to him, which *David* takes to himself, *Pf. 109. 4. I will give my self to Prayer.*

In all Battles (for I must own what Col. *Babington* saw with his own Eyes) before he came to the Field, he had won the Day on his Knees: His Devotions in all Combats gave Assurance of Conquests; he was no sooner in his Closet, but his Enemies were half kill'd. Prayer is that *White Gun-powder* which goes off without Noise, which wounds and slays Men in secret, and overcomes and confounds Armies. With this new Instrument of War K. William compleated all his Victories, and not a single Coat in his whole Army, if he put on the same Armour, he cou'd put a Thousand to flight.

His Heart, if you cou'd see it, is ever and anon lifting it self in Ejaculations and Prayers, only his Courage doth now and then hinder his Zeal; at the very same Moment he pierces Heaven, and the Bowels of his Enemies; and tho' they have not the same Weapon, yet his Heart and Hand are both fighting together, and are Associates in the Victory.

In a Word, this praying Commander honour'd the Name of God with a profound Veneration, especially towards the End of his Life; for if at any time that glorious Name had been made mention of occasionally by any, he was ever observant

ve a peculiar Emotion of Soul, discover'd in a serious Look up-
ards to Heaven, as if he still follow'd it with a mental Prayer:
and indeed (besides the great Regards he had to more Pub-
lic Prayer) those that observ'd him in his Closet and Bed-
chamber can testify this, that he did nothing of Consequence
without imploring the Divine Blessing; an Instance of this
(not to mention his Monthly Fasts) was seen in his obliging an
minent French Minister to enter his Coach, and pray be-
fore the Action, while he devoutly kneel'd 'all the time
about.

Thus William III. by lifting up his Hand like Moses, and
Heart like David, kill'd more than Sampson with his Jaw-
bone. By which 'tis evident, he did not Fight but Pray him-
self into a Throne.

So that I have fairly prov'd, his Graces, as well as his
Virtues, were all serviceable in the defence of the Protestant
Interest; That his Piety conquer'd as well as his Valour;
and that when he fought on his Knees there was no stand-
ing before him.

I must farther acknowledge, that K. William was not only
valorous as Conqueror in the Field, but that he cou'd break
down subdue Passions, and command himself like a Prince; he
often said, 'Tis the greatest of Dominions to rule one's Self and
Passions: And for that Reason he was Valiant within, and
maintain'd the good Fight with a stout Courage and Spirit.
He not only Conquer'd Abroad, but shew'd a Christian Gal-
lantry at Home, and was vigorous in the Mastery of his Do-
mestick and Closet Enemies. In a Word, he made all bend
to do Homage to Faith and a good Conscience; and, as an
English Peer has often said,

Nothing but his Passions were his Slaves.

Alexander found his Domestick Enemies harder to conquer
than a whole World; for after all his Victories, he was sub-
dued by a Creature in Petticoats: But William III. cou'd con-
quer even himself and Passions, by being frequent and serious
Self-Converters.

I'll praise no Virtue in K. William that I can conceal, but
must own, to conquer Himself he made narrow and diligent
searches into the State and Workings of his own Soul, and con-
sequently kept up the Practice of Self-Examination, a most in-
valuable and essential Instance and Part of Godliness, but what,
may be fear'd, is now almost lost from amongst us. An emi-
nent Person who had opportunity to look into some Papers
written by K. William, he found such Questions as these in 'em,
*Have my Actions since the last Sacrament fallen in with what I
propos'd to my self, as the great and governing End of my Life?*

And again, *Am I chargeable with no Sins or Failures but what consist with Sincerity of Heart?* with many others of a like nature. Which plainly shew'd, that in the midst of all his Battles Abroad, he was still conquering his Enemies in his own Breast.

I cou'd also add many other Instances, of the great Satisfaction and Pleasure he took in his *Self-Conquests*, and reading the *Holy Scriptures*; but tho' they are part of this *Secret History*, yet I shall wave 'em here, as 'tis more proper to insist 'em when I come to discover and satyryze what his Friends call his *Undissembled Piety*.

To sum up all in a few Words, I have agreed with King William's Friends,

That he was endow'd with that Conduct and Valour which has rendred the great Ones of the Earth famous.

That he possess'd Courage and Piety in an equal and the highest Degree.

That such was the *Intrepidity* of his Temper in Battle, that he might be said to be fearless.

That his Virtues were solid, and all of a-piece.

I also agree with the *Williamites*, That it cou'd not well be discern'd to which, in respect to his Knowledge in Civil and Military Affairs, the Prize was to be given.

The Truth is, (tho' I have agreed to what his Friends say of his Conduct and Valour) we shall always come short of him here, only Heaven can reward him for what he hath done upon Earth.

And thus (as I promis'd at first) I have shewn how far I agree with his Friends in what they say of his Conduct and Valour.

But (say the *Williamites*) if you own K. William thus Valiant and Brave, and a Conqueror both Abroad and at Home, how is it possible you shou'd satyryze his Conduct and Valour, or find one Flaw in his Martial Achievements? For our parts (continue his Friends) "We think his Memory as immortal as sent shou'd be as pleasing to these Nations, as his Conduct and Valour was in Time past."

To this I Answer—— K. William having all his Life been in a continual Exercise of Arms, this oblig'd me to give his Conduct and Valour the Preference to his other Virtues; and for that Reason, 'tis the first Virtue I shall satyryze in him. And I don't fear (as impossible as the *Williamites* think it) to find Flaws enough in his Martial Achievements, to justify the Title of this Book.

But supposing K. William as Brave and Daring as his Friends
 we declar'd, and as I have agreed to, yet after all, it can't
 (said he was more than a Man, and I'm sure, as Man, he
 'd not be faultless: And therefore (to pursue my intended
 method) I am next to satyrize his Conduct and Valour.

I confess, 'twas said of his Royal Consort, "That her Cou-
 rage was steady and solid; her Soul free from all the Weak-
 nesses of her own Sex, and endow'd with the Courage and
 Strength that seem'd peculiar to ours. When K. William
 was fighting in *Flanders*, she alone was sensible of his Ab-
 sence; which she fully supply'd to these Three Kingdoms,
 by her wise Conduct and Administration: Yet an Eagerness
 of Command was so far below her, that there never was so
 great a Capacity for Government, join'd with so little
 Appetite to it; or an Authority so unwillingly assum'd, so
 courageously manag'd, and so chearfully laid down.

This was the Conduct and Valour of Q. Mary. Whence see
 the Advantage of being a Woman! for these very Perfections,
 being found in her Husband, have lost their Lustre, and are
 that I am going to satyrize.

I own with *Machiavel*, "There is nothing gains a Prince such
 a Reputation, as his great Exploits, and rare Trials of himself in
 War: And that William III. (if we en't mistaken) was the
 greatest Soldier that ever liv'd. But supposing this, yet his
 Conduct and Valour is a fit Subject for Satyr. For tho' he
 came to deliver us from *Popery* and *Slavery*, (for as Religion is
 the most justifiable Cause, so 'tis made the most specious Pre-
 text) yet I dare assert, They that level at Crowns, never heed
 what Bodies they shoot; with a bold and most puissant
 Courage they strike in, and adventure thro' all Hazards and
 Elements, to make way to a Throne; and if they once be
 pointed, if the Scepter be once grasp'd, they have done no-
 thing that is base; all their Failings and Mischiefs are Baptiz'd
 with Gallantry; they are at all Hands flatter'd and sooth'd.
 So were K. William's Conduct as good as 'twas Brave and
 Daring, yet I can't see how he cou'd Glory in it: For 'tis an
 odd Matter to contract a Familiarity with Danger, when a
 whole Army bears a Share in it, and when the eager Pursuit of
 Honour and Glory makes us overlook the Horror of approach-
 ing Death: But when she appears with the ghastly Pomp of
 a Scaffold and an Axe, as great a General as K. William
 wou'd behold her like other Men, and wou'd be terrify'd at
 her Sight: Even the Valiant *Monmouth*, (that ventur'd his Life
 in several Battles) when his Army was beaten, we find him the
 next Week cover'd with a tatter'd Cloak, and trembling, either
 with Cold or Fear: And tho' with the brave *Orange*, he had
 fac'd

fac'd the Roaring of Cannon, and look'd grim Death an Hundred Times in the Face; yet he was no sooner taken, but thinking himself in the Hands of the Executioner, his former Spirit sunk into Pusillanimity, which made him meanly endeavour to ward off the impending Blow, by sending a submissive Letter to K. James, assuring him, he had deeply repented of what he had done against him; and that he did from the Bottom of his Heart, abhor all those that engag'd him in it. But when he came into the King's Presence, His Majesty told him, *He was sorry for his Misfortune; but his Crime was of too great Consequence to be left unpunish'd.* And if the Valiant Monmouth dy'd with such Dread of Death, how can we boast of K. William's Courage, that never had the Infallible Test, an Axe, or starving.

I own K. William never fear'd Death in the Field; and was so undaunted when it approach'd him in his Palace, that he dy'd with the greatest Resignation, full of Charity, Courage, and Peace (and this might proceed from the inward Testimony of a good Conscience). But (as 'tis a natural thing in all Men to leave their Lives with Sorrow, and to take their Death with Fear) no Man cou'd warrant K. William Courageous to the last Breath, had he (as Monmouth did) gone in solemn Procession to his own Funeral.

Or, granting K. William as Brave as the Protestants make him, *That he was the Soul of War, and fought like one that had never heard of the Name of Death;* yet still I shall own it no Virtue in him, but only say, If he was thus Courageous, he was unnatural to his own Flesh and Blood, (which sure is Disproportion enough) neither can any thing excuse his Neglect of his Royal Life; when he cou'd not but know, the Happiness or Misery of his Subjects depended upon it: For when Princes are kill'd and the Crown falls from our Head; when the common Parents and Benefactors of Mankind, are cut off and mingled with the common Dust, how solemn, how mournful, and how universal are our Sorrows? As solemn as the Judgment is threatened, and as universal as the Loss.

Then, had K. William been afraid of Death, and only taken Towns (like the King of France) in a Chimney-Corner; or had he wou'd have been fighting the Enemy, if he had not been gone in the Front of the Battle, but commanded his Army (like the Duke of Anjou) from the Top of a Tower, we wou'd have thank'd him for it, as it had preserv'd his Person; but seeing every Campaign expos'd him to a Thousand Dangers, I can't think his Conduct and Courage deserves such high Commendations, as some Fanaticks (both Church-men and Deists) give it: For (as Glorious as K. William's Valour appears) I shall endeavour to prove that some particular Failings, such I call Valour in K. William) by their Propinquity to

Neighbourhood to Virtues, do so resemble them, that they hardly be distinguish'd from them; and so deceive many a man, who takes a specious Vice for a wholesome Virtue. So Revenge is often taken for Courage, spiritual Pride for Humility, Impotence for Chastity, Security for Peace of Conscience, presumption for Faith, Deadness of Heart for Contentment, and Tenderness to others, (which a *Turk* may have) for real piety.

'Tis true, an Action with a good Intention, and bad Means and Circumstances, has less of Evil, than when both are bad; and a less Degree of Vice is a comparative Virtue; but a man may do Valiant Actions that en't truly Brave; for all Circumstances must concur to make an Action properly virtuous or good, one only suffices to make it evil. Then (as much as *K. William's* Friends boast of his Courage) who is so wise as to know in Reality, he was either valiant or good? For, *No* man like, we think to go to Heaven alone by our selves; as a General, in all his Battles, may aim at nothing but in-glory, or the Satisfaction of some Passion: And indeed, Men (from the Prince to the Beggar) have their private Ends and their double Meanings, and that in those very Graces that look so glorious and bright. And this is seen in the Di-
vine as well as the Soldier: For, is not the End of his Vocation, preaching, to acquaint Men with the Will of God; by praying to turn the Wrath of God from the People, and to obtain a Blessing upon his Labours; and by Practice, to confirm them in the true Faith by Works, as he hath won by Words to believe and embrace it? But doth he tend this Errand? Alas! nothing less; for as soon as he has taken a Degree, and comes out of the University, if he be cross'd in his first Preferment, then he grows refractory to the State and present Government of the Church Establish'd; neither makes he Con-
science to mislead others, so he may be the Head of a Faction, and be thought somebody: But if in his first Years he meets a Check, but gets Preferment, his Study then is to grow with Time; and then he cannot distinguish the Warts, Moles, and Corruptions of the Church, from Perfections and Graces: His Study is not to discharge one Cure well, but to procure and charge himself with many; to heap Steeple upon people, as if he meant to climb up to Heaven that way: And after all, to retire himself to a Prebendary out of the way, where (like a Bird in a Cage) he may be fed fat, and get some more and higher Preferment, but never sing more.

And we are as much mistaken in the Virtues of the Lawyers, Physicians and Tradesmen. And if Men are thus mistaken in another, no Wonder if we find Failings in *K. William*; his Conduct and Valour, and several Natural Virtues, for the Resemblance betwixt 'em, are often mistaken for Theo-
logical

logical Virtues; and deceive many, both in judging of others and in judging themselves too; whilst, either they consider not the Difference, or distinguish not betwixt Nature and Grace.

And therefore, (that I may farther lessen K. William's Valour) I'll next consider, what 'twas that prick'd him forward to undertake with Vigour, magnanimous and great Actions. What 'twas? Why 'twas CHOLER; a Passion that is a Dishonour to any Man (provided the Violences of his Actions are not proportionable to his Provocations). 'Tis this which creates the Courage of the Valiant, and the Vehemency of Orators; 'twas this had a Share, as well in the Victories of *Hannibal* as in the Fame of K. William; but unless we deny Man to be a Man, we cannot presume to say, That a Vice so inhumane and pernicious, is natural to him.

Therefore, saith St. *Augustine*, "The most quick sight of Philosophers, and whose Opinions approach nearest to Truth, believe that Choler is absolutely evil; because, say they, the slightest Emotions of it are malicious and irregular, and that forces us to sin against Reason, at the very Time when we do that which Reason commands us. We ought to have the same Opinion of all the Humane Passions, adds the bold Doctor; they resemble that Self-love that gives 'em Birth: they are vehement, disorderly, and vicious like that; whereas the Fears and Joys, the Sorrows, and other Passions of Christians that derive themselves from Charity, are peaceable, mild, prudent, and moderate.

I know the *Williamites* excuse this Choler, by saying, "That Choler is as it were a Guardianess that Nature has provided for Men to watch over the Preservation of all his common and particular Rights, and inspires him both with a Desire and Strength to defend them: For, say they, this Passion enables him to repel Injuries which he receives from his Enemies, and arms him to succour his Friends, his Kindred, and his Country; it assists Parents and Tutors in the Education of Youth, and Magistrates in the Punishment of Criminals. That without her, Man wou'd abandon his most Important Duties, and prove unprofitable both to himself and others. These are their most considerable Reasons:

But, to this I answer — I deny that Choler is assisting to Man in the discharge of his principal Duties; in regard Experience tells us, that the Passions usually are the Principals of virtuous Actions, which Man performs of himself; and that this is the only Foundation upon which the whole Machine moves: Only we say, that it was for want of observing the Nature of Choler, that those Philosophers affirm'd it useful for the Service of Reason; in private Revenges, in the Punishment

of Crimes, in the chastizing of Servants and Children, in magnanimous Actions: For that which Anger has common with the other Passions, is to prevent the Dictates of Reason, and darken the Understanding; but the particular Qualities of it are to be most impetuous and violent, and not to contain it self. Which is evident in private Revenges; where a Man, to do himself an imaginary Right, most monstrously violates the Rules of Justice; while nothing will serve to wash off a petty Contempt, but the Blood of him that by the Bonds of Nature so nearly related to him; sometimes losing his own Life, to recover that which was never his. Which is the Reason that God has reserv'd Vengeance himself; and that the Laws commit the Reparation of Injuries only to the Impartial, that never receiv'd them.

But perhaps the *Williamites* will say, "That the Choler (or Fury, for they are much the same) he shew'd in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and the late Revolution, &c. cou'd not blacken his Conduct and Valour in those Places, as the Violence and Courage he shew'd in every Town he fought or besieg'd, was only to revenge the Wrongs he receiv'd from the *French* King in the Principality of *Orange*; and from the late *K. James*, by his inventing a sham Prince to disinherit his Wife of the Crown.

To this I answer, that true Conduct and Valour not only renders a Man incapable of doing Injuries, but disposes him to right the Wrongs which others do him. A valiant Person (as Aristotle) never believes he receives an Injury; and consequently he is no ways oblig'd to revenge.

The *Peripateticks* complain'd against the *Stoicks*, alledging their Philosophy to be unjust, that they uphold Anger; since they defend that Passion which follows the Dictates of Reason, which is never kindl'd but when it ought, and as much as it ought to be; and which, in the Reparation of Injuries, never violates the Laws of Equity.

So that, except the *Williamites* think their King infallible in the Art of War, and that he never transgress'd any Rule of it, (which is more than *Hannibal* himself cou'd boast of) they can't be angry that I blacken his Valour with all the Choler I can suppose in it.

But perhaps his Friends will say, "The Choler I discover in *K. William*, is no such Passion as is bred in the Irascible Appetite, blind, violent, and frantick, and which, for the lightest Offences, flies out into Rage and Fury; but that *William's* Choler was at the same Time inform'd, soften'd, and regulated by Reason; and requir'd nothing from the French King, or *James II.* but a Revenge suitable to the Wrong receiv'd.

I answer, That if the Motive that excites us to endamage another, aims only at particular Profit, which is the End that Men propose in punishing, or the publick Advantage, which is that of Ministers of Justice, it is both just and reasonable. But if it tend to the Hurt of the Person, that is, if it be Desire of Revenge, and to reap our Satisfaction from the Pain or Vexation which the Party suffers, it is a Motive harsh and unkind; and such (were his Conduct and Valour as matchable as his Friends pretend) I shall ever satyryze.

But I know the *williamites* will say, "That Choler has the chief Share in all Warlike Atchievements; and therefore to satyryze this in his late Majesty, is to be ignorant of the Nature of true Valour.

To this I answer, That if a Commander has need of being animated with his Passion, to foresee the Designs of his Enemies, to range his Army in Batallia, to give out his Orders, to manage the Combat, and be himself in the Heat of the Conflict, we may thence conclude, that he cannot be valiant, unless he be transported; and that he must be mad, or be himself, to manage any dangerous Enterprize. But for that, I cannot but admire the General of an Army, who is always Master of himself in Fight, even when Danger surprises him: For we find, that the Valour not only of Commanders, but of private Soldiers, is most to be rely'd on, and most equally prov'd, where it is least boiling and precipitate. "Therefore (says *Plutarch*) the *Lacedemonians*, before they join'd Battle, order'd the Flutes and Cornets to play certain soft and melting Aires, on purpose to temper the Heat and Fury of the Soldiers.

Lastly, if we do but reflect upon those barbarous People who have no other Courage than I know not what kind of natural Rage, that they never fight in cold Blood, but as they are smitten with the Image of the Injury, which they receive, or believe they have receiv'd, they fling themselves into the thickest of the Enemy, without any Order or Government; but then it happens, that notwithstanding the Strains of their Bodies, their Ability to endure the Rigours of Seasons, and the Hardships of War; and notwithstanding the Fury of their Onsets, they are frequently vanquish'd by People more tender, and soften'd by Luxury and Pleasure. *Sallust* tells us, and every one knows after what manner the Romans handled the *Cimbrians*, hideous for Bulk and Stature, and terrible for their Aspects, who had already pass'd the *Alps* with an Intention to sack *Rome*, and ransack all *Italy*, yet vanquish'd by *Marius* in several great and bloody Battles.

So that if the natural Fury of savage People be insufficient to make Men truly valiant; how shall we believe

er, no less blind, no less wild and impetuous, shou'd be
soul of Valour?

at, may the *Williamites* ask, "Whence then comes it to
is, that the Poets call Courage a noble and generous In-
nation, and that all the World takes Anger for
lour?"

to this I answer—— It proceeds from hence, that Cho-
as certain Qualities that resemble Valour. First, It is
and thence they believe it active: It is obstinate, and
passes for Stoutness: 'Tis terrible, and that renders it for-
ble: And then it is boldly daring, which makes People
line it to be courageous. *The Vulgar* (says *Seneca*) take those
are inflam'd with Choler, for Persons brave and courageous.

at now, supposing K. William had nothing of Choler in
but what was necessary in a great General, and that his
lust and Valour was as matchless as his Friends describe
et still I assert, That Vehemence of Choler that made him
conqueror, was not the Strength of his Soul, but rather a
nistrative Proof of its Weakness; for this same Passion
ing in the Soul like a Tempest, rears it up, and drives it
ro. ly to and fro: So that altho' to outward Appearance
oul may seem to act with Vigour and Strength, it is really a
nt Force that tumbles and tosses her like an anger'd Sea:
ch is more manifestly discover'd from hence, that Choler
easily gets the Mastery of Women than Men; of the sick
le, than healthy; of Age, than Youth; of Men that live
eaty, and softned by Delights, than of the unfortunate,
en'd by Persecutions and Adversities.

ving satyri'd K. William's Conduct and Valour abroad, I
next satyrize his Christian Gallantry at home, (I mean
Victory he got over himself and Passions) *He was valiant*
as well as without; yet I find upon some Occasions he was
der'd even in the Geography of his own Breast: For,
as I formerly hinted) he cou'd check and subdue Passions,
ommand himself like a Prince; yet when this Religious King
nce told, an Union amongst all Protestants wou'd ne'er be
ed in his Reign; it e'en griev'd us to see what Confusi-
rmented him, what various Designs agitated his Brain
Month after, to reconcile those uncharitable Differences
was wont to call 'em) that were between his Protestant
s. He cou'd not bear *there shou'd be any other Distinction*
of among us, but of those who are for the Protestant Religion
the present Establishment, and of those who mean a Popish Prince
French Government—— These were his last Words
the Throne. And I find his Royal Consort and He were
equally match'd in their Moderation and Piety: For,
"She

"She had a sublime Idea of the Christian Religion in general
 "and a particular Affection to the Church of England: she had
 "an Affection that was neither blind, nor partial; she had
 "true Regard to Piety wherever she saw it, in what Form
 "Party soever: Her Education and Judgment ty'd her to
 "National Communion, but her Charity was extended to all
 "She long'd to see all Protestants, both at home and abroad
 "in a close and brotherly Conjunction; and few things ever
 "grieved her more, than that the Prospect of so desir'd an Union
 "on vanish'd out of Sight.

However, K. William and Q. Mary too did all they could
 promote it; and to that End, all the Bishops they made use of
 Men of great Moderation and Piety. So that now we may
 cease to admire that K. William told the Commissioners who
 tender'd him the Coronation Oath of Scotland, *that he was not
 in that Sense only, that he might be under no Obligation to become
 Persecutor.* He was so averle to Persecution, that he said
 a little before his Death, *That he wou'd do his Utmost for
 promoting a firm Union among all Protestants.* And tho' it was
 courageous to espouse the Cause of his Ghost in this Particu-
 lar, yet (as I am to do Justice to his Virtues, as well as to
 tyrize his Failings) I dare assert, he will be better belov'd here-
 after, than now he is, by some Persons, who have upon them
 the double Prejudice of their own Weakness, and other Men's
 Subtilties, whereby they become stubborn and wilful in the
 Maintenance of an imaginary Interest, which they supersti-
 tiously limit to particular Persons and Things.

It must be confess'd, the Grumblestonians of K. William's Re-
 were those who fretted and foam'd upon the Bit, because they
 were not allow'd to tyrannize over their Neighbours, as in
 other Reigns. And there's as little Fear of Persecution as
 seeing our Gracious Queen, from the Education of that ex-
 cellent Prince that lay in her Bosom, (who to his Immortal Glory
 has declar'd his Abhorrence of Persecution) as well as in
 every thing else, shews how necessary Liberty of Conscience
 is. And seeing our Gracious Queen has promis'd to protect the
 Church of England in all its Rights, and to maintain the
 of Toleration to those that dissent from it, what is it we
 not compass and arrive at, were all Her Subjects riveted
 one and the same Interest? 'Tis true, there be those of the
 Church that will tell ye, *The Papists are better than the Pro-
 testants: Ask 'em how so? Because (say they) the Presbyterians
 are worse than the Papists.* Hence such a Bustle, such a Clamour
 such a Hurry; hence such canvassing at Elections, such
 ing out, *St. George for the Church*, as if all lay at Stake, when
 thing is in Danger. But K. William wou'd often say, *Christ's Cause
 was not limited to any Nation or Party; and thought every
 Man might go to Heaven with any Wind, and with any*

Now, if any shou'd quarrel with me, that I'm for *Liberty of*
Science to all Protestant Dissenters, (*for why shou'd we Im-*
prison and Hang one another again?) I shall not think it worth
 while to take notice of them; for I do (with a late Au-
 thor) equally pity and despise those Enemies of Humanity,
 who are fond of the worst sort of Popery, *Persecution*.

'Tis easie to prove, that hot and bigotted Men have been
 Occasion of all the Miseries of this Kingdom, both in this
 former Ages; and therefore I admire at the Impudence
 those who dare recommend *Persecution* in this Reign,
 when Her Majesty has promis'd to continue a legal Kindness
 to Her Dissenting Subjects. So that Dissenters have as little to
 fear in this Reign, as they had in the last; for they will never
 be troubled again with the noisy Nonsense of the *Fus Divinum*,
 servile Obedience, and barbarous Oppression, tho' impi-
 tiously Christened by other Names: For if after this any remain
 among us who are fond of conjuring up this airy Spectre and
 malicious Phantom, it were Charity to send him a while to
 Turkey, that they may know their Doctrine in its highest Ele-
 vation, from the Sultan and Musli, and their Mutes and Bow-
 strings; or if the Journey be too long, they may only step
 over to France, and see what the State of Mortals is in the
 Christian Persecutor's Dominions, pursuant to the Re-
 solutions of the Convocation, or Assembly of Reverend Idol-
 atrous Clergy there, ever since the Year 1684.

I am the larger upon this Head, as the *fatal Animosities*
 K. William * calls 'em) amongst Protestants, did so often
 disturb his Breast, and dislodge his Soul from the natural Seat
 of her Repose; which, tho' it shew'd him to be a *Common*
 Enemy to all his People, (as all he sought was our *Unanimity*)
 that the same time the great Disturbance our Divisions gave
 to his Royal Mind, was *Satyr* enough upon him, as it shew'd
 he was but a Man, and (after all his Victories Abroad) cou'd
 not conquer his Passions at Home.

I cou'd enlarge, but shou'd I discover those numberless
 Thoughts (that he wou'd divulge in private) that darkned
 his Understanding, those sundry Fancies, and restless Desires,
 that pester'd and entangl'd his Resolutions, (and all about
 his Protestant Subjects) I shou'd swell this *Satyr* into
 a Libel: However, I have said enough to shew the Disorder his
 Mind was in when any wou'd lessen his Glory, by endeavour-
 ing to make him *Father* but to one Party: And sure I am, such
 heads as these can be no Friends to the present Govern-
 ment; for I'm bold to say, that the Moderate Men on all sides,
 almost of the self-same Mind, about the *Surplice*, *Cross* in
 Baptism, *God-fathers*, *Kneeling at the Sacrament*, and several

In his last Speech.

other

other controverted Matters, we often contend about Words, when we heartily think the same thing. But the lesser the Difference is between us, the more it blackens K. William's Displeasure at it, and shews he had not got an absolute Conquest over himself: Yet (that my *Satyr* may do him Justice) I must declare, he got so near to a Self-Victory, as to give not only his Allowance but his Smiles to any thing that was good: and was *Arbitrary* in nothing but in fighting his Enemies, in reconciling Religious Differences, and restraining the Commission of Evil.

But why K. William's Valour and Piety shou'd be thus far priz'd (may some say) without Impunity, is a *Riddle*; especially under a Government which owes its Life and Being to the matchless *Courage* and *Piety* of this Illustrious Hero. "Did he not (say his Friends) deliver us from *Papery* and *Slavery* at his first coming? Did he not fight our Battles for thirtie Years? And at his Death (so much lamented by all good Men) did he not leave us in the entire Possession of our Laws and Liberties, and the Crown secur'd in the Protestant Line for future Ages? But (continue these Men) *Satyr* be the Reward of such eminent Services, we must (will *Tutch—n*) say, ungrateful England!

To this I answer ——— I own K. William came not either for *Greatness*, or to gratifie *Ambition*; he had *Greatness* enough of his own, and a large Command, and he brought it with him, and valu'd more being *Optimus* than *Maximus*, (which is the best way of joining those two Imperial Stiles) yet he was not so master'd himself, but he had ambitious and aspiring Thoughts in all the Actions of his Life; but (to do him Justice) he only aim'd at making himself Great, by freeing Nations from Oppression, and procuring to all Christians the Liberty of serving God according to the Dictates of their Consciences.

But after all the hard Things I have said of his late Majesty I am forc'd to own, (except in the heat of Battle, or when he beheld our Divisions in Religious Matters) he was not shaken with the Violence and strongest Tempests of Anger, and, were it convenient, I cou'd mention twenty Instances wherein Revenge, with all its Sweetness, was too feeble and effeminate to encounter with his Heroick and Masculine Spirit. 'Tis true, when he was fighting our Enemies abroad, or subduing our Corruptions at home, he was fierce and inexorable, but in all other Cases he still commanded *Charity* and *Wrath*, to make a mild Appeal to vindictive Justice, even in her rigorous Courts he had several Inlets for his Mercies and Graces. How far this Character concerns

none can so well judge as those that have taken a Spect of the whole Scene of his Life; perhaps the Poet drew a more even Thread; perhaps History describes a more calm and resolute Spirit, under all Attempts what-
 Those that have seen him lay by the Awe of Crowns, appear like common Clay at the Head of an engag'd Army in Ireland; and from thence to descend from his Guard, and from a strong Ship, into a small Boat, tost under the hourly Exaltation of a burying Wave, or an insulting Privateer! and for all this, shou'd see him again in his Closet with the unalter'd Brow, must conclude, that he has made uncommon Approaches towards the Nature of that immov'd being that fix'd and made sure his Crown — So that, to do Justice, tho' he was Cholerick in Battle, and an avow'd Enemy to all Bigotry, yet he was Great, Valiant and Good; was Merciful, and Just, and every thing else that Grace and quick Virtue cou'd make him — And I must add,

(In sight of my SATYR)

that the thirteen Years of his Government exceeded the Reigns of all his Predecessors, and can only be out done by Queen ANNE, who has * declar'd, and as we see, has made him to be the principal Jewel of her Crown.

Shou'd next proceed to discover and satyrize what his Friends call his Humility, Mildness, Fidelity, Conjugal Love, Modesty, Wisdom, Industry, Generosity, Justice, Complaisance, Sincerity, Magnificence, Liberality, and fine Speeches,

but having sufficiently satyriz'd K. William's Conduct and Character (it being the chief thing that his Friends, as well as Enemies, admire him for) I think 'twill be Loss of Time to satyrize his Humility, Moderation, Justice, and those other Graces which the Williamites so much extol him; for if his Conduct and Valour has the Ascendant of all his Virtues, and has such Flaws as I have here discover'd, what must his Humility, Moderation, Justice, and all his other Virtues have been? were Matter of constant Satyr to all the Jacobites (or Whig-Party) in the two Kingdoms? Besides, 'twill be needless to satyrize more of his suppos'd Virtues, not only as they are already satyriz'd in the Reflections I have made on his Conduct and Valour, but as I have already wove into the

See the Sermon Preach'd before the Queen and both Houses of Parliament, Nov. 12. 1702. By Jonathan Lord Bishop of Bath.

Satyr I have made on his *Military Atchievements*, all those *vacue Minutes* that were taken by Col. Babington, and other Persons of Quality; and what I here discover in my Satyr, of K. William's Conduct and Valour, does (if I ben't mistaken) complete the *Secret History of his Life and Reign*.

Thus have I finish'd my Satyr on K. William; which, tho' it charges him with many Faults, yet it makes him the best of Men; and for that Reason, some will be ready to say *This is a Satyr and no Satyr*.

If my Readers will be such *Williamites*, I can't help it; if I han't found any real Faults in his late Majesty, I have labour'd to do it, by a narrow Search into his Closet, Chamber, and Cabinet-Council, &c. But if after all my endeavours to expose K. William, his very Secrets were pure and holy, my Satyr is not the less a Satyr on that Account; for if K. William had liv'd worse, the World shou'd have known so. But I fear Length of Days wou'd rather have brighten'd his Character, than have given new Matter for Satyr. For,

*As his Life went out, his Heav'n came in;
And all was bright without, and clear within.*

So that tho' neither his Birth nor Person, yet his whole Reign was entirely *English*: And as 'twas a perfect Mixture of *Church Zeal**, and *Presbyterian Honesty*, he wou'd still have been gaining of new Laurels.

But K. William is dead, and this Satyr may serve for his *Funeral Elegy*! But how can I say he is dead, when his *Conduct and Valour* is all reviv'd in the illustrious *ORANGE* and the Valiant *MARLBOROUGH*; who being train'd in the *Art of War*, are become Great and Consummate *Generals*; and have taught the *French* at *Vigo*, *Landau*, and other Places†, *What it is to storm Towns with Swords, not to take them with Money in Hand*.

But tho' K. William be a Pattern for other Generals, considering this Royal Soldier as he was a Man, (without Regard to his Virtues) I have found enough in his *Conduct and Valour* to justify the Title of this Book.

But, quo' the *Jacobites*, (I mean those Men, who, having Power, have shewn they want not Will to destroy us) did not intend to be banter'd; but we expected a

* See the Poem call'd, The Retrievement.

† See the Thanksgiving-Sermon mention'd in p. 49.

A SATYR upon K. William. 51

K. William, that thou'd really expose the Secrets of his Life and Reign.

Why, Gentlemen, such a *Satyr* you have here ; but if don't make K. William so black as you did expect, 'twas none my Fault, but wholly the Fault of his late Majesty, who ever spoke or acted that Thing in his whole Life, that deserv'd be worse expos'd, than what you find in this *Satyr* upon his Life and Reign.

Or, if all this won't justify the Title of this Book, and like it pass for a *Satyr* on K. William, 'tis but learning the Art of *Forgetfulness*; for that (tho' he was invited hither to deliver from *Papery* and *Slavery*) will change his *Virtues* into a *Deceit* to subvert the Church, and that (whatever this Book may be) will be *Satyr* enough upon him.

To conclude — Rather than this Book shan't be thought *Satyr* on K. William, his very Perfections (by exceeding the measure of Humane Virtues) shall be call'd Vices: And for this Reason a *True-born Satyr* tells us,

*Posterity, when Histories relate
His Virtuous Deeds, will ask, What Giant's that?
For common Virtues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance:
So WILLIAM's Life, increas'd by doubling Fame,
Will drown his Actions to preserve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct to revise,
At Legends of Impossibilities,
'Twill all a Life of Miracle appear,
Too great for him to do or them to bear.*

PROJECT II.*

The Weeping Elegy; or Tears to the Memory of his dear Friend and School-fellow, Mr Samuel Treacher, Lace-man, who dy'd at Chesham of the Small Pox, April the 30 1709. in the 50th Year of his Age: Intermix'd with an Essay upon lawful Murder, or the Art of Man-killing, as practis'd by the Country Doctors.

The Jews then which were with her in the house, when they saw Mary, follow'd her, saying, she goeth into the grave, to weep there. John XI. 31.

SAM. TREACHER's dead! dear Sam, has bid good Night
To all his Chesham Friends; and 'tis but fit
My Muse a *Weeping Elegy* thou'd write.
I own his Praise thou'd be by Angels sung,
At least the first of the *Castalian* Throng;
Not in my Numbers, broken, rough and lame,
But Verse of the Duration of his Fame;
Such as where ever read, thou'd sway in chief;
Mine's but the Duty of a Neighbour's Grief:
Tho' yet (so much my Soul his Name reveres) 't
What in my *STILE* unelegant appears,
I'll sanctifie with Truth, and polish with my Tears.

Then you whose Eyes wou'd lean to weep, draw near
And hear what none without full *TEARS* can hear.
Come *marble Eyes*, as marble as your Hearts,
I'll teach you how to weep a Tear in parts:
And you, *false Eyes*, that never yet let fall
A Tear in earnest, come and now ye shall
Send forth *salt Fountains* of the truest Grief,
That ever sought to languish for Relief.
But you, you tender Eyes, that cannot bear
An *Elegy*, creep forth, without a *TEAR*.

Warn you hence, or at the most pass by,
 While you stay you soon dissolve and die.

But stay (SAD GENIUS) how do Grievs transport
 My exil'd Senses? Is there no Resort
 To *Parnassus* sacred Mount? No Word,
 Thought of *Helicon*? No Muse implor'd?
 Did *Invoke*, but there was none reply'd,
 The NINE were silent since *Sam. Treacher* dy'd,
 They have forsaken their *Old Spring*, 'tis said,
 They haunt a NEW ONE which their Tears have made.
 You'd I molest them with my Loss, 'tis known
 They find enough to Re-lament their own.
 I have no Aid, no DEITY to infuse
 New Matter; as true Sorrow needs no Muse,
 Need no MUSE to give my Passion vent,
 He brews his Tears that studies to lament.
 He chymically weeps, that pious Rain,
 Still'd with ART, is but the sweat o'th Brain,
 Whoever SOB'D in Numbers? Can a Groan
 Quaver'd out by soft Division?
 Now *TREACHER*'s dead there is no need of Art
 To make us weep, for *Cheesham* grieves at Heart,
 And every LACE-MAN * sighs and weeps apart.
 They dearly lov'd him, and such Friendship have,
 They seem resolv'd to weep themselves a Grave.

3

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Away! and let me join the weeping Throng,
 To hear him MOURN'D, to hear his Praises sung,
 And die with his DEAR NAME upon my Tongue,
 Than't be said the Dews of *Lethe* steep
 Many Virtues in eternal Sleep:
 As they pass our intellectual View,
 Sorrow Grave 'em deep, and keep 'em new:
 When we have survey'd th' amazing Store,
 And see us reflect their OWNER is no more.
 All that's Prudent, Noble, Just, and Brave,
 Cover'd with *SAM. TREACHER* in the Grave.
 When Common Friends decease, 'twill serve their Turns
 With a Sigh we wait upon their Urns;
 Who wou'd such a Friend as *SAM.* lament
 Bring the Bottles of some Penitent.

Mr. Samuel Treacher was one of those Cheesham Lace-men
 Traded at the Bull and Mouth in St. Martins, for many

His Eyes (and all) like Clouds must pregnant be
 With SHOWERS, to lament this Destiny.
 Nor can we give less Passion to condole
 The sudden Flight of so enlarg'd a Soul.
 His youthful Years I cou'd exactly trace,
 For the same *School* * did form our early Days;
 But if his Years I number by his Acts,
 His Years wou'd be a *Cypher* to his Facts.
 He was my *Friend* in ev'ry Turn of Life,
 He fill'd my Purse † — He lov'd to see me thrive,
 And ev'n match'd that best of Friends — a *Wife*.
 His Temper was so sweet, his Wit acute,
 *Twou'd ha' made *Dryden* or *Ben. Johnson* mute.
 His Valour too may well be understood,
 When in such Times as these he durst be Good.
 With HONOUR still he did himself demean,
 His Heart was honest, and his Hands were clean.
 He acted Love and Friendship to the Life,
 'Twas he that flew with — Sir, we have your *Wife*.
 He had a *Roman* Gallantry of Mind,
 He was a Benefactor to Mankind:
 Each peccant Humour freely did chastise,
 And without Fees wou'd all the World advise.
 He of decaying Beauty was not fond,
 But Friendship was his firm and lasting Bond.
 Without Alloy this is a Virgin Ore,
 And his *Friend* was the Weeping *Lindamor* **.
 Not the least Blemish did his Morals taint,
 He liv'd a Church-man, and he dy'd a Saint:
 Did not Revenge under a Smile conceal,
 Nor did he call extravagant Passion Zeal.
 He to all Tempers did his Genius fit,
 His Words were solid, and his Mirth was Wit.

If, *Lace-men*, you wou'd have a glorious Name,
 Like him in Life, and after Death in Fame,
 Trade just like *SAM.* — for Justice was his Guide,
 And *TREACHER* act in every thing beside.
 Your Customers are all a sort of Jest,
 For Women are but Trifles at the best.
 Then talk like *SAM.* to all that come for *LACE*,
 Be not too proud, or over-fond to please.

* Mr. Samuel Treacher was my School-Fellow many Years.
 † He receiv'd my Rents in the Country, and paid 'em to me in London (after the Death of my worthy Friend Mr. Cock) for twenty Years.

** Mr. Halley, *Lace-man* of Chesham is here meant.

The Weeping ELEGY.

55

Virtue don't from Death her Votry free
How can you be preserv'd by LEVITY *?
Think of his Death in every LACE you sell;
For TREACHER is the Lace-man's Passing-Bell.
Can you live long, or ask a new Reprieve,
When Treacher, honest Treacher must not live.

I cou'd weep on, and greater Praise rehearse,
Flowing Tears like Rage cou'd make a Verse,
Can lament, but can't adorn his Hearse.
Cynassus now nothing but Cypress wears,
Aganippe flows, it must with Tears.
My weeping Mule cannot the Task perform,
It droops like Turtles batter'd by a Storm;
Who are surpriz'd before they shelter get,
He cannot fly when both her Wings are wet.
My Sorrow now above its Source does rise,
Before I write I must discharge my Eyes,
For Tears compose the weeping Elegy.
The best Historian of our British Isle,
Might here employ the Beauties of his Stile;
But I'll breath here ——— and Lace-men weep the while.
Weep! ——— and this weeping Elegy shall groan
Thousand Tears, whilst you bedew his TOMB.
For Treacher's Death does so affect my Ears,
I cou'd ev'n die to be dissolv'd by Tears!
You'd sable Drops from Pen and Eyes distil,
Or briny Tears b^y extracted from a Quill;
You'd Grief with Colour'd Accents sighing groan,
Or Words put on a sad Complexion;
I writing weep, and weeping write, my Tears
Shou'd speak his Death, my Words, bedew his Hearse:
For S.A.M. is dead, Death has unlac'd the Wight,
That he might Bed with Mother Earth to Night,
And shall not we all WEEP in Black and White?
I must be so; for ev'n costive I,
Whose Hide-bound Fancy starts at Poetry,
Now strain'd to weep a Rhime, and needs must vent
My Grief, 'till a whole Sea of Tears is spent.

But here perhaps the Bull and Mouth † will cry,
Treacher dead? Alas! when did he die?

* By LEVITY is here meant selling of Lace.
† The Inn in St. Martins, near Aldersgate, where Mr. Treacher lodg'd for many Tears.

First tell the *how*, the *where*, if Rain must fall,
Before you praise,——lament his Funeral;
First speak *SAM. TREACHER's* Death, then weep it all.

I'll tell his Death (whoe'er it may displease):
He dy'd of the *Physician*——a Disease,
(Or call it Lawful-Murther, if you please)
It must be Lawful; for observe it still,
The Doctor's sent for——'Tis with leave they kill.
But yet 'tis Murther; for, as *Grippa* saith,
Their Pills are sure, and sometimes sudden Death.
Men killing is their Art——* and where they give a Pill,
At once they rob your Purse, and Body kill.

* *Physick (as Agrippa observes) is a kind Art of killing Men, altogether Mechanick, tho' she pretend to be shadow'd with the Title of Philosophy, and sits above the Law, next to Divinity in Degree and Place: Hence it is that the Physicians claim the next Preeminence to the Divines, for as much as the Strength and Health of the Body is to be prefer'd far before the Riches of Fortune. But this Strife was once determin'd by a witty Question for some one of these Contenders desiring to know what Order and Method was observ'd in leading Criminals to Execution, which should and which shou'd precede——The Thief or the Hangman?—And when one answer'd, That the Thief went before, and the Hangman follow'd——The other presently gave Judgement, That the Lawyers shou'd go before,—the Physicians follow: Denying the remarkable Robbery of the one, and the rash Murther of the other. 'Tis certain, Physick may properly be call'd the Art of Men-killing and therefore Phicinus tells us of a certain Prince that wou'd not admit any Physician to be his Doctor, that wou'd not acknowledge he had kill'd thirty Men by his Practice in Physick, saying, "He wou'd be afraid to venture his Life in any Doctor's Hands that had not made at least thirty mortal Experiments upon the Bodies of others. And I suppose 'twas the Uncertainty of the Art of Physick (or rather the Poison in it) that made Avicen weep every time he prescrib'd a Purge: Avicen knew the whole operative Art of Physick, is built upon no other Foundation than fallacious Experiments there being generally more Danger in the Physician and Physick, than in the Disease; the Physicians going about (like the Ephori of the Lacedemonians) to pronounce Sentence of Life and Death. 'Tis a strange, but sad thing to hear with what Heats and Altercations (not one agreeing in one thing) they brangle about the sick Man's Bed, as if they were hired not to Cure but to Dispute, with small Trouble to the distemper'd Person, according to the Testimony of Menander,*

A prating Doctor is a new Disease.

they long have Reign'd, and eager of Renown,
 more than a Plague depopulate the Town.
 they kill'd dear SAM. — nay, suck'd his very Breath;
 Doctors Med'cines are Receipts for Death.
 Millions of Mischiefs by its Rage is wrought,
 where 'tis fled, but barbarous where 'tis sought.
 curs'd ingrateful Ill, that call'd to Aid,
 still most Fatal, where it best is paid.
 SAM. the Small-Pox was a loathsome Ill,
 'twas his Doctors that alone did kill *;
 they poison us, and that way make us well!)
 In London Quacks, tho' at the COLLEDGE fed,
 all they want Teeth, scarce get to buy 'em Bread.
 — vey and W — lis in due time fell Sick,
 were forc'd to Die, and be Interr'd on Tick.
 the Reason's this (which we shou'd all deplore)
 and the Doctor Men alike adore,
 at the Brink of Danger, not before.
 Danger o'er, both are alike requir'd,
 is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted.
 read no Death but Physick; never fear
 the Small-Pox, were no killing Doctor near.

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The Art of Men killing is grown so common (especially amongst the
 many Quacks) that Reader, whenever you send for a Doctor, let me
 advise you to dispose of your Estate; for you are a dead Man.
 I said of Rasis, that he was murder'd by a Troop of Physicians,
 and my self have known a most learned Physician under whose Cure
 few have escap'd. Hence 'tis plain, that a Doctor's Advice is
 look'd upon as a piece of Fortune-telling, as to the Time of our
 death, and his Prescriptions no better than lawful Murder: Which
 the Romans, when Cato was Censor, to expel all Physicians
 out of Rome, but out of all Italy; for that they kill'd
 more than they heal'd. These Men-killers have only this common
 honour with the Hangman, to be hir'd to kill Men, and to be re-
 warded for Murder; for which all other Men are condemn'd without
 delay. This is the Difference between the one and the other, That the
 Hangman puts none to Death but what have receiv'd Sentence of
 Justice by the Judges; the Physician destroys the Innocent, with-
 out any Sentence past: So that the Physician's Practice is no better than
 the Art of Men-killing. Hence one answer'd Lacon, saying to
 a Physician, Thou hast no Distemper; Because, said the other, I am
 a Physician's Wife. Another saying to him, You are an Old
 Man; Because, said he, I never us'd Physician's Advice.
 saying, that there is no way more certain to Healtb and Old Age,
 than to want a Physician.

Those

Those SPOTS *Sam's* Body did bespangle say
His Doctors * were much greater SPOTS than they.

The *Small-Pox* is of all Death's Agents worst,
By Nature fear'd, and ev'ry Tongue accurst :
Ev'n where it spares 'tis fatal, leaving still
Behind it Marks of a most envious Will,
Ev'n that Defacing which it cannot kill.
But still the DOCTOR is the mortal Dart,
For he ne'er misses,—for he kills by Art.
Small-Pox, those spiteful Ills of thee are sung,
Thou dost at once what Age is doing long,
And harder treat the Beauteous and the Young,
By other Ills, tho' w' are of Life bereft,
There's yet at least some humane Likeness left :
But when we do thy barb'rous Work behold,
We know not if the Dead were Young or Old.
From the detestable and loathsom Sight
We turn our Eyes, and stiffen with Affright!
The Mother knows her only Darling's gone,
And tears her Hair for Grief, but looking down
She shrieks, and scarce believes it is her own !
By thee disguis'd, so lies dear honest *Sam*.
No more with Joy and Transport to be seen!
A *Lazar**, scarce to his dear Kindred known,
His rosie Cheeks and chearful Aspect's gone.
Who send for Doctors can't expect to live,
If *Small-Pox* wou'd, the Doctor won't relieve.

Then Sons of *Aesculapius* boast no more,
That you the Weak to Health and Strength restore,
Physick can but mend our crasie State,
Patch an old Building, not a New create.
The first Physicians by Debauch were made,
Excess began and Sloth sustains the Trade :
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend,
God never made his Work for Man to mend.
Then Quacks ne'er boast again of healing Feat,
Vain is your Learning, and your Art a Cheat,
At least 'tis ever Fatal to the Great.
All you can do is but a happy Guess,
And a whole Colledge has the least Success.
Like a sharp two-edg'd Sword you both ways slay,
Ost by your Hast, and ost by your Delay :
Those by your Help Recover'd, had, no doubt,
Sooner recover'd to their Health without.

* *Alias* Nurses,

are your selves an Epidemick Ill,
 for the few you save, you Thousands kill:
 Plagues and Pestilential Blasts a-kin;
 Air Poisons reign without, and yours within.
 You 'tis Weakness to expect Relief,
 In Atheists in your Practice and Belief*.
 O, (to this Reproof tho' justly mov'd)
 You SAM's Life preserv'd, y' had stood approv'd,
 Poets prais'd, and Chesham been belov'd.
 We that wou'd live must your Prescriptions shun,
 Who, alas! wou'd value now his own?
 Just, the Kind, the Noble *TREACHER*'s gone!
 Gone! and our Tears shou'd vulgar Grief exceed;
 We shou'd not only WEEP our Loss, but BLEED.

3

But here we'll dry our briny Tears a while,
 Even weeping Elegy wou'd smile,
 Honest SAM. peep'd into Life agen,
 Was Reported by the Chesham Men;
 Joy'd to see how fast he did revive,
 But for DOCTORS SAM. had been alive.
 Light at first his Ail, it cou'd have done
 Further Harm, but must of Course been gone,
 Not the Killing-Doctors forc'd it on;
 Cruelly ('till then, all pure and good)
 With its own Venom dash'd the circling Flood.
 Weep agen—for now the Danger's found,
 M. near expiring, and we weeping round.
 The Sighs of SUSAN †, and the Orphans Cries,
 Importunate for Aid, besieg'd the Skies.
 Now his Pains do once again assuage,
 With grin'd a horrid Smile, and half forgot his Rage.
 SAM. grew better, so the Town reviv'd;
 Joy it self were from his Health deriv'd:
 Whether 'twere to shew, tho' ne'er so late,
 How fervent Pray'r can turn the Course of Fate,
 Whether 'twere a last expiring Glare,
 The fatal Hope that ushers in Despair;
 Whether yet the Line of the Disease
 Wou'd be no further lengthen'd out for Fees,
 Doctor's Skill, but never give Release.

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For my Religion (says Dr. Brown) there be several Circum-
 stances that might persuade the World I have none at all, as the ge-
 neral Scandal of my Profession, yet (continues the Doctor) in de-
 spite hereof, I dare, without Usurpation, assume the honourable Title
 of Christian. — Dr. Brown's Religio Medici. p. 1.

Mr. Treacher's Wife is here meant, Susan being her Christian
 Name.

He

He soon relaps'd, relapsing weaker grew,
 And the pale Tyrant came again in View.
 Here Grief was at its utmost stretch disclos'd!
 We all confounded, he alone compos'd,
 What Blessings did he to his Friends bequeath!
 What Joys describe! what dying Raptures breath!
 With what Assurance did he meet his Fate!
 How fearless pass'd the inevitable Gate!
 His Soul had by Anticipation here,
 A Taste of Heav'n, before it yet was there,
 O Truth! O Innocence! O peaceful Close!
 Nail him, ye Angels, to his long Repose!
 Whilst all his *Chester* Friends his Loss deplore;
 For *TREACHER*'s Dead! Dear *TREACHER* is no more!

And thus, how shou'd we Mortals weep to see't?
 Our Entrance and our Exit seem to meet
 Our Swadling Bands, almost our Winding-Sheet.
 Poor Man! from Mother-Earth does just arise,
 Then looks abroad, returns again, and dies.
 Some sixty Years perhaps, with much ado,
 He has prolong'd his tedious Life unto;
 Then under Griefs and Cares he sinks away,
 His Carcass mould'ring into Nature-Clay.

And now an universal Burst of Woe
 O'er *Chester* Town did like a Torrent flow:
 All Eyes did weep, and some did so deplore,
 They wept to think that they cou'd weep no more.
 The very *PARSON* mourn'd *Sam. Treacher*'s Fate,
 Mourn'd this true Lover of the Church and State;
 As quite despairing any more to see
 RELIGION reconcil'd to POLICY.

The *Knights o' th' Shire* were also got afloat,
 They grieve to think they've lost his honest Vote†:
 In *Tacking* Times they freshly call'd to mind
 How diff'rent Parties in their Aid he join'd.
 Then with a Grief too big to speak in Tears,
 They cry, alas! is *TREACHER* sunk in Years?
 They knew his pious Zeal was ne'er mislaid,
 And can't but mourn that Loyal *Treacher*'s dead.

His Friends you next might see distracted stand,
 Too weak the Streams of Anguish to command;
 Nor Compass, Card, or Pilot, left to guide,
 They hopeless plunge into the raging Tide.
 With mutual Praise, their mutual Sighs did vie,
 And from so many Mouths oppress'd the Sky.

† He was a Free-holder, or he cou'd Influence such, and that's all

th' midst this Sea of weeping Friends, see where
 the Treasure of his Bosom * doth appear!
 coming to his Corps, resolv'd to cry,
 Love can make a Weeping Elegy.
 whose pale Relict she devoutly pays
 affection real as his Love, and stays;
 with many Tears, 'till quite dissolv'd in them,
 seems contriv'd into a walking Stream,
 Destiny had meant her to descend
 in Rivers only, but to serve this End.
 Next let his Children drop their pious Rain,
 and Lurwich too will weep in vain,
 none can soften his stiff Clay again.
 The Lace-men too † did weep upon his Bier;
 some sigh'd, some wept, and others tore their Hair,
 and Halley ** drank no other Beer but Tears.
 but his and ev'ry Grief the Poor's out-did.
 making the very Earth up to be hid,
 and raving Self-Destruction was forbid.
 in those that knew him but by Common-Fame,
 with Tears repeat their Benefactor's Name:
 as less it ought our just Regard to have,
 to think what Numbers wept him to the Grave.
 see where his Friends surround his private Urn,
 here all his fond Relations fondly mourn!
 when the solemn Bell does sadly call,
 the drooping Pomp attends his Funeral.
 now SAM. from Fortune's Store, can only have
 a narrow Coffin, and a scanty Grave.
 Now in the Vault Sam. Traisher's Body lay,
 the mournful Relicks of his precious Clay.
 need not here condoling Women hire ††,
 with real Grief we're ready to expire.
 be at his Grave, and now shall weep our Leave
 of all the Sorrow that his Death cou'd give.

His dear and sorrowful Wife.

The Lace-men here meant are my two old and dear Friends and
 old-Fellows, Mr. Elias and Mr. John Cock, Mr. West, Mr.
 Hey, and all those other Lace-men that now live in Chesham,
 Bucks, Barkhamsted, or in any other Town in Bucks.

* One of the Chesham Lace-men, and his near Kinsman.

† The Irish hire a great Company of old Women to weep over the
 bodies of their departed Friends, who with their counterfeit Tears,
 crying, O Hone! O Hone! why woud'st thou die, Dear
 (?) make most a hideous Noise.

Farewel those Eyes——whose mixt Aspect of late,
 Did reconcile Humility and State.
 Farewel dear Eyes, bright Lamps, O! who can tell
 Your Vision now, or our *sad Farewel*?
 Adieu dear Friend——I knew 'twas not a Shrine
 Of Flesh, cou'd lodge so pure a Soul as thine.
 Had Saints a Lease or Patent to abide
 Secure from Change, *Sam. Treacher* had not dy'd:
 But they have not, and so we weep our Leave,
 That's give Farewels in Elegies that grieve.
 Adieu!——Thou best of Earthly Friends, adieu!
 And O! not only best, but kindest too.
 A long Farewel thy *Chesham* Neighbours give,
 And for thy Death resolve in Grief to live.
 We leave thy Grave——but with a *sad Farewel*,
 For all our Tongues now ring thy Passing-Bell.
 And since he's gone who blest us many Years,
 We'll once a Week * row to thy Grave in Tears.
There rest his Ashes——for his honest Name,
 Expanding as it mounts the starry Frame,
 Shall fill th' expiring Breath, and latest Gasp of Fame.

All Offices of Heaven so well he knew,
 Before he came, that nothing there was new;
 And *SAM.* was so familiarly receiv'd,
 As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
 O happy Soul! if thou can'st view from high,
 Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye;
 If looking up to God, or down to us,
 Thou find'st that any way be pervious,
 Survey the Ruins of thy House and see
 Thy *Widow'd*, and thy *Orphan* Family:
 Look on thy tender Pledges left behind,
 And if thou can'st a vacant Minute find
 From Heav'nly Joys, that Interval extend
 to thy sad Children, and thy mourning Friend†:
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their Love,
 And shed a Beam of Comfort from above.
 Give 'em as much as mortal Eyes can bear,
 A transient View of thy full Glories there;
 That they with mod'rate Sorrow may sustain
 And mollify their Losses, in thy Gain:

* Every Sunday, when we go to hear the Reverend Mr. Hay
 present Minister of Chesham.

† John Dunton.

The Weeping ELEGY.

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He divide the Grief, for such thou wert,
thou'd not all Relations bear a part,
ere enough to break a single Heart.

at above all, on *SAM.* thy eldest Son,
forth such Beams as now adorn thy Tomb:
thy Image both in Face and Mind,
in his Name—*SAM. TREACHER* still we find.
Whiz so like his Father's is contriv'd,
in the Son the Father is reviv'd.
therefore tho' thou didst not live to see
joyful News well paid that flew to me
the Cock's Wing *, that Bird of Victory †,
tho' this thy Son does wear thy Name and Limb,
Love to thee shall still survive in him.
all without a *COCK*, or *TREACHER* nam'd,
be no Will of mine, nor wou'd I have it stand.
Friendship's such it never can have End,
in the Father dies, the Son is still — the Friend.
Son the Friend! 'tis more diffusive yet,
all such *Sam. Treacher* did affect,
thy Widow she has most Respect.

at pardon, Widow, that my Verses come
in Grief thou'd strike me dead, or Weeping dumb.
Grief, like yours, so very great appears,
no need Addition to your Tears,
at a Husband's Tomb you justly shed,
having wept him living, Mourn him dead.
wou'd *John Duntou's* Muse the Favour crave,
to scatter Roses round his Grave:
speak her Sorrows, and reveal her Care,
pay her Praises, since he's past her Pray'r.
grant me leave at least to make this Claim,
Muse that sings his Fate, may sing your Fame;
having wept the Husband's last Decays,
one day sing the living widow's Praise.
tho' your Sighs perfume him with a Breath
ugh to sweeten both his Grave and Death,
only such Confectioners as we
able to preserve his Memory.

My old Friend and School-Fellow Mr. Elias Cock of Chesham,
meant.

alluding to the Game-Cock, who had rather die than lose the

WIDOW, your modest Eyes, whose ev'ry Tear
 Cou'd re-inflate a broken Jeweller;
 (Those *Chrystal Seas*, where, when you weep, 'tis said,
 We need not dive for *Pearls*, for there they wade.)
 Shou'd not weep all, or dry the Poet's Eyes,
 They shou'd have leave, when such as *TREACHER* dies,
 To drown his Grave with *weeping Elegies*.
 For my part, I have wept so long, my Store
 Of Tears are spent, and I can weep no more.

Let this suffice; nor thou, Dear *SAM.* refuse
 This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muse;
 Who not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,
 Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless Breast,
 And dares to sing thy Praises in a Clime
 Where Vice triumphs, and Virtue is a Crime;
 Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,
 Is Satyr on the most of Human-kind.
 Take it while yet 'tis Praise, before my Rage,
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age:
 So bad, that thou thy self hadst no Defence
 from Vice, but barely by departing hence.

And now farewell, thou venerable Shade,
 Belov'd in Life, by Death thrice happy made;
 Rais'd above mortal Kings and Earthly Crowns,
 Thou sit'st beyond the reach of Fortune's Frowns.
 Look down upon the *mourning Muse*, and see
 How thou still liv'st—in *weeping Elegy*!
 Accept the Tribute of her humblest Lays,
 And deign to take what she sincerely pays.
 If she wants *Art* her Sorrow to express,
 The more 'tis real from its *careless* Dress,
 And speaks a Truth of Mind that cannot flow
 From labour'd Grief, and artificial Woe.

Hail, happy *SAM.* within thy bright Abode!
 Bless'd with a nearer Prospect of thy God!
 Enjoy the Mansions for thy Soul prepar'd,
 And lose thy Sufferings in their just Reward.
 Be what, and where thou art, to wish thy Place,
 Were in the best Presumption, more than Grace.
 Thy *Relicks* (such thy Works of Mercy are)
 Have in this *Poem* been my holy Care.
 As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,
 So shall this *Versè* preserve thy Memory;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

PROJECT III. *

able Hell; or an Essay on Despair: Inter-
mix'd with a Conference between the Famous
Mr. John Dod and Mr. Throgmorton,
(then lying upon his Death-Bed, under Deser-
tion) being an Original Manuscript, that ac-
cidentally fell into the Hands of an Eminent
Citizen, and was never Printed before.
To which is added a Narrative written by
Mr. Goulart (a Famous French Author)
of Five desperate Sinners: One of which
wishing he was in Hell; and the rest de-
claring to the By-standers, they were certainly
damn'd; with an Appendix, shewing the
great Use of Examples; but more especially
of such as these.

The PREFACE.

HO' this Essay particularly aims at fallen S ——— t; and as at
him, so at every dissolute Person; the most opinionated reser-
v'd may read it, and perhaps sometimes find themselves not a
concern'd in it: For it most particularly treats against Despa-
ir; which is a Disease liable to the greatest Confidence: Especi-
ally the very same Men (who have had the severe Curiosity almost
of their Brethren with plucking the Motes out of their Eyes)
brought to consider the Beams that are in their own; so great
often proves their Doom, who are not forewarn'd by our
not to judge, lest they be judged.

Under this Treatise invites all desperate Sinners to be their own
doctors, and sincerely to arraign their Souls before the Face of
God; it instructs 'em how to prize the Beauties God has endow'd
their Minds with, unless they soil them with their own Negligence;
urges them to prefer the Care of their Souls above all Earthly
pleasures, tho' baited with the most tempting Delights, which
are like the Devil: They take our Wits from us; but the cor-
recting

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resting Hand of God, whilst we are in the Troubles and Miseries of this World, prepares us for a better: But here despairing Sinners may find Weapons and Arms fit for the fiercest Conflict of this Nature.

This Essay was writ with Passion to a fallen Friend, but I hope may be beneficial to many whose Case is not unlike that of S—. I wish it may, and that it may not be look'd lightly on as mine, with more serious Eyes, as the Counsel I give is safe. I am certain there can be nothing more appositely said to Men in a desperate Case of Life, than what may be found here. I propound nothing of my own to any Man; but such an excellent Cordial as this, against Despair could not take alone, I desire it may be to others what I pray it may prove unto my self, that we may all lay certain hold on the better Part which cannot be taken from us.

JOHN DUNTON

DOUBLE HELL; or an Essay on D E S P A I R.

TH E malicious Subtilty of Satan aims at nothing more than to inveigle us into a Labyrinth of Despair; feeding our natural tottering Inclinations with Confusion and Variety of Doubts, and once unsettled, we are his certain Prey; for Irresolution excludes us from our Expectation of Heaven, and Reliance upon the Benignity of our most merciful God and Father; it violently and too insensibly drives us from our Hopes, our surest Anchors: By it we lose the Essence of our Lives, the Guide which leads us to God, the Pilot which steers our forlorn and shipwreck'd Souls into the Haven of Salvation: For Resolution and a constant Hope never fail of Assurance in the End; by hope (says the Word) shall be sav'd, that will to the last preserve us. Hope is a firm and Golden Chain let down to us from Heaven, taking fast hold on it, we learn to subdue our Souls most desperate Rebels. But he who thro' Idleness neglects to make his Hold sure to the Golden Anchor, sinks, and is certain to drown, and perishes in the Deepes of his own Wickedness: Which Satan, that cunning Fox, so well knows, that he then makes his Hell-Harvest, when he sees us laden with Sin, and overprest with the Weight of our Guiltiness; this is the Time he so diligently watches for, then falls he on us, and presses our Declinings with Arguments

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the Immenſity of our Offences; and deceives us with his
ming Aggravations: Then ſuggeſts he to our Soul's Hor-
r and Deſpair in their Extreame, as if there were no Salvation
to us, and the Doors of Mercy were lock'd againſt our
ies for ever. But the Mercies of our Lord ſo infinitely ex-
ed our Tranſgreſſions, that meditating on them, they cannot
greatly comfort our drooping Spirits, and arm us with
rage againſt thoſe Temptations we ought ſtrongly to re-
ſiſt, leſt they overcome our Truſt and Confidence in God. I
an thoſe ſtupid Apprehenſions of the unpardonable Immen-
ſity of our own Guilt, as if God were not able to forgive us,
Sins being ſo great and ſo many, that to our Imaginations
they exceed the ſaving Promiſes of his Mercy. Oh let us take
heed of ſuch deſperate Perſwaſions as theſe; be careful that
our Thoughts as theſe do not quaiſh and annihilate our Hopes;
nor let the Devil delude us with an Opinion that our Lord is
merciful indeed; but extends that Goodneſs only to ſmall
Offenders, to thoſe only who have provok'd him but with a
few, and thoſe ſmall Faults: For ſuppoſe a Man juſtly branded
with all the Marks of thoſe Infamies and Shames which are due
to the greateſt Reprobates; one who had committed all thoſe
heinous Acts, which moſt certainly unrepented of ſhall not to that
Gates of Heaven againſt them who tranſgreſs ſo highly in
againſt him; and withal, we muſt grant this Perſon to be no Stran-
ger to the Truth, but to have been one of Chriſt's Church,
whoſe Fall was the Cauſe of his Fall; whatſoever the invete-
rate Malice of the Tempter had chang'd him to be, either
a Fornicator or Adulterer; nay, perhaps *Sodomite*. Were he
a Drunkard, or common Slanderer, one who had hug'd
theſe Sins with Appetite and Delight; nay, had made it his
chief Study to contrive his Ends and Hellish Satisfaction in
them; for my Part, I wou'd not be the Author of Deſpair to ſuch
a Wretch as this; no, tho' he had continu'd in them many
Years: For it is impious Blaſphemy to reflect upon the Anger
of God, as if he were therefore displeas'd that we might be
punish'd; for then we ſhould juſtly relinquish our Hopes, if we
reſolv'd the Flames of his Wrath ſet on Fire by ſo many Sins,
not to be extinguiſh'd with the Tears of true Repentance.
We muſt look with more believing Eyes on his Mercy, and
admire the Excellency of his Juſtice and his Clemency,
in his Punishments is quite free from Paſſions, and Pertur-
bations; and any one, but wilfully blind Offenders, may
easily ſee, that our Lord has no Delight or Contentment in
Revenge, but takes exceeding Pleaſure in his Love and
kindneſs, which is infinitely intent on our Good, even in
the Depth of our Malice againſt him. Therefore, Reader,
when art at any Time tempted to Deſpair, (by reaſon of
many and aggravated Sins) this is a Truth to be juſti-
fied

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fi'd by the Testimonies of all right minded Christians, who daily find the Effects of his Clemency; and the Records of holy Writ are full of Examples, teaching us the Verity of it.

How surpassingly great is the Kindness and Love of God to us? who never (after the greatest Provocations) rejects our sincere Repentance, tho' we sin most maliciously against him; if we most humbly return to him, his sweet Embraces are ready to receive us: Nay, tho' we should be unwilling, he often contends with our Perverseness, and forces our Recovery; nay, helps the Defects of our falling Inclinations, with his preserving Grace, which raises us above our selves to pure Desires, which he both gives, and prepares their Rewards. What greater Argument can there be of the Benignity of an incens'd God, than when we have provok'd him to Anger, to accept of our Sorrow? and tho' our Repentance be not so long and so full as it ought, tho' it want something of the Circumstances of Form, and Time, or other Properties, our Lord helps us in our Humiliations, and sends his Blessings on our very Weakness and Frowardness: As in the Prophet *Isaiah* you may find it. *He went on frowardly in the way of his Heart, I have seen his ways, and will heal him. I will lead him also, and restore Comforts unto him, and to his Mourners,* Isa. 57. 17, 18. Let us remember the Story of that most wicked King (who by a Woman's Perswasion had given himself over to all Abominations) when he once repented, and putting on Sackcloth, acknowledging his Sins, he so mov'd the Compassion of God, that he escap'd all those Evils which then threatn'd him: For God spake by *Elias* upon his Submission, saying, *Seest thou how Ahab humbled himself before me, I will not bring this evil in his days.* 2 Kings 2. 29. And after him *Manasses* exceeds all the former Kings in Madness and Tyranny; he overthrows the Law, shuts the Temple, sets up the Worship of Idols to confront the Majesty of God; outstripping all that went before him in Wickedness. 2 Chron. 33. He, after his Repentance, was receiv'd into the Number of God's Elect Friends. Had *Manasses*, when he saw the Deformity of his Impiety, despair'd of his Restoration to Grace, and believ'd an Impossibility of his Change to a better Man, he had certainly never partaken of those Blessings which afterwards beset him; but when he weigh'd how little the Extent of his Sins was, put in the Ballance with God's immense and infinite Mercies, he cast the Fetters off, wherewith the Devil had made him fast, became Conqueror, and finish'd his good Course. Nor has Scripture furnish'd us with these Examples alone, to preserve us from splitting on the dangerous Rocks of our hardened Hearts; but by his Commands, God calls us continually, and forewarns us of our Destruction. *To day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the day of temptation in the Wilderness.* Psal, 95. 8, 9. This Day to us may be any Day.

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Life, from the Tenderness of our Youth, to the Extremity of our Age. We must imagine the Lord always speaking to and calling us to him, who proportions not his Mercies to Circumstances of Time, but the Affections of our Hearts. *Ninevites* had not many Days for Repentance, and to pray God to forgive them their crying Sins ; yet could a little portion of one Day blot out all their Iniquities : And in how short a Time was Paradise assur'd the Thief upon the Cross ? how small a Time did his Contrition purchase him Heaven, as before Christ's Followers and his Apostles ? Many have gain'd the Honour of Martyrdom, and purchas'd Crowns of glory, in less than few Years, in a few Days ; nay, some in less than one Day. Let us be always and in all Conditions unshaken and chearful, confident and assur'd in our Souls of the Lord's infinite Mercies.

The *Ninevites* hearing that Threatning, and sharp crying of the Prophet *Jonah*, (*Jonah* 3. 4. *Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed*) were not so discourag'd and dismay'd at so terrible Warnings of their approaching Destruction from the Wrath of an incens'd Omnipotent God, but they would trust to his Mercy ; tho' the Decree of his Vengeance was conditional, but positive : *Nineveh* shall be destroy'd, without Admittance of any Clause to foment a Hope in them ; for the Words of the Prophet were not disjointed, but a plain and direct Sentence of Judgment ; yet they submit with humble confidence. *v. 9. For (say they) who can tell if God will turn and relent, and turn away from his fierce Anger, that we perish not. And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil, and God repented of the evil that he said that he would do unto Nineveh, and he did it not.* See how those barbarous, rude, and ignorant People apprehended their Destruction ; and together understood the Possibility of their Deliverance, having their hearts set upon his infinite Mercy, in his greatest Wrath and Anger against them. Let us then (that are Christians, and brought up in the Knowledge of our Lord's Benignity, who are instructed and disciplin'd in his Word, and know many the like examples) stir up our Souls to sincere Repentance, and not be content with them in our Confidence of his Goodness and Mercy ; for he it is whose sacred Spirit has told us, *Isa. 55. 8, 9. That our thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways his ways ; for the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.* Servants of Men from the Duty they owe their Masters, and commit souls against them ; yet if they grow sorrowful, and recant that disobedience, they are again received into their Master's good favour, and sometimes with Advantage of Preferment. God, our gracious Lord and Master (whose Thoughts and Ways exceed those of Men) will deal as favourably ; nay, far more

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mercifully with us. If the Intent of his creating us had been to damn us, then thy Despair were reasonable and just, nor couldst thou do otherwise than doubt of Salvation, when none were prepar'd for thee. But God having made thee (O despairing Soul) out of his Goodness, and created thee to good End, no less than that thou mightst enjoy everlasting Happiness, who should make thee thus dissident, or in the least to mistrust his Mercy? When we have the most incens'd him, then ought we most carefully to look to our selves, most diligently and courageously to resist all Temptations present, and most bitterly lament our easie yielding to those past which so miserably overcame us; so shall we be able to give a manifest Testimony of our perfect Change: For nothing more provokes our Lord than our Obstinacy and Denial to return into the right way. For to do ill is but Humane Weakness, to persevere Diabolical Malice. Consider how horrid a thing it was, which we read the Prophet, that *Judah* call'd back in the Race of her Whoredoms, would not return to the Lord. *Jer. 3. 7. And said, after she had done all these things, turn thou unto me; but returned not.* The Lord strives with us, to shew how merciful he is inclin'd to our Salvation, many are his Promises to those who return into the right way, forsaking the Meanders and Paths of Iniquity. When he saw *Israel's* Promises of Repentance, that they began to prepare their Hearts to fear him, and to keep his Commandments, his Promise was, that it should be well with them and their Children for ever: Wherefore ought we to love him who desires to be lov'd of us, who woos and does all things to win our Affections. Nay, who spared not his only begotten Son for us, but gave him up, and delivered him to the ignominious Death of the Cross, that we might be reconcil'd to him. And what think you so loving a Father will do for them he has purchas'd at so dear a Rate? Nay, what lies on our Duty, which is Humiliation and Repentance, even that he presses on us, if we were not insensible of our own Miseries, the Evil of our own Condition would invite us to Repentance. Infinite is this Love of our Lord while we anger and provoke him, while we abuse his Goodness and his Patience; all this Ingratitude cannot extinguish his Love, and when he lays open to us the Injuries we offer to his Divine Majesty, he does it but to dilate on his Love, and to tie our Affections nearer to him; and demands of us nothing but penitent Acknowledgment. If then to confess our Sins to him bring with it so much Comfort, as the Promise of *Justification*; how great will our Joy be, when our Works are accepted in the Sight of God, and all the Filth and uncleanness of them wash'd quite away! And if this Way to Heaven were not accessible, after we err'd and lewdly stray'd from the Paths of Righteousness, how few of many Souls now glorify

in Heaven, had ever seen their Salvation! It is worthy all Mens Observation, seriously to consider the Return of many desperate Sinners, who after the Reconcilement of their enormous Souls to Grace, have strangely excell'd in Piety, and outshin'd those who were (In Comparison of them) unspotted and undebased: For the same Heat and Violence of theirs which made them rage in Sin, has after their Conversion turn'd into a Zeal passionate in good and virtuous Determinations, out of a true Sense of their Guilt, and the merited Judgments on their past Iniquities. In this Excess did Christ resent the officious Service of Mary Magdalen, when he answer'd Simon, Luke 7. 44. *Dost thou see this Woman? I entred into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she bath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss, but this Woman, when I came in, bath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oyl thou didst not anoint; but this Woman bath anointed my feet with sweet ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little: And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.* This is the Devil's Reason, both for his Vigilance and Fears, that he has often known the greatest Sinners prove the sincerest Penitents. It is this makes him dread the losing of his Prey, when he perceives a Conscience beginning to be struck with the Sense of Sin! O how he fears and trembles at the very first Step a Transgressor makes out of his Snarers, how he is troubled at our least Inclinations to Conversion! For they who have once begun this happy Course, can very difficultly be turn'd back from it; the Zeal of true Penitence burns like a Flame within, till it consumes our Drofs, and refines our Souls to a greater purity than that of Gold tried in the Fire. We are driven with the horrid Memory of our past Sins, as if it were with a violent Wind, into the Haven of Virtue. And this is the Reason that great Sinners often prove better than they who seldom fall; because their Undertakings is to be manag'd with greater fervour and Alacrity. The Difficulty in the Beginning only troubles us; it seems a Precipice at first, too hard for us to climb off the Bottom of Impiety, to the Top of Piety; while our Feet are nail'd in Hell, we may deem it impossible to get out, and fly to Heaven; Therefore we must boldly enter into this Conflict, our resolved Penitence must storm the Pass, tho' the Enemy spit Fire in our Faces; valiantly assault him, and thou hast already overcome the impotent Wretch; the vanquish'd Devil flies thee, and leaves thee Master of the Field: O let us begin this Heavenly Journey, let us ascend into this Heavenly City, let us step up the first Steps, and never look back till we arrive at it, for there are we appointed Citizens; there are our glorious Dwellings design'd us. For if we (like those lost Souls) cast off our Hopes, we shut the Gates of Heaven against

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against our selves, and bind our Feet in Links of Despair, the Chain that keeps Saran ty'd for ever: For Despair at first flung the Fiend into the Bondage he is confin'd to, to all Eternity. And I fear flung Dr. *Kraus*, Mr. *Latomus*, Counsellor *Ponsen* and two other *Desperate Sinners*, into what one of 'em call'd A DOUBLE HELL; and as they all dy'd in Despair, their woful Condition may properly be call'd *Double Hell*, they had Hell here, in a wounded Conscience, and dy'd expecting a *second Hell* in the other World. That these *despairing Sinners* had all (or at least fear'd) a *Double Hell*, will appear, by inserting in this Place,

A Narrative (written by Mr. *Goulart*, a Famous French Author) of their despairing and miserable Deaths: Which is the following.

"A desperate Man (says Mr. *Goulart*, in his Narrative titl'd *Admirable and Memorable Histories*——) "in Time dying, (among many other horrible Speeches) said that he wish'd to be already in Hell. And being demanded the Cause of so wicked a Desire; for that (said he) the Apprehensions of Torments which do attend me, cause me presently to fear Double Hell. When I shall feel it at the full, I shall not expect any more.

"I have heard another desperate Man (says Mr. *Goulart* in the same Narrative) "who being exhorted to turn from two vehement Apprehensions of God's Justice, unto Mercy, which was open unto him, he answer'd very coldly: "You say true, God is God; but of his Children, not for me: "Mercy is certain for his Elect; but I am a Reprobate, a Vessel of Wrath and Cursing, and I do already feel the Torments of Hell. [So that 'tis plain he had a *Double Hell*, ev'n upon Earth.] "When they did beseech and exhort him to call God his Father, My Mouth (said he) doth speak it, but my Heart hath Horror at it. I believe that he is the Father of others, not of me. When they did lay before him that he had known God, heard his Word, and received his Sacraments; (he added) I was an Hypocrite, and guilty of many Blasphemies against God. And then he returned to his ordinary courses; I am a Vessel prepared to Wrath and Damnation. "damned.—I burn.

"Mr. *James Latomus*, one of the chief Doctors in the University of *Louvain*, being one Day out of Countenance, gave a Sermon before the Emperour, *Charles V.* returning absent, and confounded from *Bruxelles* to *Louvaine*, after he had apprehended this Dishonour, he fell suddenly into Despair, whereof he gave many Testimonies in Publick; the which did move his Friends to keep him close in his House: "that Time unto his last Gasps, poor *Latomus* had no

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speech, but that he was *rejected of God*, that he was *damned*, and that he hoped for no Mercy or Salvation, as having maliciously made War against the Grace and Truth of God. He dy'd in this Despair, neither was it possible for any Friends or Physicians to make him change this Opinion.

About Twenty Years before this, a very famous Doctor throughout all *Germany*, call'd *Kraus*, remaining at *Halle* *Smale*, having oftentimes turned his Conscience, sometimes towards God, sometimes towards the World, having inclin'd in the End to the worser Part, said and confess'd publicly, that he was undone ; and fell so deep into Despair, that he could neither receive or take any Comfort or consolation ; and in this miserable and wretched Estate of mind he slew himself.

Under the Reign of King *Francis II.* the King's Advocate in the Parliament of *Dauphiné*, call'd *L'onsenas*, after he had sold his own and his Wives Patrimony, and borrowed much Money of his Friends to buy this Office, he consumed what remain'd in keeping of open House, hoping to be soon doubly recompens'd. But falling out of a Disease unknown to the Physicians, he fell into Despair of God's Help and Mercy ; and representing daily to himself the Death of some innocent Persons executed at *Romans* and at *Valence*, whom he had pursu'd, he desired God, call'd upon the Devil, and made all the horrible Curles and Imprecations that might be imagin'd. A Clerk seeing him in this Despair, spake to him of the Mercies of God, alledging certain Passages of Scripture to that Purpose. But instead of turning unto God, he asking him Pardon for his Offences, he said unto him, *Stephen, how black thou art ?* The young Man who was with him Hair'd, excus'd himself : The Advocate reply'd again, *how black thou art ?* but it is with thy Sins. That's true said the Clerk, but I hope in the Bounty and Mercy of God : Then expounding his Saying at large, *Pontius* began to cry out like a desperate Man, detesting his own sin, as one of the wickedest and most miserable Men in the World. At this Cry some of his Friends came running, and then he commanded that *Stephen* should be had to Prison, and his Process made. Hereupon Despair did increase in him, as with Sighs and Howling he gave out the Ghost, after a fearful manner.

As far Mr. *Goussart* : To which I shall add a more full Instance ; viz.

Daniel Barbelor, Minister, told me, (to use the Words of the Author) of a Citizen of *London*, to whom he was sent for

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for in his Sickness, when God had let loose Conscience upon The Man repeated over all the Commandments, and confessed the Sins he was guilty of against each Command; as *Incest and Adultery, liv'd in many Years*. The Chastity of his Servant he solicited, but was repuls'd; but his Master was *Perjury*, taking false Oaths, and hiring Men (*Knights of the Post*, as they are call'd) frequently to do so. The Devil led him into that Sin first (as he said) thus: He wanted Money for a Debt, that was a just Debt, and hired one of those, procur'd his Debt that was just, in this unjust way. By this he contracted Hardness of Heart, and plung'd himself into the Lanes of that Nature. There were above an hundred Angels against him when he died. He fell Sick on a *Friday*, lay a Week and ten Days (under the *horrid Gnawings of the Worm* that died upon his Bed, not in Distraction, but Desperation, crying once in his Presence, *I am damned for ever*; and added, fearful to hear, *Amen, Amen, Amen*; and had an Express Blasphemous of the Holy and Ever-blessed God, that for Fear I shall draw a Veil over it.

To Record such remarkable Instances as these, seems one, of the best Methods that can be pursu'd, against abounding Atheism of this Age; for by these Instances we see the Confession of a God, and the Truth of his Word, have been tortor'd from those very Persons who have boldly deny'd. Memorable is that Passage of *Aeschyles the Persian*, in Thebes, who relating his Country-mens Overthrow by the Greeks, thus this Observation, "That when the *Greeks* pursu'd the Persians furiously over the great River *Strymon*, which was then frozen, but began to thaw, he did with his own Eyes see the melting of those Gallants, (whom he had heard before maintain'd so boldly, that there was no God) every one upon their knees with Eyes and Hands lifted up, begging for Mercy, and that the Ice might not break 'till they got over.——" The Scurfies of this Age may possibly call such a Passage in question; but what can the most harden'd Atheist say to those Testimonies about the *Jews*, which were so clearly foretold in the Scriptures, and part of 'em (as a late Writer observes) are visible to their own Eyes? Is not this sufficient to convince 'em of the Being of an Omniscient God, that the Sacred Scriptures have Reveal'd his Will, and that Christianity is the only true Religion? I doubt not but those Men who are able to hold out against a convincing Demonstration, will flout at the Confessions of *Lord Rochester*, and the late Instance at *Clerkenwell*; but they may remember the Conquest which Truth made over the great Champions, *Sir Allan Broderick*, *Sir Dancomb Colville*, *James Earl of Marlborough*, and those five desperate Sinners have here nam'd.

* *James Woofencraft.*

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Now by the despairing Instances Mr. Goulart gives us in this Narrative, and by this related by Mr. Bachelor, 'tis evident, Soul that once *despairs* is never sensible of her own Condition, weighs not the Danger she is in, but speaks and acts every way in opposition to Salvation. Such *Despairing Wretches* as are here nam'd in Mr. Goulart's Narrative, carry a sort of Hell in their Bosoms ; one of which acknowledg'd as such, and doubtless the rest felt it, by declaring ev'n before Deaths, that they were *certainly damn'd*. From which Narrative of Mr. Goulart's, 'tis evidently prov'd, That as Men are frantick fear nothing, are asham'd of nothing, dare do nothing without Apprehension of Danger ; will run into Seas, and fly in their Fits to the Edge of Precipices for security, so those Sinners (who by negligent Obstinacy become desperate) run upon Vices unheard of, Abominations never dreamt of, *imminent Death and Damnation stop not the Violence of their* yet, but still they wind themselves into wild Labyrinths, where they are lost for ever. I therefore entreat thee (O *desiring Soul!*) before thou venturest upon any Sin, whether it be Drunkenness, Whoredom, Sabbath-breaking, or any other enormity, manly to contend to get out of it ; *Awake, recover and thy Soul of this Diabolical Surfeit*. If thou think'st it too small presently to resolve to leave it quite off, do it by Degrees ; tho', in my opinion, such Excuses are childish, and too weak shew thy Dotage on Vice ; for, if thou try'st, thou wilt find it a most easie Mastery to cast out those base Suggestions, if thou have Knowledge and Disdain of thy infirm Reasons back thee from the Conflict. O let the blessed Contemplation on Eternity prevail over thee to accomplish this bless'd Conversion. Add to this, the Example may bring to other falling Souls ; seldom but such Recoveries beget Companions. Mr. Pead tells us, (in Account he gives us of Woofencraft's Conversion) " That in returning to God excited many of his lewd Companions to an earnest calling upon God for Mercy, that before were head in Trespasses and Sins. And what Joy will that be, when the Splendour of thy Reclaiming shall give Light to others, to find way out of the same Darkness ? Then do not (O *desiring Soul!*) neglect so great a Good as may happen by thy turn to Virtue ; and for pity deny not our Souls the Joy we have for thee ; keep not us in the depth of grieving for thee, but turn our suffocating Lamentations into gentler measures of Joy and Exultation ; which will be full in us, when we see thou hast forsaken the Troops of Satan, and that thou art come over to the Army of Angels, and enroll'd in the Militia of Heaven. Consider how infinitely Exemplary and Eminent their Names be, who escape the Toils and Snares of Satan ; how they acquire of Praise and Reward, whose true Repentance brings them home to the Lord ; how indeed they seem to excel

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excel those who have appear'd always Virtuous; as has formerly demonstrated out of holy Writ. So Harlots and Licensers have gain'd the Kingdom of Heaven for the Lot of Inheritance, and many who were last, have obtain'd the eminence to be first. But remember (*O despairing Soul!*) *that now carry'st a Double Hell in thy own Breast, under an Assumption there is no Mercy to be had for so great a Sinner as thou been:* I say, remember it is not sufficient for a perishing Sinner barely to accuse it self of Sin, but the Substance as well as the Form must concur, for the Efficacy of Repentance to Justification. Our Contrition must bear a manifest Accompaniment of our Shame and Detestation of Sin, with a *solid Resolution against all Relapses.* Hypocrisie is a Mask so easily put on, that ordinary and common throughout the whole World, seemingly to condemn our selves of our evil ways; *Infidels do it much appearing Detestation of their Iniquities.* Many Men and Women, in the very Scene while they are acting their Wickedness, will acknowledge their Baseness, when they consider following Shame; tho' they determine not to seek after gaining the Fruit of true Repentance, or diving home to the Affections and Ends of Confession, which are *Amendment and Solution.* Vain and of no Effect are those Acknowledgements which proceed neither from Compunction of Soul, nor accompanied with *Tears truly bitter, and Heart-breaking Contrition which are the only Evidences of a resolv'd Change:* And yet there is something like this in the World which is not it, there are some demure Devils which speak like Saints, making Hearers believe, by their Grace, and Elegant setting forth of themselves, they are what they never intend to be, while they only the Reputation and Honour to be accounted good; this is the most easie Delusion possible; for who can judge of this which is presented to him in contrary Colours? for the same would not be the same, if another Man knew the Truth and how to tell it, as when the Offender delivers it for himself he would have it believ'd. There are another sort of Sinners, who are so senseless grown with their Despair, so impudent in their Wickedness, that they respect neither Opinion nor bad, and tell Stories of their own Shame, as much Venom as their Detractors would, believing that the greater they cry the greater, the more wicked they make themselves.

Whilst I liv'd in *New-England*, I came acquainted with Mr. C——k, a young Beau, that boasted of more Villany ever he committed; for he told Mr. T——n, he had lain with five hundred Virgins. C——k was so excellent a Character that he cou'd extract Pleasure out of any thing. He was in a mix'd Company where I was, that he never saw a Woman he lusted after her, and strait enjoy'd her in Imagination.

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that boasts of his Sin be a Devil, he that boasts of Sins
ever committed, is a *Double Devil*, and consequently, with-
repentance, deserves a *Double Hell*: For who can e'er be-
that a young Man but of Two and Twenty, shou'd have
Fortuity, Time, or Strength, to debauch five hundred
—However, as he bought a great many Books of me, I
known my Acquaintance with him, and I here publish his
Impudence, in hopes to shame him into better Morals.
Reader, God forbid thou shou'd'st ever be either a de-
Hypocrite, dissembling the righteous Man, whilst thou
within; or so vile a Wretch, as wou'd not be content
unless you have the Pleasure to boast of it. When thou
consider'd and meditated seriously on this, as thou oughtest,
away the Filth and Mud which hangs upon thy Soul, rise
out of the Mire wherein thou hast wallow'd, and see how
able thou wilt be to thy Adversary, who believ'd he
thrust thee down never to rise again; it will amaze him to
see again provoke him to Battle, surpriz'd with thy Reco-
and astonish'd at such an undaunted Resolution, how fear-
the Coward, the Devil be, to attempt again the ensnar-
see? If other Mens Calamities be proper Lessons for us,
not all our own instruct us? I believe this (O repent-
tho' thou now carry'st a *Double Hell* in thy own Breast,
of Despair, that thou wilt appear e'er long, in the
of Heaven, a Person restor'd to Grace, a more excellent
dearer Soul than ever thou wert, one that shall give Te-
sties of such Perfection and Integrity; that thou may'st be
amongst the best Men, if not preferr'd before them;
to encourage thee to such good Resolutions, read the fol-
lowing Conference between those two famous Divines, Mr.
Dud and Mr. Throgmorton, then lying upon his Death-
bed under Desperation; which accidentally falling into the
hands of an eminent Citizen now living in London (and being,
as I am inform'd, never printed before) I'll here insert it, as
the Perusal of all afflicted Souls, but more especially
who are tempted to despair of the Mercies of God. And
with surprizing Instances as these may not be lost for
of a due Improvement, I will conclude that *Double Hell*
Reader has found in these Instances, with an Appendix
of the great Use of Examples, but more especially of
that's in Despair.

The CONFERENCE between Mr. D
and Mr. THROGMORTON.

[Mr. Throgmorton to his Brother, coming to see him]

Thr. **D**EAR Brother, your Presence is most Welcome to me. Let the Lord make us mutually Comfortable, and join our Hearts together in Love and Mercy, to pity and comfort one for another, that we may be heal'd.

Broth. At this very Speech my Heart was broken, and my Soul yearn'd over him with such abundance of Tears and Sighs, that he was much dejected to see my Heart so oppress'd.——*Mr. Dod* sitting by, perceiving us both full of Grief, most lovingly, and in most gracious Manner, applied himself to our mutual Comfort, perswading him to a quiet and willing Repose of his Heart into the Hands of a merciful Father, saying,

Dod.—*Mr. Throgmorton*, Are you not willing to leave God your Father, when he calls you? As Christ saith, *John 17.* *Go to my Father and your Father*.

Thr. Ah! good Sir, I wou'd most gladly and willingly do so, I but see one Glimpse of his Favour shining upon my Soul.

Dod. Why think and consider how he offers himself to you; he is a Father as full of Love, Mercy, and Pity, as any Father in the World, *Exod. 34. 6, 7.*

Thr. Oh that I cou'd so find him to me.

Dod. So he is to you, whether you feel him so or no. Let me request two Things of you.

Thr. What are they?

Dod. That you wou'd leave Physick, and I dare say you shall do well enough. But hear, good Sir, what I say farther——As God your Father is loving and pitiful to you, so Jesus Christ, the second Person, is your Husband, your Head to perfect you, a King, a Priest, a Prophet, a Saviour to save you from the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. If I shew all this to you, why then be in nothing careful, but let all things let your Requests be shew'd unto God in Prayer and Application. The third Person is call'd the Comforter; and is call'd but the Holy Ghost: He washeth you, and maketh you fit for the glorious Presence of God.

Thr. This I believe for a certain Truth that you say, but howsoever I assent in my Mind, I cannot apprehend the Comforts of these Divine Truths; and therefore I beseech you be earnest with God in Prayer for me, that he may

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ated to shew himself to my Soul, and that he would
tho' these Clouds and shew himself unto me. All the
and Arts in the World will not comfort my Spirit,
I must and will continue to wait upon him. [Then with
Prayers, and vehement Reachings of his Soul, and his
failing him, he sits upon his Bed breathing up to Hea-
at length these Words came from him] Ah! good Mr.
that I could be assur'd that my Sins were pardon'd!

Let me ask you first, can you confess them to God?
do you desire to leave them?

I can truly from the Bottom of my Heart say, That
been very plain and open, in confessing of the very Se-
my Heart to God, neither do I remember that ever I
with Reservation of any known Sin, but wou'd ever be
to make a full and free Confession to God, tho' with
Weakness and Deadness of Spirit; and I have ever la-
to keep a Register of my Failings, to help my Humi-

Why then know what is God's special Promise, *Prov.*
Job 1. 9. Let it be a Ground of Assurance that your
be pardon'd. I will propound a second Mark, and un-
— Can you forgive freely any Man that hath
offended you?

From my very Heart I forgive the whole World; and
know any Man living that I have offended, or hath of-
fended me, I desire from my Soul to give any sincere Evi-
dence of all Brotherly Love and Mercy, as I desire God shall
bless me.

Why then be comfortable——You know the fifth
Mark, *If you forgive all Men their Trespases, so will your bea-*
Father forgive you your Trespases: Nay, 'tis a sure Sign
already forgiven, or else you wou'd never forgive.
Third Sign is the healing and sanctifying of our Nature;
where God doth pardon Sin, there he doth subdue and
break the Power of Sin.

After this Discourse, a sudden Looseness came upon him,
the Chamber being perfum'd with Juniper, to take away
the Savour, Mr. *Throgmorton* ask'd what it was that smelt so?
and said, the burning of the Juniper. Even so (saith he)
Saints never smell so sweet, as in the Fire of Affliction.
Thus, Thoughts of Death began to dishearten him fear-
ing the Violence of Pain might so far distemper his Spirits, as
to put in him some strange Carriage and Behaviour, to the
amazement of the Standers-by.]

For that never fear you,—we know you well enough
and are perswaded that you will have an easie, sweet, and
short Passage thro' Death, into the Kingdom of Heaven;
I pray you, think on no such matter, but to set your
Thoughts

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Thoughts on Christ, and fix them upon your Happiness in Heaven, which is at hand: You know how the Scripture teacheth us to think of Death as of a Sleep, and when I awake I shall be satisfied with his Image: It is call'd a Bed of Peace; a Marriage-day with the King's Son; also a Delusion of an Earthly Tabernacle.

Thr. Oh that my Heart cou'd but suck Sweetness on these Passages! if Christ wou'd shew himself to my desolate Soul I had enough.

Dod. Well! comfort your self in God; the Bargain was made long ago, and is not now to make: Let it be granted that you have no feeling for the present, yet your Evidence is clear enough, altho' you cannot read or understand it: I dare put my self upon your way, so long as I feel your Heart upright.

Thr. Dare you so! do you speak seriously?

Dod. Truly I do speak it from my Heart and Soul, in the Power of Persuasion; for I have found never in any Man more Evidence of true Grace, than in you, since the Time of our Acquaintance; I never found more Comfort from any, but in your self; for I have in special observ'd your Carriage as a Child to this Day, ever truly holy, gracious, and heavenly in all your Conversation and Work of your Ministry, still complaining of Sin, fighting under your Infirmities, and looking after Christ and his Spirit; and you know what Mark of Blessedness it propoundeth, *Matth. 5. Blessed are the poor in Spirit, blessed are they that mourn; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after Righteousness; blessed are the meek; and 'tis to be observ'd, Christ will not say, he that hath all these things, but he that hath any one is Blessed: As if I see any one Spark of natural Life and Motion in a Man, I conclude he is a living Man; so if I perceive any saving Grace in a Child of God, he is spiritually alive to God. Now what God promiseth to us, we must also promise to our selves; if he say, thou art Blessed for thy Poverty of Spirit, you must say so too; believe his Prophets, and you shall be Blessed; the Word of God is the best Cordial in all Times to a Child of God.*

Thr. [Here he finding his Bones to pain him, he cryeth that the Lord wou'd ease me of this Misery and Pain! I lay this Burden to my self, and to you all.]

Dod. Why, be patient but a little while, and he that comes will come, and will not tarry, and then your Body shall lie at more Ease in the Grave than ever it did on the Bed of Down, as *David* saith, *My Flesh shall rest in hope* when my Child is asleep, I can wake it with a Rod, for God, if he speak to a dead Body in the Grave, it shall rise to the Voice and stand up, as the wither'd Bones did; and

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the grave hear the voice of the Son of God and live— I perceive we are weary of lying long, as a Man is weary of his Journey: How happy a thing doth he think it to be so near his Home? especially it being a good Home; where he knows he will be joyfully welcom'd: So shall you be to Heaven, your Home, long look'd for and desir'd of you; where God the Father, Christ, the Angels, and all the saints, are ready to receive you with Joy: As for me, *it is good to draw near to God*, saith David: As when a Man is Sea-sick it is good to be near the Haven. Your last Sleep will be your best Sleep, and your last, for there you shall be satisfy'd with the Image of Christ. Now you have but a little of it; then you shall be full with it: Now your Body is Earthly and base; then it shall be honourable and glorious, like the Angels in Heaven. Thus the holy Man, Mr. Dod, apply'd himself with all diligent Diligence to raise up his dejected Spirit, still drooping under the Fear of the Imminency of Death, terrible to his melancholy Spirit: But no outward Manifestation of Joy or Comfort, in all these Passages, could appear in Mr. Throgmorton. At length came to his Mind an earnest Desire of an Ordinance of God, in his Judgment very necessary for the Confirmation of his Comfort and Peace of Soul; and that was the Ordinance of Absolution— He express'd his Desire to Mr. Dod thus.

Mr. Dod. The Lord hath put in my Heart an earnest Desire to an Ordinance which I hold most necessary and needful to me, and to require at your Hands, with some other convenient Ministers; and that is Absolution: Which, if performed according to Christ's Institution, I might by that find Peace to my Soul, in this my Necessity: And therefore I humbly desire you to set apart a whole Day for Fasting and Prayer, for me, for four or five Ministers; (as Mr. Harris, Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Over, and Mr. Winston.) in which Ordinance I shall desire you to lay open my Heart unto you all, in confessing all my Sins and Corruptions as far as I am able, by the Grace of God, and will give you a faithful Relation in the due Order, of my Conversation, which I have Registered in a Book; which my Brother, within these three Days, shall amply read unto me: Which when you shall hear from me, I shall with all Humility resign up my self to the grave and judicious Censure which you shall jointly (by the Spirit of God) determine, touching my spiritual Estate before God.

Mr. Dod. Your Desire in this is very good and holy, not to be deny'd of us; and I desire your Request herein may be satisfied: However, for my own particular, I pray you rest content with that Testimony which from my Heart I have given of you before, and now again do farther labour to confirm your Assurance of it, as that I profess to be willing and desirous to put my self upon your Way, and to follow you to

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your End ; which I am assur'd will be to Heaven: And my joyning with others in this Ordinance, I desire you to be my Personal Presence, for Considerations known to you: will I joyn the same Day with my Son *Timothy*, in private, you, in Fasting and Prayer, and be as earnest with God you, as if I were present at your Bed-side with the rest.

Upon this Motion agreed, Mr. *Dod* desir'd Leave to de- to his Home that Night. Immediately after his Departure came Mr. *Harris* and Mr. *Winston* ; to whom my Brother new'd the same Request for *Absolution*, and still his Mind more impatient of the Delay of it, still earnestly begging it, professing to Mr. *Harris*, that as he had made Trial of God's Ordinances and Means, to settle his Heart in the Grace of the Pardon of his Sins, and could not find the Comfort of it ; *I am therefore perswaded, (saith he) that if the Ordinance were faithfully perform'd and administred, God would give Blessing to it, and I might find Comfort,*

Harris. Why, Sir, I doubt not but you have had it, for Substance of it, tho' not for the Circumstance of your Duty for you have had it from sundry Divines apart, and several coming to you: As Mr. *Dod*, Dr. *Sibs*, Dr. *Burges*, Mr. *White* and every one of them had with an unanimous Voice witness'd and concluded to the Assurance of Salvation. I beseech you let not the Devil any longer buffet you out of your Comfort nor keep you in Suspence and Wavering, but rest in your determination and Opinion of those whom you know to be firm and truly loving, and would not flatter you with vain Hopes for a Thousand Worlds.

Thr. But good Sir, let me desire this last Duty and Comfort of your best Love which you can shew to my Soul, to come over two Days hence and join with the rest in this Ordinance for I am verily perswaded that God will be present with me with a Blessing, that in the Act of Performance I shall find the Lord gracious and powerful, and speak Comfort to my Soul and he will shine to me in Mercy and Peace. If he did not yet my Heart will be at Rest, when I have sought him in his Ordinances, and have not neglected any known Way to find him ; and then all I have to do is in Weakness of Spirit sit down and rest in the joint Resolution which upon my Confession you shall all determine, touching my Condition before God.

Hereunto Mr. *Harris* condescended, and the Day and Time was appointed: So he joyn'd now in Prayer with him, and parted. The next Day, being Sunday at Night, Mr. *Dod* came ; at whose Coming Mr. *Throgmorton* was most joyfully taking him by the Hand said, *Oh good Mr. Dod ! your Prayers doth much revive me ; I have droop'd all this Day, and my heart hath been dead within me.*

Dod. The Lord give you his quickening Spirit to comfort you; look upon him, to whom the lasting of your Joys is the renewing of your Strength. The next Day, towards Night, he fell into a Trance, and after half an Hour's Space he recover'd and spoke thus: *Now the Lord look mercifully upon me, and shed up his Love in the Pardon of all my Sins.* Then Mr. Dod recover'd, and his Heart was well affected with his Prayers, well weighing and sweetly pondering all his Petitions, and said—
Ths. Oh Mr. Dod! Mr. Dod! you are mighty with God: beseech you do not stir from me, as I have ever prosper'd by your godly Counsel and Direction, in all the Passages of my Life, above all the Men on the Earth, so I desire now to weave up my Days by your faithful Counsel and Prayers, beseeching you a little longer to abide with me, and the Lord recompence all your Labours and Love which you have shew'd to me.

Dod. By the Grace of God I will not leave you 'till I have given you up to God; and I shall desire the Lord's Assistance to help your Soul to Heaven, according to my Ability.

Brother. I continu'd watching by him, and in his Slumber many strong Sighs and Groans came from him; not out of any Sense of Bodily Pain, but still for Christ, and the Light of his Countenance; for ever and anon I could hear him sigh and say, *Oh my God! my God!* I said unto him, Brother, how do you feel your self? whereabouts are your Thoughts?

Ths. Oh my good Brother, (said he) could I but close with Christ, and get but one Smile of his Face, I had enough. Tell me truly, what do you conceive of me? Will God look upon me before I go hence?

Broth. Brother, my full Perswasion is, that your Comfort will come at an Instant, unexpected, in such a Season as shall be best for you, and before you yet die: And this I ground upon Experience of God's being late with me in a Vintation of Sickness, near to Death; when after an hard Conflict for half the Night, on a sudden many sweet Promises and melting Animations of Grace came to my Thoughts; upon which my Heart was unspeakably joyful and comfortable; and then nothing more reviv'd my Spirit than the Thoughts of Death, and the Apprehension of my future Glory at Hand: But I said further unto him, if you shall go away without any Manifestation of Joy or Comfort, yet rest bold and confident upon your God, who is faithful to keep that good Soul of yours committed to you unto him.

Ths. [He reply'd] Now blessed be God, and let it stick by you as the very Soul of your Election, tho' you feel never so many Doubtings and Temptations: I would that the Lord would shew himself in that kind and gracious manner unto me poor Wretch: Oh what a joyful thing were it to me!

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[Now he lay still for half an Hour:] At length he said, Good Brother, go sleep a little and come again to me. No after I was gone, and had slept about half an Hour, suddenly sent for me to come to him, and then looking upon me, with a chearful Countenance said, Ah good Brother, now the Lord hath graciously shin'd upon my Heart with clear Manifestation of his Purpose and Grace, for the Pardon of all my Sins, and the saving of my Soul. Now I beseech you call Mr. Dod and let us joyn in Prayer and Thanksgiving for all his unspeakable Mercies, and sweet feeling of his Love, shed abroad in my Heart. Oh! methinks I would now most willingly go to Christ. Then sitting up in his Bed, with his Hands and Eyes lift up to Heaven, his Lips only mov'd, but no Words heard, his Countenance most gracious, lifting up strong Breathings to Heaven for half an Hour; at length leaning his Head against me call'd Mr. Dod, who immediately came to him; to whom he spake these Words: *Mr. Dod, I beseech you stand by me; the Joy and Comfort of God's Face, which I have labour'd for these 37 Years together, is now come to my Soul: I beseech you give God the Praise in Prayer with me.* [Here Mr. Dod joyn'd in Prayer, and after Prayer continu'd with him three Hours, applying the Promises to his Soul, and opened most divinely that Portion of Scripture in *Mat. 5. 3, 4, 5, 6.*

This Exercise ended Mr. *Throgmorton* said, *Now the Lord recompence all your Love and Pains*—— Then being dispos'd to Rest, Mr. *Dod* and I were sent for to a Knight's House to joyning, to Dinner. I said, this very Day my Brother will go to God. Mr. *Dod* thought he might hold out three or four Days; but no sooner was Dinner set on the Table, but a Messenger came running into the Parlour and said, *Sir, your Brother is now going.* Mr. *Dod* and I ran in, and found him much chang'd. Mr. *Dod* fell immediately down to pray, my Brother's Hands and Eyes lift up to Heaven, with very deep Breathings, *Eximo Pectore*, gave up his Spirit in the midst of the Duty to the Lord.

Thus, Reader, you see in the Desertion of that Faithful and Eminent Minister of Jesus Christ, Mr. *Throgmorton*, a forerunner of Hell upon Earth; (and the same Desertion we saw in that worthy Divine Mr. *Timothy Rogers*; for which consult his *Description of Melancholy*) but this at worst we can call but a *Single Hell*, as he declar'd to Mr. *Dod*, just before his Departure: *"That the Joy and Comfort of God's Face, which he had labour'd for 37 Years together, was then come to his Soul: Which was a few Hours before he dy'd; for the Conference tells you, "Dinner was no sooner set on the Table, but a Messenger came running into the Parlour saying, Sir, your Brother is now going: "Mr. Dod and his Brother (as the Conference tells you) run into his Chamber to pray with him, "He gave up his Spirit"*

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in the midst of the Duty to the Lord. But tho' Mr. Throgmorton was a Child of Light walking in Darkness *, to his last Hours, and dy'd with great Joy and Comfort in his Soul, and (as were) assur'd of Heaven; yet the five desperate Sinners in-terred in Mr. Goulart's Narrative, did all Five both live and die in Despair, having (as one of 'em calls it) a *Double Hell* in their Consciences. (i. e. a Hell here, and without Infinite Mercy did interpose, a Hell in the other World.)

That it may further appear I have properly entitl'd my Essay on Despair *Double Hell*, as I have already prov'd it to be, (by instancing in one that call'd it by that Name) so I'll further prove Despair to be *Double Hell*, from the Nature of Despair it self; for Reader, you see by the Confession of the desperate Sinners before mention'd, that

Despair is an Epitome of Hell, an Extract, a Quintessence, a Compound, a Mixture of all Feral Maladies, Tyrannical Tortures, Angues and Perplexities. There is no Sickness almost but Phy-sick provideth a Remedy for it; to every Sore Chirurgery will provide a Salve; but what Physick, what Chirurgery, what Health, Favour, Authority, can relieve, bear out, aswage, expel a troubled Conscience? — The Part affected by Despair is the whole Soul, and all the Faculties of it. There is in a despairing Soul a Privation of Joy, Hope, Trust, Confidence of present and future Good, and in their Place succeed Sorrows, &c. *The Spirit of a Man* (says Solomon) *may be in his Infirmary, but a wounded Spirit who can bear?* —

And this shews us all what ought to be the great Care and Concerns of our whole Life; in every Particular still to have a very tender Regard and Care of our Consciences; and whatever we neglect or forget amidst the Hurries of this troublesome World, never to let this great Care slip out of our Minds: whether Conscience be well or ill kept, a Man shall be sure hear of it at last; he will certainly find the Issues and Effects of it at Home; let him take what Course he pleases, his Conscience will bear him Company, and in the End prove his Companion, or his Plague.

True, a Man's Conscience may not accuse him or fly from him presently: How evil soever it be it may lie quiet for some Time. Perhaps he may not for some considerable long Space have any Throws, any Luctations, any Ruffings within him, but all may seem to be at Rest. Either he may not enquire into his State, or he may abuse and delude himself with a false Account of his Condition, or he may harden his Mind with loose Atheistical Principles, or he may bear down his Conscience with a violent Hand, and so for a Time it may be still

Dr. Goodwin calls one of his Books, *A Child of Light walking in Darkness*.

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and quiet, like a Clock that stands when the Weights are down; but one Time or other the Hand of God will wind up again, and then every Wheel and Movement will stir to Purpose: The Eye will mourn, the Forehead will blush, the Heart will bleed, and be very sore; and yet perhaps the Sense of what he has done will not lead him to true Repentance, but throw him at last into the very Gulph of Desperation. And therefore we should never be so confident of our own selves as to do an ill thing: We should not trust, no not our own Hearts; because in the End our worst Enemy will be there in our own Bosom—— But certainly Despair is a great Sin, and what we ought to pray to be kept from; for it is only fit for him to despair, who can be as wicked as God is good. En't it a shameful thing to see People who bear the Character of Christianity, to lay down the Buckler, and to throw away Arms, at the first Approach of some Affliction? What Thought of a Devil is it, to deliver ones self over to Despair in the sight of a Jesus, who beareth our Reconciliation on his sacred Members, and pleadeth our Cause before his Eternal Father, with as many Mouths as our Sins in him have opened Wounds. Yet how many *Double Hells* (I mean how many *First and Second Spira's*) have we seen and read of?

Felix Plater hath an Example of a Merchant-man, that through the Loss of a little Wheat, which he had over long kept, troubl'd in Conscience for that he had not sold it sooner given it to the Poor; yet a good Scholar and a great Divine. No Perswasion would serve to the contrary, but that for Fact he was damn'd.

And *Forestus* hath a fearful Example of a Minister, thro' too much precise fasting in Lent, and over-much Meditation, contracted this Mischiefe, that in the End he became desperate, often thought he saw Devils in his Chamber, declar'd that he could not be sav'd; not considering that Mercy is a *Panacea*, a Balsam for an afflicted Soul, a sovereign Medicine, an *Alexipharmacum* for all Sin, a Charm for the Devil. His Mercy was great to Solomon, to Manasses, to the great to all Offenders, and whatsoever thou art, it may be to thee.

I know the Devil (who first tempts us to gross Sins, then to Despair, telling us after we have committed 'em, we are too gross for Pardon) will be ready to say to the despairing Soul,— Were it for some few Sins of Ignorance, or Infirmitie, mightst hope to find Place for Mercy; but thy Sins are, as for multitude innumerable, so for Quality, vainous, presumptuous, unpardonable: With what Face canst thou look up to Heaven and expect remission from a just God?

With what Face, Oh deluding malicious Devil! ever the Face of an humble Penitent, justly confounded in the

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the Sense of his own Vileness, but awfully confident in a
 promised Mercy: Malicious Tempter! how like thou art to
 thy self? When thou wouldst draw me on to my Sins, then
 how small, slight, harmless, plausible they were? Now
 thou hast fetch'd me into the Guilt of those foul offences, they
 are no less than deadly and irremissible. May I but keep within
 the Verge of Mercy, thou can'st not more aggravate my
 Wickedness against me, than I do against my self; thou can'st
 not be more ready to accuse, than I to judge and condemn my-
 self. Oh me! the wretchedst of all Creatures, how do I hate my
 self for mine abominable Sins, done with so high a Hand, against
 such a Majesty, after such Light of Knowledge, such Enforcements
 of Warning, such Endearments of Mercy, such Reluctations of
 Hell, such Checks of Conscience; what less than *Double Hell* (Hell
 here and hereafter) have I deserv'd from that infinite Ju-
 dge? Thou can'st not write more bitter things against me, than
 I can plead against my own Soul: But when thou hast cast up
 thy Venom, and when I have passed the heaviest Sentence
 against my self, I, who am in my self utterly lost, and for-
 gotten to eternal Death (in despite of the Gates of Hell) shall
 yet, and am safe in my Almighty and ever-blessed Saviour,
 who hath conquer'd Death and Hell for me. Set thou me
 against my self, I shall set my Saviour against thee; urge thou
 my Debts, I shew his full Acquittance; sue thou my Bonds,
 I shall exhibit them cancel'd, and nail'd to his Cross; press
 thou my horrible Crimes, I plead a Pardon seal'd in Heaven;
 thou tell'st me of the Multitude and Heinousness of my Sins. I
 tell thee of an infinite Mercy; and what are Numbers and Mag-
 nitudes to the Infinite? To an illimited Power, what difference
 there betwixt a Mountain and an Ant-heap? betwixt One
 and a Million? Were my Sins a thousand times more and
 more than they are, there is Worth abundantly enough in ever-
 y Drop of that precious Blood which was shed for my Re-
 demption, to expiate them: Know, O Tempter, that I have
 with a Mercy which can dye my scarlet Sins white as snow,
 and make my crimson as Wool; whose Grace is so boundless, that
 thou thy self hadst, upon thy Fall, been capable of Repen-
 tance, thou hadst not everlastingly perish'd; *The Lord is gra-
 cious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy: The
 Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works:*
 and if there be a Sin of Man unpardonable, it is not for the
 insufficiency of Grace to forgive it, but for the Incapacity of
 the Subject that should receive Remission.

Thou fellest to thy Pain and Loss, wherefore it was that the
 only Son of God, Jesus Christ, came into the World; even to save
 sinners; and if my own Heart shall conspire with thee to accuse
 me, as the chief of those Sinners, my Repentance gives me so
 much the more Claim and Interest in his blessed Redemption:

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Let me be the most laden with the Chains of my Captivity, so I may escape Despair, that *Double Hell*, and have the greatest share in that All-sufficient Ransom.

And if thou, who art the true fiery Serpent in this miserable Wilderness, hast by Sin strung my Soul to Death, let me (as I do) with penitent and faithful Eyes, but look up to that Brazen Serpent which is lift up far beyond all Heavens, thy Poison cannot kill, cannot hurt me; it is the Word of eternal Truth, which cannot fail us: *If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

Lo, here! not Mercy only, but Justice on my side; the Spirit of God saith not only, if we confess our Sins, he is merciful to forgive our Sins; as he elsewhere speaks by the Penitent *Solomon*: but more, he is faithful and just to forgive our Sins. Our Weakness and Ignorance is wont to fly from the Justice of our God unto his Mercy; what can we fear, when his Mercy yields Remission? That Justice relates to his gracious Promise of Pardon to the Penitent, whilst I do truly repent. Therefore, his very Justice necessarily inserts Mercy, and Mercy Forgiveness. Think not therefore, O thou malicious Spirit, to affright me with the mention of Divine Justice, with the Flames of a *Double Hell*. Woe were me, if God were not as Just as Merciful; yea, if he were not therefore Merciful, because he is Just; Merciful in giving me Repentance, Just in vouchsafing me the promised Mercy and Forgiveness upon the Repentance which he hath given me.

After all thy heinous Exaggerations of my Guilt, it is not the Quality of the Sin, but the Disposition of the Sinner, that damns the Soul; if we compare the offensive Acts of a *David* and a *Saul*, it is not easie to judge whether were more dangerous to thee, thou which stirredst them up both to those odious Sins, making Account of an equal Advantage against both; but thine own Malice failed thee; the humble and true Penitence of the one saved him out of thy Hands, the Obdurateness and Falseheartedness of the other, gave him up as a Prey to thy Malice. It is enough for me, that tho' I had not the Grace to avoid my Sins, yet I have the Grace to hate and bewail them; that good Spirit which thou thought not good to restrain me from sinning, hath been mercifully pleas'd to humble me for sinning; yea, such is the infinite Goodness of my God to my poor Soul, that those Temptations which thou hast drawn me into, with an Intent to my undoing, Prejudice and Damnation, are happily turn'd, thro' his Grace, unto my greatest Advantage; for had it not been for these sinful Miscarriages, had I ever attain'd to so clear a Sight of my own Frailty and Wretchedness? so deep a Contrition of Heart? so real Experience of Temptation? so hearty a Detestation of Sin? such Tenderness of Heart? such Awe of Offending?

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ent Z: al of Obedience? so sweet a Sense of Mercy? so thank-
Recognition of Deliverance? What hast thou now gained,
thou wicked Spirit, by thy prevalent Temptations? What
phies hast thou Cause to erect for thy Victory, and my
? Couldst thou have won me to a Trade of Sinning, to
resolution in Evil, to a Pleasure as in the Commission, so in
Memory of my Sin, to a Glorifying in Wickedness, and then
thou'lt have taken the Advantage of snatching me away in a
of Unrepentance, thou might'lt have had just Cause to
umph in thy Prey, and a *Double Hell* wou'd have been my
: But now that it hath pleas'd my God to shew me so much
ry, as to check me in my evil way, to work in me an Ab-
sence of my Sin, and of my self for it, and to pull me out of
Clutches, by a true and seasonable Repentance, thou hast
a Soul, and I have found a Saviour: Thou mayst upbraid
with the Foulness of my Sins, I shall bless God for their
movement.

Thus having briefly shewn the *Double Hell* there is, (1.) In
Despair, (2.) In the Instance of five Desperate Sinners, (as
related by Mr. Goulart), and (3.) in Mr. Throgmorton's De-
mon (Neighbour to the famous *Dod*) I shall conclude this
Double Hell, or *Essay on Despair*, with shewing, the great Use we
may make of Examples; but more especially of such as

Reader, I am not ignorant of the great Use and Abuse there
been of Examples: Some look upon them so as to imitate
them, be they never so bad; as *Augustus*, a learned Prince, fil-
l'd his Empire with Scholars; so *Tiberius*, a dissembling Prince,
was full of Dissemblers; *Julian*, an Apostate Prince, with Apostates;
Jerobam, a Calvinish Prince, with Idolaters. Others look
upon them so as to hate the Persons, as well as the Sins: Every
Accident, either in the Life or Death of Men, speaks to
us in the Language of Damnation.

Howsoever they be abus'd, I am sure it is most fit, yea
necessary, to have the white Book of God's Mercies, and the
black Book of Judgments (but more especially on despairing
Sins) always before our Eyes. The Abuse doth not take
from the Use, no more than the *Spartans* shew'd themselves
rooting out their Vines, because their People abus'd
them with Wine to Drunkenness.

I am sure we have the Example of God himself, who would
have the Patterns both of Sin and Judgment, of whose he dearly
loves: And if we be vers'd in his Book we may observe, that
he hath been pleas'd to make many Uses of such Examples.
Sometimes by them he doth threaten; Remember what the Lord
did to *Myriam*. Did not *Acham*, the son of *Zerah*, commit a tref-
pass

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pass in the accursed thing? wherefore do you harden your hearts, the Egyptians and Pharaoh? If ye do as they have done, ye shall be punish'd as they have been. Sometimes by them he doth reproach unthankful People. Did not I deliver you from the Egyptians and from the Amorites, from the children of Amon, and from the Philistines? O my people remember what Balack King of Moab consulted and what Balaam the son of Beor answered from Shittim to Gilgal. Will ye not ashamed to offend such a God as I, who have neither been a barren Wilderness, nor a dry Land? Sometimes by them he comforteth and strengtheneth the Hands of the weak. Thine eyes have seen all that the Lord your God hath done unto the Kings. This your Trouble is as the waters of Noah to me; as I have said, they shall no more go over the earth: So, nor your Afflictions shall overwhelm you. Will you be dismay'd in your Trouble, or cast off your Confidence? as if God's Hand were ty'd up now, more than in those Days. Sometimes by them he doth maintain great Points of Godliness. Was not Abraham's father justified by works? Not to glory in before God: for Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness: to make him stand out against the Blasphemies of the World, the Accusations of Conscience, and the Upbraidings of a false Faith. And will not ye, who must be the Children of Abraham, or perish, walk in the way of so worthy a Father? Sometimes by them he doth dissuade from Vice. Be not like the Gentiles, were some of them: Let us not commit fornication, as some of them did, and fell in one day three and twenty thousand. Let us not be like Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of the Father. Neither murmur, as some of them murmured, and were destroyed of the Father. If ye go on in such a way, and will not be dissuaded, ye will meet with the same Plagues which they found, or worse. Sometimes by them he gives Premonition and Caution. I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. Will ye not take heed, lest I make you to fall, as Eve fell, which was full of Bitterness and hers?

All this Life and more hath our good God made of Examples; not only because, like leaking Vessels, we are apt to run out, and to forget our fashion which we saw in the glass. Be not still represented to us, but also because of the Profit of Examples; for as they profit a World of People being like a burning Beacon, giving Light before Men, shining like Fire, whereat we may give Light to thousands of candles; so do they last long, and hold out to the World as the poor Widow's Mites, and Lot's Wife's Transfiguration, and the Example of Francis Spira, is an undeniable Proof that some fall into a Double Hell, even in this Life.

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Neither is it in vain that God hath taken such a Course as this; it is all for our Good, that we may know how to use Examples, according to their several Natures; but, among the rest, you may reap a threefold Benefit by them.

First, An *Observation* of the Customs and Usages of the Church and its Enemies of it. This will be an Help to Wisdom; which is ordinarily attainable by Experience of our own Days, and the Memory of others.

Next, An *Illustration* of the Faith and Manners of others, wherever they be; for Examples do not make Faith and Manners, but give Patterns of God's Rules, for the more expedite Attainment of them.

And lastly, A *Declaration* of God's Providence, in his Acts of Wisdom, Goodness, Mercy, Justice; and the like.

From these two Uses of Examples the World doth too far want; for want of the first the Church is many times fill'd with Errors and Disorders; for want of the second, Faith and Manners are not so clear'd, and Examples are taken up as necessary Rules, which only shew a Lawfulness where the Rule of Scripture doth not oppose: For want of the third, God passeth by, which we know it not. Let him be never so *wise*, by the Neglect of the Example, we admire it not; let him be never so *merciful*, by the Neglect of the Example, we love it not; let him be never so *just*, by the Neglect of the Example, we do not fear and tremble, and avoid the Rocks of Despair; and hence it is, that I have been induced to propound these despairing Examples unto you.

It may be, that sometimes Men do observe the Way of God, and the Whirlwind of Justice, but either they are willing to think it so great as it is, or to judge it to reach further than our God intendeth it; if Men do think the first, it is because they would flatter themselves in like Sins. Loth they are to think, that God shou'd punish that which they love, or that Danger should happen to them who have done as they mean to do. If Men judge the second, it is because they want Piety and Judgment in the ways of God.

Sometimes God gives an Example of his Justice, (as we see the woful Despair of Dr. *Kraus*, and that desperate Wretch who dy'd wishing he was in Hell) which begins here, and continues for ever and ever; as in many of the drowned firstborn, and roasted *Sodomites*. God never made us so skilful in this Throne Business, as to define peremptorily, that every Sinner and Infant of those miserable ones were cast into the everlasting Hell: He only says that the Flood did sweep them away, and they were burned with Fire and Brimstone, and leaves us to leave the rest to God. They were not in Hell indeed, nor was *Job* in the visible Church, as *Isaac* and the

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the rest of the Patriarchs were, yet might the *All-ye* look on them as he pleas'd, and judge, or spare.

Sometimes God gives an Example of his Justice, which here, and (for ought we know) may end in Glory. These are said to be judged, that we might not be condemned by the same. No Man will judge *Josiah* or *Jonathan* for their untimely Deaths. They dy'd in Peace, tho' they dy'd in War; in Peace with God, in War with Men: Nor will they resolutely reproach the Souls of *Er*, and *Onan*, *Nadab* and *Abihu*, *Annanias*, *Sapphira*, or those five desperate Wretches mention'd in *Constance's* Narrative. Their Sins were great, and grievously damnable, and therefore God brought fearful Judgments upon them: And as he hath said, so hath he done, *Blasphemous and deceitful Men shall not live out half their days*. But for our Souls, and how far his Justice extended to them, is among the Secrets of his Government, and past our Cognizance. It is an old Lesson never to be forgotten, that *secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things that are revealed to us, we shew unto our children for ever*.

But perhaps you'll say, What is all this to those Examples in this Essay on Despair, call'd *Double Hell*? If you apply them, you shall know how to use them to your Good. Be sure to see God's Hand— against him that wish'd to go to Hell—— against him that cry'd, I do already feel the Torments of Hell—— against him that hop'd for no Mercy, nor Salvation—— against him that fell into so deep Despair, that he slew himself—— against him that call'd on the Devil, and utter'd all the horrible Curses and Imprecations could be imagin'd—— and against him that cry'd, I am damned for ever; and then added (most fearful to hear) *Amen, Amen, Amen*.—— I say, Reader, be sure to see God's Hand in all these dreadful Instances of his Justice against desperate and despairing Sinners. Be sure also not to see God's Justice in such Examples as these, further than what you see or hear—— Thus far God hath gone, go you no farther. Cannot God take up his People and whip them for Sin, but presently the rash World must cry out, *These are Bastards, and not Children*?

Indeed you read that one of them (*viz.* Mr. *Trogan*) lay under Desertion, on his Death-Bed. God saw it, and thrust him down to the Gates of Hell; yet withal he had Remorse, Confession, Self-Condempnation, Desire of Mercy, Good, and of his own, (tho' with Despair) that God gave us Reasons of Charity to his Soul, and kept the Certainty to himself only. Notwithstanding, let no Sinner presume; God comes as a swift Witness against them, and will make his Sword drunk with their Blood: For he will pound the hairy scalp of every one that goes on still in this

ould not God, by such despairing Instances as these, have an
ious World see how necessary it is to break off a wicked
Repentance, and how useful to honour God in Time of
Health?

all that up this Appendix of the great Use of Examples,
only adding, Look upon your Examples and fear and
te. If they have found God thus angry who have been
ken by indulged and over-powering Infirmities, how
e look upon you that despair of his Mercy, after such
ings against Despair? You may have Hope to conceive
them who were judged in this World, because ye knew
eir Hearts: Ye can have no Hope to conceive well of
selves in so doing, because ye know your own Hearts,
You are apt in excusing some to flatter your selves,
accusing others to justify your selves too far. Neither
e can do well in the Day of your Account, which I
y will may be comfortable unto you in the Day of our
esus Christ.

19. 11. All these things happened unto them for examples:
are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of
ld are come.

PROJECT IV.*

THE-STRUMPETS: A Satyr on
Sodomite-Club.

Fourth Edition, alter'd and much enlarg'd.

ing giv'n all the Whores a TOUCH*,
the CRACKS will rave and think it much,
New Sodomitish Crew
brisk Firk'ing Bout or two.
EN, such Beutes, I shou'd them call,
TAILS are Sodomitical,
make ev'n POETS to bewail:

}
}

Sarge I lately publish'd, entitl'd The Rump; or a Touch
Sodomite Tails.

Shou'd

Shou'd wake the flowing Thoughts and Pen
 Of *PRIOR*, *GARTH* and *ADDISON*.
 But since these *First Rates* en't affride,
 I'll try how my dull Muse will ride.
 It is indeed the foulest Road
 That ever *POET*'s *COURSER* trod:
 But *PEGASUS* be not afraid
 That you shou'd Founder, Trip, or Jade:
 (No *Pound*, or *Club*, can stop you long,
 Unnatural Sights will make you run.)
 Nor think because the Day does waft,
 My *MUSE* will spur you on too fast;
 For *Sodomy*'s so vile a Crime,
 'Tis *LASH* enough to name the Sin.

Lewd *CRACKS* repent, for 'tis the News,
 Your Tails have burnt so many Beaus,
 That now *He-Whores* are come in Use.
 Yes Jilts! 'tis prov'd, and must be said,
 Your Tails are grown so lewd and bad,
 That now *Mens Tails* have all the Trade.
 Yet *CRACKS* are Saints compar'd with them,
 Who leave the Whores to pick up Men.
 All *CRACKS* are found so full of Ails,
 A *New Society* prevails,
 Call'd *S——d——ites*; Men worse than Goats,
 Who dress themselves in Petticoats,
 To Whore as *O——born* did with *O——nt*.
 Modesty scarce can give a Name
 To such a *Catamitish* Flame;
 This Lust as far as *Sodom* came.
 In *Sodom* Men were so unclean,
 That when the Angels dress'd like Men,
 They'd ask to fornicate with them.
 Then *Sodomy* is the Abuse
 Of either Sex, against the Use
 Of Nature,—— that shou'd Babe produce.
 When Men with Men—— act what's unchast,
 Then Children (*Nature's End*) are lost,
 And the main End of Woman's crost.
 When Tails thus Whore, and are uncivil,
 They get no Children!—— but the Devil:
 And yet such Tails are found of late
 Who thus do Whore and Fornicate
 With one another—— *Girls they hate*.

The Men who thus their Lust confine,
 Do doat upon *He-Consubine*,

Ply (that's Whore) near the *Exchange* :
 Men turn CRACKS—— 'tis wond'rous strange!
 very true—— for these exclude
 Women from their Interlude,
 all what's carnal, vile, and rude.
 every *Change* can scarce escape
 loathsome, nasty *Sodom Rape*.
 what's your Number Brutes? Be free :
 said your Gang is Forty Three,
 the Whore (as 'twere) in *Sodomy*.
 Whore! The Word's a Paradox ;
 there's a Club hard by the *Stocks* *,
 the Men give unto Men the *Pox*.
 Whoring—— (for I'll call it so)
 against God and Nature too,
 makes Man's Tail a sort of *Stem*.
 rob the Women of their Rights,
 their Tails cou'd keep the Peace a' Nights)
 for—— this Club of *Sodomites*.
 doat on Men, and some on Boys,
 quite abandon Female Joys,
 all a Vice so full of Shame,
 the Brutes wou'd fly, and blush to name :
 even Goats are grown so poor,
 that He with He does never Whore.
 there's Mr. *Puſſ* does caterwaul
 none but Sow-Cats on the Wall,
 Boar-Cats—— he does hate 'em all.
 Town-Bull he does never prove
 Mettle in the *He-Alcove*,
 modest *Cow* has all his Love.
 every *Horse* so much does smother
 wanton Tail from *Rampant Brother*,
 one *Horse* never rides another.
 Sparrow, tho' a Whoring Tit,
 ne'er *He-L*——ry commit,
 the Tail's a most Salacious Bit.
 now, that the World might multiply,
 Tails might keep their Chastity,
 did Ordain a *Marriage-Bed*,
 Male with Female still shou'd Wed.
 for the Goat, *Puſſ*, *Horse*, and *Sparrow*,
 every Creature stock'd with *Manrow*,
 do *He-L*——ry detest ;
 only Man that is the Beast.

'Tis only Men with Men will lie,
And burn their Tails with *Sodomy*;
The higheft Flight in L——ry.

Sukey, (for so 'tis said you greet
The Men you pick up in the Street)
En't you a MONSTER thus to quench,
And make Mens Tails a sort of *Wench*?
In short, (and worse cannot be said)
You are *He-Strumpets* in the Bed.
O fie! remember *Sodom's* MISS,
Unnat'ral Tails was all their Vice:
Your Flame is worse, that thus rebel,
For *Sodomy's* the Flame of Hell.
O F——nes! O *Sodomitish* Wretch!
Shou'd you be damn'd you cou'd not grutch;
You make your very Country blush.
He-Lust! it looks so vile in Print,
There's none will stand a Trial in't.
They F——nes no sooner did accuse,
And Two i'th' Compter full as loose,
But they strait fly to Hempen Noose.
*Jermain**——— a Clerk that liv'd i'th' East,
Ber——den a *He-Whoring* Beast,
And forty S——d——ites at least,
No sooner did their Lewdness flame,
But cut their very Throats for Shame.
Thus of all Tails Mens are the worst,
Not but the *Females* vie in Lust;
For Womens Tails so wanton grow,
They breed unnat'ral Vices too.
They change the nat'ral Use and Feature
Into a Crime which ruins Nature:
Yea, *Sodomy* they will permit,
(A Vice they never can commit)
'Tho' kissing each other's something like't.
There's B——ry, a Beastly Sin,
Is not a Vice too lewd for them:
For 'tis not forty Years ago,
A CRACK was hang'd for Whoring so;
Her Sparks were but a Dog or two.
Sure Female Tails desire to try
Who shall exceed in L——ry!
'Twas said that B——— (tho' near a Jayl)
Did Court a Monkey to her Tail;

* Jermain, late Clerk of St. Dunstan's in the East, was
charg'd with S——d——y, cut his Throat with a Razor.

first truck'd her Maiden-head,
 then lov'd and kiss'd her Husband dead.
 so unnat'ral is this Creature,
 almost gender, with a Satyr.
 tho' her Lewdness we deplore,
 there's none can match the Common Whore.

The Brimstone Crack I here arraign,
 tho's perfect Beast, and perfect Mange:

Night-Walker — we do her call,
 in the DAY she'll backwards fall;
 is a Prostitute to all.

Her Tails we safely may caress,
 but strut it in a Paper Dress;
 for the Tails that ply for Hire,
 they are perfect Brimstone mix'd with Fire.

The Common Whore's — an Hospital!

She must be Pox'd that lies with all,
 she is not squeamish in Amour,
 she'll lie with Man, with Dog, with Boar:

Who gives her most is valu'd best;
 she'll be either Man or Beast.

Yet she's cheap in L — ry;

Two Pence wet and Two Pence dry

Will make the stoutest CRACK comply,

That does in Street or Brothel ply.

Whores for Money, and wou'd thrive,

Is the poorest Slave alive.

Night-Walker scarce earns her Breath;

Trade's a sort of POCKEY DEATH.

Sirs, who can enough deplore

That very Beast — A Common Whore?

Who knows her Arts of drawing in,

Her Tails made Broker to the Sin?

Who to the Hospital bequeath her,

There we found her, there we leave her.

Tho' she breeds unnat'ral Vice,

She's as much BEAST in Keeping Miss:

These transgress as much as those

That Jilt their Lovers, Pox the Beaus.

— n Ladies here I mean,

Whose Goatish Tails are so unclean,

They buy their Hell, do purchase Lust,

Are of Prostitutes the worst.

I swear, perhaps, that they are Pure,

None but needy Strumpets Whores.

That such do scarce of CRACK partake,
 Who only Whore for Whoring sake.
 If they do Whore, 'tis with a Friend,
 They take no Money, (rather lend)
 Turn Tail to Tail and there's an End.
 An End! No, Goats, take this from me;
 There is no End of L——ry.
 A Whorish Thought, a Lustful Eye,
 And all unnat'ral Venerie,
 Is down-right Heart Adultery*.
 And thus all Strumpets are the same,
 They differ but in Face and Name;
 So early lewd, it may be said
 That they scarce had a Maiden-head.
 Some may be common, and some kept;
 And some may hire what they affect,
 But are unnatural alike.

Nay, ev'n modest Whores we find
 Are to unnat'ral Vice inclin'd:
 They'll blush for Guilt, smile to do ill;
 But kifs for nothing but to kill.
 Modest when just on Whoring bent;
 They tempt when they seem innocent:
 Their Coyness is a perfect Slight;
 They use to strengthen Appetite.
 And thus unnat'ral and accurst,
 They do legitimate their Lust.
 Then Naked Breasts we shou'd deplore;
 When they heave up so high before,
 They speak thus——— Here Sir is a Whore.
 For why shou'd CRACKS thus tempt the Men
 With naked Breasts and charming Skin,
 But that they know we love the Sin?
 Fam'd C——ly, C——k—— and L——son 800
 Have lately found (what L——s knew)
 Below † there's nothing chaste or true:
 For LUST you see does Rampant prove,
 And then is Christ'ned into LOVE.
 So that tho' BEASTS we are in Shame,
 We must be LOVERS all in Name.

Thus Tails have been unnatural,
 In Men, in Wives, in Cracks, in all:

* Mat. 5. 28.

† Below——— that's below the Girdle.

The HE-STRUMPETS.

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But still (as I observ'd before)
The Sodomite does highest soar;
For Men with very Men will Whore.
With Men! they'll Whore with Incubus;
He's they care not what's the Curse;
Their Tail's so hot, they can't be worse.
Nor Man nor Turkey can escape;
Scarce FACK* himself avoid a Rape;
All must go Padlock'd, if the Rogue
Should bring this He-Vice into Vogue.
If Men invent new L——ry,
Suspect thy Stable's Chastity:
Or, which is yet a lewder Flight,
Where thy self a Sodomite.

Thus Tail of Man (add Woman's to't)
When Sodom's Vice has burnt it out,
Is no Tail, but perfect Brute.
Woe! O no! It tempts to Evil;
It is no Brute, but perfect Devil.

* The Author of this Satyr.

PROJECT V.*

The New Creation; or DUNTON's
Thoughts in a Fit of Sickness, upon those
Words, Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment;
with Answers to some nice and curious
Questions, concerning the Time and
Manner of the LAST JUDGMENT:
In which is advanc'd several New Notions;
but more especially this, That Dooms-
day (or the General Resurrection) is not
so near as dreaded, and asserted to be,
by Dr. Beverley and others.

IT IS reported of St. Hierom, that where'er he was, he
fancy'd he still heard these Words sounding in his Ear,
Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment. The Words are fur-
ring and awful! and as they ran often in my Mind in a late

Fit of Sickness, that I thought would ha' ended my Days, I shall (now I'm recover'd to my former Health) discover my Sick-Bed Thoughts upon that Subject, and make such Enlargements in treating of the Last Judgment, as I hope may encourage and enable all that are on this Side the Grave to prepare for it.

And here I shall first observe that, it is appointed to all Men once to die, and after that comes Judgment, Heb. 9. 27. This Judgment, and the Manner of it, is set down at large in St. Matthew's Gospel *. St. John saw the dead both small and great stand before God: The Books were open'd †, and they judged according to their Works, of those things written therein.

It stands not with the Property of God's Justice, it should go ill with the Godly and well with the Wicked, as oftentimes it falls out in this Life. There must be a JUDGMENT and a Second Coming of Christ, to punish the one and reward the other. Remember (saith Abraham to the rich Man **) thou in thy life time receivest thy Pleasures, and Lazarus Pain now therefore is he comforted, and thou tormented. So God makes the Troubles of the Righteous a Token of the righteous Judgment to come — The Reckoning is not brought at the midst of the Meal, but when the Table is drawn.

If you ask me why I call this GENERAL RESURRECTION (Doomsday, or Last Judgment) a New Creation; my Answer I prove it to be so by the famous Basil, who saith, That Resurrection of the Body is a NEW CREATION; he shews that there are three sorts of Creations. 1. When a Thing is made of nothing, as in the first Creation. 2. When a Thing of evil is made good, as in Regeneration; Creation me a clean heart. 3. When the Bodies shall be raised out of Dust, at the Resurrection. The first is call'd *genesis*; the Resurrection is call'd (what I have entitl'd this Prologue) *myseus*, or The New Creation.

There be several Pillars for the Resurrection to lean upon. 1. The Power of God; *Idoneus est resicere qui fecit*. 2. The Justice of God, *Psal.* 58. 11. 3. The solemn Funerals that in all Nations: When we go to a Burial, we go to a sowing Seed. The Resurrection of Christ, *1 Cor.* 15. 20. The first Fruits, the Head; the Husband is in Heaven; therefore second Fruits, the Members, the Wife shall be there. Christ raised up Three, the one in Domo, the Daughter *Fairus*; the other in Feretro, the Widow's Son of Naim; the third in Sepulchro, which was Lazarus, when he began to rise. These are *Praludia nostra Resurrectionis*. 3. *Dulcis titulus* *1 Thess.* 4. 13, 14. *Job.* 11. 12. The Dead are but a little while, all shall rise again, good, and bad; Cain shall rise

* Mat. 25. 32. † Rev. 20. 12. ** Luk. 16. 25.

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the same Hand wherewith he slew his Brother: *Jezebel* with the same Body that was eaten up by the Dogs; *Rabsheke* with the same Tongue wherewith he rail'd on the God of *Israel*; *Judas* with the same Lips wherewith he Traitorously betray'd our Saviour Christ. Such like as these shall rise with Horror of Conscience; but the Godly that have stuck to Christ, shall rise with comfortable Consciences. Joh. 5. 28, 29. *Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the Resurrection of Life; and they that have done evil, unto the Resurrection of Damnation.*

Reader, having told you why I call this Project——
The New Creation—— that there are three sorts of Creations—— and that all the Dead are but asleep, and shall rise again—— I shall next shew (what run much in my Thoughts in my late Sickness)—— in what manner both good and bad shall arise to Judgment: And here I shall advance several new Notions, in shewing that the Time and Manner of the *Last Judgment* (or *General Resurrection*) will be quite different to most Mens Opinions about it; but how, and when it will be, God alone knows; yet this I'll venture to say,

The Period of Time makes swift Advance, and Providence seems to have reserv'd this passing Generation in the Womb of Nature, 'till the Symptoms of a final Change are legible in the Face of Things. Nature wants Spirit for her Work, grows weary of her Functions, and her Pulse beats slow, as tho' 'twere ready to cease and die.

How many Centuries are slip'd, since *Yet a little while*, was announc'd upon Time to come? Tho' the Knowledge of that important Article ben't communicated to any Creature; (not to the Humane Nature of our Redeemer) yet this we may safely say, that the Sands of Time are few, and these once run out, it shall run out, and be swallow'd in Eternity. The Length of Time is determin'd, 'tis Register'd in Heaven, and capable of receiving the least Addition. Separate Spirits were represented many Years ago, crying with a holy Impatience, *Lord, how long!* We can't express the Joy which holy Angels shall conceive, when they're summon'd to descend with Christ, and receive their *Cold Remains* into endless Union. How will the active Emissaries of Heaven rejoyce, to go and gather the Elect from the Four Winds! With what Speed will they execute their Divine Commission, and bring their Charge to the general Assembly? Death shall turn pale, and the King of Terrors shall be fill'd with Apprehension and Fear, when his Subjects shall return in vain; and when those whom he press'd as his own Prey, shall in a Moment become Immortal. The universal Monarchy was shaken by the Prince of Life, who broke the Chain, and led the Way to a future Resur-

rection. No Fetters were equal to Omnipotence, no Scourge cou'd keep him in his dark Apartment; nor Death nor Devil cou'd restrain the powerful Enemy that quicken'd him to Life. The Victory was compleat, over all the wicked Efforts of Hell and the envious Attempts of Men; and gave full Evidence that he was no Impostor. How shining a Prelude was this to the General Resurrection! As the ancient Empire of Death which was founded on the Ruins of Innocence, receiv'd its mortal Wound by the Second Adam; so at the End and Retirment of all things it shall sink and dwindle into nothing: The Captives shall be repriev'd, Death shall want Prey, and give out into Immortality. How full of a Deity is the very Notion of the Resurrection? We can't run it over in a Thought of Thought, without Omniscience and Omnipotence to support us when we are overwhelm'd. How surprizing the Sound which shall spread thro' the Air, when the Archangel shall be the Trumpet of God! The Noise shall reach the Poles of the World, and wheel round thro' either Hemisphere. Every Atom shall listen to that shrill Voice, and begin to march towards the general Rendezvous. What Commotions shall immediately succeed the universal Proclamation! *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment.* The Earth will quake and shiver, as if the Throws of a Woman in Travel were upon her. No Cell nor Urn shall be left unsearch'd; no Grave nor Grotto shall conceal their Dead. The secret Chambers of the Earth shall be search'd and ridd'd; the Womb shall be rip'd up, that the living Embryo may have free Passage into Life and Immortality.

*Then Muse look up, for here you must essay
To Paint the Terrors of th' Judgment Day.
The Wheels of Time the destin'd Goal have gain'd,
And the loos'd Horses wildly range, unrein'd;
The Spheres unstrung, play Discord as they fly,
And standing Worlds all ibreatning hang on high.
" So stops the Watch unwound, the Motions creep,
" And the slow Pulse sickens and falls asleep.
The Solar Rays point inward, and retire,
And feed with fresh Recruits the Fund of Fire.
Fair Cynthia's Silver Orb distain'd in Gore,
Drinks the Red Omen, reels, and shines no more:
The Ten-fold Heavens torn from Eternal Poles,
Are furl'd and shrivel'd, like the Paper-scrolls;
Promiscuous Elements mix horrid War,
And dreary Chaos groans, and frowns from far.
O'er Nature's Face undoubted Darkneß reigns,
And hovers in the Air, and Masques th' Aërial Plain.*

See the great Artist's skilful Fingers fly,
 And lead the Mystic Lines of the Epiphany.
 Far off, behold! Just on the Verge of Day,
 Beyond the Plains where all the Planets stray,
 The Eternal Son descends, and Glory chalks his Way.
 Night's gloomy Reign pierc'd with Immortal Beams,
 Down to the dark Abyss affrighted streams;
 The courteous Seraphs joyn Harmonious Wings,
 And wait the Charriot as it bounds and Springs:
 Swift rolling Wheels, so many Suns they seem;
 From whose bright Spokes strange Floods of Glory teem;
 Heav'n's Winged Squadrons all look Young and Fair,
 And their loose Robes are wanton'd in the Air.
 Far flowing Streamers all aloft are beav'd,
 With Friendly Ether fann'd, and gently wav'd;
 The floating Caravan Triumphant flies,
 And careless treads the Ruins of the Skies.
 High in the Air on curling Clouds they rest,
 And curling Clouds with Heav'nly Feet are press'd.
 See there the JUDGE, pierc'd are his Feet and Hands,
 The various Bow his Seat, the Globe his Footstool stands.
 No melting View! see there the precious Scars,
 The Marks of Conflict, and the Wounds he wears:
 Now the thin Veil the Radiant Godhead pours
 Full Tides of Beamy Light in pointed Showers:
 On Golden Thrones the Twelve Apostles wait,
 Add to the Pomp, and share the Bar's Debate:
 Lo! Four Archangels leave th' encircling Throng,
 And thro' the Void, like Lightning shoot along;
 Erastick Sounds they scatter where they fly,
 And shake the solid Base of Death's dark Tyranny.
 From Pole to Pole the pregnant Notes rebound,
 To West and East they run, and fleet around:
 The drouzie Dead the Sonorous Metal charms,
 They silent listen to the loud Alarms,
 Of Rise ye Dead, and unto Judgment come.
 Now nimble Life labours in every Tomb,
 And forms the Embryo, and swells the Womb.
 The wandring Atoms meditate Return,
 And seek in haste their long deserted Urn:
 In Am'rous Swarms they Crowd about the Bones,
 And warm Life knits 'em to their Skeletons.
 Each twisted Vein with swelling Tides abounds,
 That restless travel their Immortal Rounds:
 The beating Heart renews the panting Strife,
 And pours along the Tubes the purple Life:
 Light's fairer Portals now let in the Day,
 And there the missive Beams with Freedom play.

*See how the Monumental Marbles rise,
And ev'ry Captive seems all Wonder and Surprise,
And conscious of th' Event, they view the alter'd Skies,*

How amazing the Scene, when the ancient Patriarchs, who have slept some Thousand Years, shall awake, and leave the Tombs! Their Dust shall be as pure and entire, tho' transform'd a Thousand Times, as if it had been reposit in the Golden Urn. *Moses*, tho' the Place of his Sepulture be known, cannot escape the gathering Angels. The Sea shall disgorge her Stores; not a Ship-wreck'd Mariner shall be forgotten. Those who were swallow'd in the Flood of Water must hear the Summons, *Awake and live*; tho' their Bodies were immer'd with Mountains cast up by the Deluge, they shall throw their Loads, and make their solemn Appearance. The glorious Effects of Wisdom and Power shall be conspicuous, and shine with equal Lustre in this *New Creation*, as in the former, when every stragling Particle must haste Home and join its Portion with Kindred Dust. How demonstrative of Divine Power and Skill is it, to see a lifeless Atom grow amorous to its Fellow, and embrace it, 'till both are quicken'd into a new Union? To see the Bones slip into Joint, the Nerves begin to Brace, and the Heart begin to heave and beat. Every Particle in the whole Composition, shall shine with Immortal Glory, and contribute its Share, to render the Work completely finish'd: Defects in Shape and Figure (as I hinted before) will be all corrected, there Deformity can be no more; *most* disproportion'd *Esop* shall be cover'd in equal Symmetry with comely *Absalom*. Why then, my Soul, art thou terrified with the Fears of Death? 'Tis only an indispensable Passage to Glory, Immortality, and Eternal Life: Why so anxious to leave this vile Dust that clogs and chains thee, in order to receive it again, stamp'd with the Image of Divine Perfection, and purg'd from all Dross and Impurity in the Mintage of the Grave! Thou shalt soar to the Father of Spirits, and be embrac'd in the Bosom of *Faithful Abraham*, while thy Companion sleeps insensible of Joy or Pain. The Prospect of a glorious Reunion, abundantly recompences the Pain of Separation. Indeed the Unhappy Spirits that shall be enlarg'd from their Prisons, must make very unwilling Approaches to their Bodies. Cold Salutes will pass betwixt the condemn'd Spirits and their own Clay? — But the Soul of a Glorify'd Person, full of the Illuminations of the Divine Spirit, and strengthened by his Presence, far above the natural Vigour of its Faculty, and coming to be lodg'd in a Body, all whose Power is admirably perfect, and bringing thither the Impressions of much excellent Knowledge, which it had already gain'd during the Time of its Residence in the Heavens, it cannot

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thing, but Productions worthy of its marvelous Essence. as if during the Time of a long Separation, the Husband Wife had equally encreas'd in Beauty and Virtue, and all Advantages, they wou'd receive incredible Contentment they might return to each other, to enjoy long one and the common Felicity. Which made me often think in my late *Trist*, (*Iris's* Love to me had made such a deep Impression) it wou'd endear ev'n Heaven it self to me to meet her in the *Glorious Place*. Which if I do (so as to know her again) With what Ardours shall we then caress one another? With what Transports of Divine Affection shall we mutually embrace, and vent those innocent Flames which had so long lain smothering in the Grave? How passionately Rhetorical and elegant will our Expressions be, when our tender Sentiments which Death had frozen up, when he congeal'd our Blood, shall now be thaw'd again in the warm Airs of Paradise? Like Men that have escap'd a common Shipwreck, and swim safe to the Shoar, shall we there congratulate each other with Joy and Wonder. Our first Addresses (shou'd we meet in Heaven) shall be a Dialect of Interjections and short Periods, the most sweet Language of Surprize and high wrought Joy; and our after Converse (even to Eternity) will be couch'd in the sweet Strains of Heavenly Oratory. But whether I shall see *Iris* again at the *Resurrection* I won't determine; but this I am sure, the Soul will rejoice in its Reunion to the Body, and the Body will rejoice in the Presence of the Soul, and both together composing one only Essence, will be equally ravish'd in the Happiness of their Condition, and with the Assurance they will have that it will be Eternal.

It shall be the Particularities of our Happiness, at the *General Resurrection*, what they will, in General it will be such in that Day, that I dare not attempt to describe it, thro' Fear of obscuring the Splendor of it. *Simeon* testifies that he cou'd see *Peace*, having seen the Salvation of God in this little *Infant*. *Zachary* was ravish'd to see his Fore-runner, a *Virgin* that conceiv'd and brought him forth, had such transports as cannot be express'd: The Angels themselves declar'd him to the Shepherds, altho' they had no Part in the Need nor Hopes of Redemption, nevertheless receiv'd thence a marvelous Joy: At the Sight of his Miracles, and the hearing of his Preaching, some one cry'd out, *These are those that see and hear him*: And then when he entred *Jerusalem*, on the Day which is yet observ'd by the Solemnity of Boughs, all the People cry'd *Hosanna* with unimagined Pleasure. What will it be then to see him come accompanied with Angels, in the Glory of his Father, with a Shout, the Sound of Trumpet, and the Voice of an Archangel, descending the Clouds his Chariots, and preparing a Throne in the

the Air, there to pronounce Eternal Judgments upon all World, and to confirm the Hopes and Promises of Salvation that he hath made to Believers? What Triumph was ever be compar'd to a Spectacle so glorious? What Pomp of a Conqueror did ever Crown his Battles and Victories after this manner? The comparing of the Calamity of another, doth indeed make us more sensible of our own proper Felicity. indeed the Poet saith, that he took Pleasure in seeing upon the top of the Sea, a Ship toss'd upon the Waves: Not that he had Pleasure in the Danger of another, but for that he saw it without, and that Perils either pass'd or present, except we have no part, do give some Sense of Joy. If it be certainly the Horror of the Condemnation of Unbelievers must insupportably add to the Joy of our Vardon and Glorification. Christ will shew to them a Village severe and full of Rigour to us one supremely pleasant and full of Serenity. Christ will fill their Minds full of trembling and Horror; whereas he will overwhelm our Hearts with Assurance and Consolation. Christ will set them at his Left Hand with Indignation, and at his Right Hand, with Demonstration of Love and Pity. Christ will examine them, as a JUDGE, inflexible, and unpleasable to their Incredulity: And us as our ADVOCATE and Witness of our Faith. Christ will pronounce to the wicked, *Go ye cursed into eternal fire*; to us he will say, *Come ye blessed of my Father*. Christ will effectively throw them down into Hell, and as to us, he will advance us to Eternal Glory in his Kingdom.

Such Thoughts as these gave me great Comfort in my Sickness. in hopes that as I had long bag'd for the Pardon of all my Sins, with a most sincere Abhorrence of 'em, that when the Trumpet sounded, *Arise ye Dead and come to Judgment*, I should be found amongst that happy Number of the blessed.

But after all that can be said or conceiv'd concerning the Condition of our Bodies at the Resurrection it is much easie to say what they shall not be, than what they shall be. But without Scruple there are divers Things which do raise our Happiness to a Pitch marvelously high: For, because the Apostle St. Paul writing to the *Thessalonians*, says, that those that sleep shall rise first, and afterwards, that those that are found alive shall be changed. The first Spectacle that the Believer will have before his Eyes, will be the Resurrection of all those that in all Ages have dy'd. When we read of that magnificent Promise which God there makes to the Children of *Israel*, concerning their Restoration, represented under the Figure of a *Resurrection*, the only reading of this Divine Vision, forms in our Minds an Idea that gives a Cause of Admiration, and makes them easily conceive,

be, that the Spirit of God had seiz'd that of the Prophet, only for this Reason, because of it self, the Imagination was not capable of such Meditations. He reports, this Spirit plac'd him in the midst of a large Plain, all cover'd with Bones: Tho' he says, that it caus'd him to turn all round to the End that he might attentively consider them, that he might observe their Quantity, which was great, to Addition, and their Dryness, which was such as there did not appear the least sign that ever they had either Life or Sense. After he sufficiently consider'd them, he demands if he believ'd those Bones could revive: About which, as it seems, he was himself perplex'd, and suspended between the impossibility that appear'd to be in the Thing it self, and the Consideration of the Power of God, with whom nothing is impossible; and for that Reason he answers doubtfully and humbly, *Lord thou knowest*, being unwilling to determine any thing: Thereupon God commands him to prophesie upon those Bones, and to say unto them, (as if they had been endow'd with Understanding and Sense) *Ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord, thus saith the Lord, behold I will cause breath to enter into you, and you shall live. I will lay sinews upon you, and I will bring up upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath into you, and you shall live, and know that I am the Lord.* The Prophet having pronounc'd these Words in Vision, there was immediately a Sound accompany'd with a general Motion of these Bones; which began to draw one after the other, and to approach each unto that wherewith it was to be joyn'd, to make the just and perfect Skeleton of a Body; immediately the Sinews began to be extended, and the Muscles to be knit, and the Flesh to cover all their Protuberancies, and to fill up all their Cavities; and last of all the Skin warps up all together, in such manner that all the Organs, and all the Members being perfectly compos'd, there remain'd nothing to the Wind to give them Life and Motion. Which was done, when God commanded the Prophet to prophesie towards the Wind it self, and to call it, crying, *Thus saith the Lord, come ye four winds, and breath upon these slain, that they may live.* Which being punctually executed, every one of these Bodies was quicken'd, and stood up upon their Feet; and the Number was found so great, that it seem'd an Army rang'd for the Battle. Now if the bare reading of this Vision doth seize our Minds with some Admiration, it cannot be doubted but the Vision it self did fill that of the Prophet with much more of Wonder: Be it that the thing were actually represented to the corporeal Senses, be it that it were only drawn within, by the Power of God upon the Imagination, the Impression thereof, without doubt, was much more illustrious and vehement than that

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that which we can impress upon our selves, by the Idea that can form of it. Therefore it must also be that the Emotion of his Mind concerning it be in Proportion much more, as well for the Astonishment that he receiv'd from a Spectacle so strong and unusual, as for the Joy that the Hope of a miraculous Re-establishment of the People of Israel, (shown by this Vision) did give unto him, and for which the People had extraordinary Desires and Passions. Nevertheless, this is this, in Comparison of what we shall see then, when Men, but Angels, and the Sound of the Trumpet of God (*Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment*) shall effectually come to the Earth that it open its Graves, and the Sea that it give up its Dead, and to all the other Elements that they restore each of them do possess; and that from the Dust of the Earth and the Bottom of the Sea, shall come forth the Matter of new Bodies to be re-establish'd in Life. And how much will be the Subject of Admiracion yet encrease, when we shall see the Power of God will form them; neither of Bones, or Nerves, or Muscles, or Skin, like to what we now have, but of new Brick so new, (and therefore I call this Project *The New Creation*) that excepting the Humane Shape which it will give us, that lovely Conformation, wherein we must express the Image of our Lord in the Resurrection, 'tis likely that they will be Humane Bodies, but Millions of Stars Illustrious and Shining, which are produc'd of all Sides, and born out of the very Elements of the Earth. Then let us all sing with the pious

I.

*How long shall Death the Tyrant Reign,
And Triumph o'er the Just,
While the dear Blood of Martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the Dust?*

II.

*When shall the tedious Night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond Desires would pray him down,
Our Love embrace him here,*

III.

*Let Faith arise and climb the Hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his Charriot-Wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.*

* In his Book entitl'd *Horæ Lyricæ*.

IV.

Lo, I behold the scatt'ring Shades,
The Dawn of Heav'n appears,
The sweet Immortal Morning spreads
Its Blushes round the Spheres.

V.

I see the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming Guards around;
The Skies divide to make him Room,
The Trumpet shakes the Ground.

VI.

I hear the Voice, Ye Dead arise,
And lo, the Graves obey,
And waking Saints with joyful Eyes
Salute th' expected Day.

VII.

They leave the Dust, and on the Wing
Rise to the middle Air,
In shining Garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

VIII.

O may my humble Spirit stand
Amongst them cloath'd in White!
The meanest Place at his Right Hand
Is Infinite Delight.

IX.

How will our Joy and Wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies
On Love's triumphant Wing!

Thoughts as these engross'd most of my Thoughts in
Sickness, and I hope will influence the future Part of my
life—Arise ye dead and come to Judgment—is a surprising
Sound; and I daily pray that the few Moments I
live, may be wholly spent in preparing for it; for my
particular

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particular Judgment (by reason of the Hippo, Stone, and Distempers) cannot be far off: But for the General Judgment I am going to prove, that it is not so near as dreaded, asserted to be by Dr. Beverley, and others: And here let the Reader expect that I shall trouble my self much about the Etymology of the Word *Dooms-day*; let it suffice, that we know is that Day in which each Man shall receive his Sentence or according to Merit. In the Time of William the Conqueror there was a Book made and kept in the Tower of London wherein all the Antient Demesne Lands of this Nation are giftred, call'd *Dooms-Day-Book*; because upon any Difference the Parties contending, thereby receiv'd their Doom. Or call it *Dooms Day—Quasi Domus Dei*. But thus much of the Word; now to the Thing.

As the Beginning of the World hath puzzl'd the wisest of Mankind, so the End of it hath pos'd the greatest of Clerks to determine. *Generatio una abit, & altera aedificabitur: quamvis terra in seculum permaneat: —* One Generation passeth away, another cometh; but the Earth abideth for ever, Ecclesiastes. Which [for ever] most Divines interpret to signifie the Day, or *Dooms-Day*, viz. that Time in which the Earth shall melt with fervent Heat, and the Earth shall pass away, and be changed.

That the World shall have an End, (and this as certain as it had a Beginning) is a Truth so splendid, that it cannot possibly be question'd; no, not by the subtil'st Critick or tick therein. But to believe every Fancy or idle Notion of the melancholy Heads, either of former Ages, or of our Time, have broach'd, concerning the End thereof, would in an ingenious Person, an Absurdity of the grossest Philosophy teacheth us, *Whatsoever hath a Birth, passeth away towards Death*; and, *that every thing that hath a Beginning, necessarily and interchangeably runneth towards its End*. And if a Man should shew himself so grand an Infidel as not to believe this, let him but call to his Mind the Annual and Quarterly Examples hereof, in all things Sublunary, (which are many certain Demonstrations, in Epitomy, of the End of the World) and he must necessarily be convinc'd. Not less, to determine the End of the World, is (I take it for granted) such a Determination as will never give the Author to boast of a judicious Brain.

There are Three manner of Ways by which I find men too apt and busie in prefixing the Time of the End of the World.

- | | | | | |
|----|---|----|---|---------------------------|
| 1. | } | By | { | Apparitions, Visions, &c. |
| 2. | | | | Mathematical Conclusions. |
| 3. | | | | Arithmetical Conceits. |

The NEW CREATION. III

By Apparitions, &c. When Persons, by reason of an over-
 Brain and Imagination, shall conceive and believe they con-
 with Angels or Spirits, &c. As it is reported of one
 a certain Woman of *Suevia* in *Germany*, Anno *Christi* 849.
 Prophecy'd the Destruction of the World in that Year;
 her Message she pretended to have receiv'd from the Mouth
 Angel. After whom, in several Years, we have had di-
 others, as certain and true Prophets and Prophetesses as
 self. Story maketh mention of one *S. Gallus* in *Helvetia*,
 1526. who running up and down the Streets of that City,
 with great Earnestness, *That the Day of the Lord was come,*
that it was present. And Anno 1530, one in *Germany*, pre-
 to be acted by the Spirit, raves at the same rate; and
 so strongly prevails with many, to believe that the End
 the World was come, that they grew prodigal of their
 and Substance, fearing they shou'd want Time to consume

and it is still fresh in Memory, that in our late Times the *Fifth-*
Monarchy-Men, and many Ministers of the Gospel, as *Se. Greville*,
 and *Dr. Beverley*, &c. (and from their Examples many
 rate Men and Women) were constantly, from the Years
 to 1694. preaching—*That the End of the World was*
and that the Day of the Lord was at Hand. Which Persons
 have been no less mistaken than the former. Enthusia-
 and direct Madness did so extremely Rage and Reign in
 Years, (and a Spice thereof we yet have in these) and
 End of the World was suppos'd and talk'd of to be so near,
 many People sold their Estates, and threw Moneys about
 streets, (expecting themselves to find the same Quarter as
Our's Lilly) but afterwards turn'd Beggars, and were glad
 on the Alms of others.

There were again, that they might be the more noted
 their Message and Embassy, and to demonstrate themselves
 more eminent Converts unto this great Delusion, would
 sackcloth, and shave their Crowns, that thereby they
 the better ape and imitate the true Prophets so-
 sent of God. Others would wear Papers in different
 and Figures upon their Breasts and Backs, with idle In-
 scriptions thereon, pretending to come before as a Guard, for
 approach of the King of Heaven, whom they said was
 And the *French* Prophets (yet amongst us) are a de-
 and blasphemous Set of Men, that rather deserve Cor-
 Punishment, than a more gentle Correction in Print; for
 Men remember not that the Scripture saith, *We shall*
like a thief in the Night. And others there were that ran
 not only about the Streets but into Churches, denounc-
 Destruction to the Preachers, and to Mankind in general,
 and

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and a sudden End to the World. Which wild and unheeded Actions, &c. mov'd Dr. Boreman, in his *Nunius Prophecia* say, — That there sprang up more Heresies and strange Opinions in England in one Year, than in an Age in any other Part of the World.

Secondly, By Mathematical Conclusions : For sundry and have been the Opinions of Mathematicians and Astrologers about the End of the World, viz. As that it should suffer a total and absolute Destruction and Dissolution, at the finishing of a great Year or Circle; and this is at the least 36000 Revolutions, or Common Years; so slow is the Motion of the eighth Sphere. Nay, *Heraclitus* (as *Plutarch* witnesseth) saith it consisteth of 80000 Solar Years. But if we shall give Credit to the (incredible indeed) vast Number of Years of the *Nefes*, we shall find that the World, according to this reckoning, should have had ever now many Endings: For *Scaliger* according to their (the *Chinese's*) Account, this is the Year of Christ, 1594 (it being the Year in which he wrote his *De Emendatione Temporum*) is, since the Creation, Hundred Eightscore Thousand and Seventy Three. And *Diodorus* tells us, the World was so antient, in the Opinion of the *Chaldeans*, that they reckon'd it from the Time they first began to observe the Stars, unto the Expedition of *Alexander* into Persia, no less than Four Hundred and Seventy Thousand Years, supposing the Beginning thereof to be long before they began Observation.

But these Opinions may reasonably be suppos'd too wide of Truth, as the others fall short of it; I only urge to shew the Impossibility of their Designs, who will need to know the Time of the World's Ending concluded by such a groundless Conceit; as if the Almighty, because he hath ty'd all the Actions of his Hands to act and perform his Pleasure by a certain Rule, the which he cannot transgress, (I speak here of natural Things) should therefore be ty'd unto a Rule. Others there are who suppose, when the Polar Star shall come to the Pole exactly, that then the End of the World shall be; and now they say it is very near the same: But this Conclusion is purely *Contra-Astronomical*, and therefore vain and idle, unless it were possible for the Fix'd Stars to alter their Latitude as they do their Longitude and Declination, which *Astronomy* teacheth, is impossible for them to do, this Conclusion cannot have so much as the Shadow of Truth to countenance it.

Regiomontanus, an eminent Astrologer, prescinding from all Rules (as a learn'd Divine of our Nation * observes of

* Dr. Swan.

happily fell into this melancholy Error, and suppos'd the Year 1588. thou'd have put a Period to the whole Fabrick and of Nature ; because (saith he) that Year there was a Conjunction of *Saturn*, *Jupiter* and *Mars*. But here, by way, I must acquaint the World, that either this learn'd Author was mistaken in reading *Regiomontanus*, (for I have not Predictions for that Year, neither cou'd I ever get 'em) or *Regiomontanus* was much more erroneous than he reports ; for in that Year there was no such great Conjunction as mentioneth ; for *Saturn* and *Jupiter* were in Quartile in a Year all the Year round. It's true, there was that Year a Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Mars* in *Taurus*, the 28th of *April*; such a Conjunction happens every two Years, and in the Sign once in thirty Years constantly: But the End of the World is a Question of so curious a Nature, that it even mocketh only the Prophecies and Presages of melancholy Heads, but by times the serious Predictions of the most Learned.

Thirdly, By Arithmetical Conceits: And that is by picking certain Numeral Letters out of Sentences, and applying them to such and such Years, which their Number shall seem agree with: As for Instance; one there was, who to make the Year 1532. the dangerous Year, or the Year in which the World thou'd be dissolv'd, collects the same out of these words, *VI Debu't In q'uem p'p'v'ger'vnt*, the Numeral Letters in which make up 1532. exactly. Another wou'd have had the World to have ended in 1645. from such a like Fancy, by picking out of the Numeral Letters in these Words, *adventus* *Mal'*; which signifies the Coming of the Lord: Which words make 2012. But now altho' these Words afford more Numerals than makes up the former Sum, yet the Author was so ingenious, that he cou'd easily bring the Mount to *Mabomet*, and makes Things exactly to agree; and to that Purpose, out of 2012. subtracts the Numerals in these words, *Dies abbreviavntvr*, [the Days shall be shortened] viz. 1495. and then there remains 1495. unto which he adds as many Numerals as are to be found in the Words, *Propter* *San*, [for the Elect's Sake] which is 150. and that produces you the exact Number 1645. Now, altho' this Conceit is witty, and bespeaks a nimble Fancy in the Author thereof, we see that the World hath outgrown the Danger inculcated by many Years, and is likely to continue safe.

Another I have read of, that wou'd have had the World to have ended Anno 1657. because of the Numerals in the words *Lapsus Mundi*, (which signifies the burning of the World) that make up precisely that Number of Years: And yet there were of great Learning, and very sober Judgment, that began to be perswaded into an Opinion of the

Dissolution of the World in that Year; not only for the Chronogram's Sake, (which is not so fit and apposite for the Purpose as by many suppos'd) but for another Reason, viz. because some think, that as the universal Deluge happen'd *Anno Mundi* 1657. so in the Year of Christ 1657. shall happen the universal Conflagration. And in the Year 1657. was this Doctrine both from the Press and Pulpit eminently enforc'd, and from the Words of our blessed Saviour, *Mat. 24. 37. Sicut autem erant dies Noe, ita erit & adventus filii hominis.*

But these Fancies and Conceits are too light and airy to gain a general Credit, and accordingly were not long believ'd For, *Anno Mundi* 1657. and *Anno Christi* 1657. likewise, are only brought in to father what the Chronogram inculcates, and to make the pretended Prophesie the more evident and famous. Whereas it plainly appeareth by Chronology, compar'd with Scripture, that the World was 1656 Years old when first the Flood came upon it; and so (but for the Chronogram's Sake) it shou'd have been *Anno Christi* 1656. not 1657. in which the Conflagration shou'd have happen'd: But that Year being now six Solar Revolutions past us, hath sufficiently evinc'd unto us the Folly of the Chronogram, and indeed the Vanity as well as great Uncertainty of all Numerical Doctrines.

Concerning the End of the World, the *Turks* hold very ridiculous and reasonless Opinions; as, That at the winding of the Horn, not all Flesh only, but the Angels themselves shall die: That the Earth (with an Earthquake) shall be kneaded together like a Lump of Dough: That a second Blast of the same Horn shall after four Days restore all again: That Cain shall be the Captain, or leader of the Damned, who shall have the Countenance of Dogs and Swine: That they shall pass over the Bridge of Justice laden with their Sins in Sackels: That the great Sinners shall fall into Hell, lesser into Purgatory only; with many other vain and idle Fopperies needless to be repeated here, seeing the *Alcoran* it is so commonly to be had in the *English* Tongue.

Now altho' these Opinions of the *Turks* are idle, reasonless and inconsiderate, yet I do not find that they are all so mad and fanatical, as to assign the particular Time of the World's Dissolution, as our *European* Enthusiasts are (aiming constantly adventuring at.

To conclude: If Men will yet give Credit to the Opinions of melancholy Heads, concerning the World's ending, which we see still hath fail'd, as often as presaged; I shall leave them to the Misery of their own Merits, viz. instead of Truth to hug and embrace a Lye. And if we shall rigidly adhere to the literal Sense of sacred Writ, (in relation to the Matter in Question) which tells us, ——— before the end of the world shall be wars and rumours of wars, &c. (as one learnedly observes) it will be very difficult for us truly to term these, or any of

Last Days; since all Times from the Beginning have been acquainted with such Reports: And yet the World (as Dr. *Armet* prudently observeth) is not grown old, nor doth Nature suffer any real Decay, or Abatement. ('Tis the Form, not the Essence of Things that cease to continue.) And that Reason (as I said before) *Doomsday* (or the *General Resurrection*) cannot be so near as dreaded. But tho' the Day and Hour of the last Judgment is unknown to all Men, to the *Angels of Heaven*; yea, albeit the Son himself being on Earth knew it not; yea, altho' no Man knoweth the Year when the Son of Man will come to Judgment, (*For it is not for us to know the times and seasons which the Father hath put in his own power*) yet the Lord Jesus, that he might not so much leave the naked, his irreconcilable Enemies, without all Excuse and Pretence of Ignorance, and with all Appall, affrighten and astonish them; especially when his Second Coming nearly approacheth, he kindly and lovingly forewarn his Children, that they shou'd neither be amated, nor found unready; for a Man forewarn'd shall arm'd. And that he might comfort and encourage them against the manifold Scandals, Troubles, and Miseries of the present Life; he hath, I say, in the Scriptures, left and given them many general and notable *Signs, Tokens, and Forerunners* of his Coming; which they daily do, and always ought, to take notice of, that when they see *these things come to pass*, they might bold up their heads, knowing that their redemption draweth

These *Signs* and *Forerunners* are like to so many tender and leavy Branches of the Fig-tree, that sheweth the nearness of their Happiness to be nigh. These are like the ripe and yellow Ears of Corn that declare the Harvest to be at hand; and are (as it were) so many sounding Trumpets, or Alarms, to awaken us. And as the Sun being about to rise, first sendeth forth his bright Beams afar off, and enlighteneth the East; so our LORD JESUS, the *Sun of Righteousness*, doth before his Second Coming, send certain general *Signs*, and (as I may say) *Harbingers*, that Men might the more carefully wait for, and more diligently address and prepare themselves against that Time.

But alas! how childish and inadequate are all the *Ideas* we can form of *Doomsday*, (or the *General Resurrection*) and of that *Glory* into which both the Souls and Bodies too many Men and Women shall then enter! How small is our acquaintance with that remote Country! Our short Sight cannot discern the Object; for the Distance sharpens the Rays, and renders the Appearance little. Heaven must be a *Land of Promise*, till the Soul, freed from Matter, shall obtain a naked Liberty. The Pains of dying will be fully recompens'd with the Possession of that Royal Residence, which makes but a small

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Portion of our future Bliss; for there we shall see the sacred
 Trinity, the *Father, Son, and Spirit*, those perfect and shining
 Persons, all harmoniously united in the same eternal Substance.
 There we shall see Christ cloth'd with Mediatorial Glory
 and far advanc'd above the Contempt and Scorn of Men.
 There the sweet Society of Angels, that minister to us here,
 will entertain our Souls, and augment our Bliss. There
 we shall see *Abraham, Isaac and Jacob*, and sit down with them
 in the Kingdom of God for ever. We shall there meet with
 Relations that we lov'd, and never be separated more. The Soul
 arriv'd at that happy Haven, is beyond the Reach of Sorrow
 and Grief. No Storm or Tempest can toss it more; the
 everlasting Serenity shall succeed. No subtil Serpent shall en-
 ter there; or were that possible, he might with greater Effect
 quench the Flames of Hell, or recover his own Innocence, than
 stain the Integrity of perfect Spirits; for all Inclinations to Sin
 is laid aside with Mortality, and bury'd in the Grave.
 There is a blessed State, where the dazzling Glory of the Deity shall
 never set, but perpetually supply the Absence of Sun, Moon,
 and Stars! where we shall gaze with Pleasure upon our Saviour
 who redeem'd us from Sin and Shame, from Hell and his
 Father's Wrath. Such refreshing Views will transport the Soul
 and kindle Flames of Love that shall neither dwindle nor decay,
 but run parallel with Eternity. In Heaven no discordant Notes
 shall break the Harmony: No Heart shall contain its excess of
 Joy, but flow forth in Songs of Praise to the Spring of Happi-
 ness. No Capacity of our Souls, improv'd and enlarg'd to
 the utmost Stretch, shall want its full Share of agreeable Sa-
 tisfaction. There we shall be at Rest, in the perfect enjoyment
 of the greatest Good. No Thought of aspiring higher, shall
 ever enter the Breast of any there. Nay, 'twill be utterly im-
 possible for the Glorify'd Soul to fancy a State of larger Happi-
 ness, or greater Glory, unless the Soul could conceive of a
 State more than infinitely pleasurable. There the Soul shall be
 rais'd as high as a Creature can be advanc'd. What ravish-
 ing Pleasure will the Soul find in knowing Matters that were
 mysteries? How will thy Soul be solac'd in understanding a
 Unity in Unity? How will it be entertain'd in seeing the
 Platform of our Redemption? There we shall know the
 mystery of Christ Incarnate; there we shall better under-
 stand the Measures of Redeeming Love, and every Step that
 was taken thro' the whole of that august Transaction. There
 we shall be satisfy'd concerning such dark Providences that amaze
 us here. There we shall be acquainted with the Springs of Grace,
 and know whether it derives its Rise from the supream Will,
 or from the Nature and Constitution of Things. In Heaven
 we shall understand the Mysterious Union of a Believer with
 Christ's Head. The Divine Perfections will entertain
 Thought

Thoughts: They are too large to be seen and known at first; but will furnish Matter for new Discoveries for ever. As our Understandings shall meet with the Revelation of Things here unknown, and be united to the first Truth, so our Wills shall sufficiently gratify'd; for equal to the Discoveries the Understanding makes of any Good, are the vigorous Efforts of the Will; and our Wills in Heaven shall enjoy this glorious Privilege, that what farther Excellency the Understanding shall discover in the Deity, the Will need not long and languish with a painful Desire of Enjoyment: But the Will shall obtain its Pleasure upon all the Spoils of the Understanding. Our Love in Glory will be Love of Complacency, immediately resulting from full Fruition; for any other Love wou'd be a Tumult very inconsistent with that serene Rest the Saints shall for ever enjoy in Heaven, immediately after that universal Proclamation, *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment.*

Thus, Reader, I have largely shewn — how the Resurrection is a *New Creation* — and how those Words, *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment*, shou'd influence our Thoughts, Words, and Actions; (as they did mine, in my late Sickne's) to make good my Promise, I am next to answer some nice and curious Questions, concerning the Time and Manner of the LAST JUDGMENT.

Answers to some nice and curious Questions concerning the Time and Manner of the Last Judgment.

QUESTION.

The Soul at its Departure hence be doom'd to Heaven, or Hell, and that unchangeably, what needs there then any further Judgment?

ANSWER.

Yes, the General is needful, that it may thereby appear likely that the Sentence which God pass'd privately upon every Party, in the Close of this Life, is just and equitable; and therefore call'd the *Day of Revelation*, or the *Declaration of the Righteous Judgment of God*.

Besides, since Man hath sinn'd against God in his Body and his Soul, he must accordingly be judg'd in both; which will be 'till the General Resurrection.

We must give an Account of our Deeds; but of them whatever is faulty in them shall thro' God's gracious Mercy and our unfeigned Repentance, be done away before we come to God's Tribunal; and then whatsoever was found wanting being graciously pardon'd, the Remainder is crown'd and rewarded in Mercy.

And will there be such a Day of reckoning? and would escape the Terror thereof? St. Paul tells us how we must it; *we must judge our selves, and then we shall not be condemn'd with the World.* If we would judge our selves, (for we must keep Court, a Court of Conscience within our selves) if we would examine our own Heart, and our Ways, accuse, secure and condemn our selves for our Sins, we should sit *recti in Curia*, at that higher Bench and Bar of Judicature. We must judge our selves at this privy Sessions, where yet we be cast. (as undoubtedly we shall, if the Proceeding be just and impartial) we may have the Benefit to fly to another Court: So did David. *If thou be strict to mark what is amiss, Lord, who shall abide it?* He is gone at Common Law to the Court of Pleas, and then he flies to the Throne of Grace, but *there is mercy with thee that thou mayst be feared.* His remedy and ours lies in the Chancery, in the Court of Equity.

QUESTION.

Were it not to be wish'd we might know before-hand what Judgment wou'd pass upon us?

ANSWER.

Physicians observe certain Accidents to befall their Patients upon the Critical Day, (as they call it) and accordingly as they then work and dispose them, they judge of their future Decay or Recovery. God hath given us a Critical Day, wherein and whereby we may make Judgment of our spiritual Health. There is to every Man a Day of Salvation: *At the accepted time,* (saith the Apostle) *now is the day of salvation.* And there is a great Day of the Lord's Wrath, which none is able to stand in: And there are evil Days before us; therefore the Lord warneth us, *to take unto our selves whole Armour of God, that we may be able to stand in the evil day.* Let us then fix our selves upon some set some stationary Times for Humiliation and Examination of our spiritual State: And this *Crisis*, or Trial, (if it be carry'd, and impartial) may be to us (as Tertullian saith) *futuri Judicii praedictum*, a Prognostication, or Prejudgment to tell us before-hand what will become of us in God's tory Day of the *Last Judgment*. For, look how the Verdict is given in here, in all likelihood the General and Final Sentence is like to pass hereafter.

In the mean Time we must stand Centinel, watch continually, and wait for the Bridegroom's Coming, inasmuch as we know not whether the Lord will come even this Hour, to the general, yet to our particular Judgment; and so live of every Day as if it were the last Day. St. Hierom says,

whatsoever he eat or drank, or whatever else he did, he thought he heard a Trumpet sounding, *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment.* He (or some that goes under his Name) had the Manner of the *Last Judgment* painted on the Walls of our Houses, and in each Corner thereof, that so the Day might be always in our Sight, as a Terror, to keep us in Order, and tie us to our good Behaviour.

Conoplaes the Historian reports, that whilst *Theodora* possess'd the Empire of *Constantinople* with her Son, who was yet in Minority, one nam'd *Methodius*, an excellent Painter, an *Italian* Nation, and Religious by Profession, went to the Court of the *Bulgarian* King, where he was kindly entertain'd. This Prince was as yet a Pagan, and tho' Trial had been made to convert him to the Faith, yet it succeeded not, because his mind was wholly taken with Pleasures: He was excessively given to hunting; and as some delight to see in Resemblance what they love in Substance, so he appointed *Methodius* to paint an excellent Piece of Hunting in a Palace which he had newly built, and not to forget to pencil forth some hideous Shapes of wild Beasts and Monsters.

The Painter seeing he had a fair Occasion for the Conversion of this Infidel, instead of painting an Hunting-piece for him, made an exquisite Table of the Day of Judgment. There on every part was to be seen Heaven all in mourning Weeds; on the other, the Earth on Fire, the Sea in Blood, the Throne of God hanging in the Clouds, environ'd with Legions of Angels and countless Numbers of Men rais'd again, expecting the Doom of their everlasting Happiness or Misery. Below were the Devils in divers Shapes of hideous Monsters, ready to execute Judgment upon the Wicked; the Pit of Hell was open, and threw forth Flames of Vapour able to cover Heaven and infect the Earth. This Draught being in Hand the Painter still held the King in Expectation, saying he was painting an excellent Picture for him, and such as he held to be a Master-piece: In the End, the Day assign'd being come, he drew aside the Curtain, and shew'd his Work. It is said that the King stood some while pensive, not being able enough to wonder at this Sight: Then turning towards *Methodius*, what is this, said he? The religious Man took Occasion thereupon to tell him of the Judgments of God, of Punishments and Rewards in the other Life; wherewith he was so mov'd, that in a short Time he yielded himself to God, and had a happy Conversion.

At the Sight of a Map or Draught of Doomsday, and the Emblem thereof, wrought so kindly with this Prince, why might it not have the like Influence upon Christians, if we wou'd but duly ponder the lively Descriptions of those last Things that are reported to us by God's

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Ministers out of *Moses* and the Prophets, Christ and Apostles?

QUESTION.

Have not the evil Angels their Doom already?

ANSWER.

They had it in part when they were cast down to Hell, deliver'd into Chains of Darkness, to be reserv'd unto Judgment, unto the Judgment of the great Day. They are serv'd in everlasting Chains, as Prisoners are kept in Prison bound 'till the Assizes come; *to wit*, to the End of the World when all the World shall be judg'd. They were adjudg'd when they were cast out of that higher Heaven of Glory and Light into these lower Regions of the Air, near to the Earth, they shall be committed to perpetual Imprisonment, and up in the dark Dungeon of Eternal Torments; and this expect, inasmuch as they crave they might not be confin'd the Deep, nor tormented before the Time: And it is no Grief to them, that Man, whom they have continually tempted and accus'd, that *Christi servus, ille peccator*, as *Jullian* speaks, that that Servant of Christ, that Sinner shou'd sit in Judgment upon the Devil and his Angels.

QUESTION.

How are those evil Spirits tormented?

ANSWER.

For the Manner of their Torment, whether it be so, that the Souls of Men are joyn'd with their Bodies, and suffer them by partaking of their Pain, so these evil Spirits be (as it were) to the Stake, and suffer in those material Fire. *Accipientes ab ignibus poenam*, as St. *Austin* speaks*, receive Punishment from that Fire, *non dantes ignibus vitam*, and giving Life thereunto; or that they be stung and scorched with some kind of spiritual Flame and inward Excruciation the Holy Ghost hath not acquainted us herewith, as we shou'd rather fear and carefully avoid it, than curiously enquire after it.

QUESTION.

How shall each Man among so many Millions of Millions know his own Doom out of these Records?

* *Aug. de Civit. Dei. l. 21. c. 10.*

ANSWER.

1. St. Austin saith *, we must conceive that it is some extraordinary and divine Power, which in an Instant and marvellous Speed enlightens the Mind, and remembreth them of whatever they had done, good or evil: The Conscience shall then (saith a learned and zealous Divine †) be suddenly, cleared, and universally irradiated and enlarg'd with extraordinary Light, to look upon all the Course of its Life at once as it were.

2. Concerning the Judgment that then shall be return'd and awarded, tho' it be not utter'd, and sensibly pronounc'd by the Tongue of Men and Angels, it sufficeth it be spiritually manifested and represented to every Man's Mind, as ** *Hugo de* *Sanctis* thinks.

QUESTION.

Shall the Godly come to this Trial as well as others?

ANSWER.

1. They shall: For albeit here they have a Discharge to shew particular Arrears, yet they have not their publick and general Acquittal 'till the great *Audit* be held.

2. They shall not be try'd *in foro stricti juris*, in the Rigour of Law, but in a Court of Equity; for their Pardon is already secur'd, and their Reckoning made up to their Hand, and Matter of Charge is fully answer'd beforehand, so as they shall not have their Sins, whereof themselves have repented, for which Christ hath satisfy'd, they shall not have their good Works remembered: *Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more, saith the Lord.*

And were it so, their whole Life were laid open in the Presence of Men and Angels, yet this cou'd not abash them; for they shall then be so taken with God's beatifical Vision, and their own Absolution, as there can be no Place left for any Passion.

Then is it so, that at that Day the Secrets of all Hearts shall be discover'd? In vain then do Hypocrites dig deep, and seek to keep their Counsel from the Lord, as if they suppos'd their Devices and Designs to be so closely and covertly carry'd that he himself could not descry or discover them. In vain doth the Adulterer wait for the Twilight, and the Strumpet cover her Shame with Darknes as with a Mantle; for albeit Darknes be a

De Civ. Dei. l. 2. c. 14. † Mr. Bolton of Judgment.
Lib. 1. de Animâ. Cap. 2.

Hindrance to Man's Sight, yet it serveth God's Eye as well the Light: The Darkness and the Light are both alike him. Do not then go about, nor encourage thy self to commit any Sin because it is Midnight, or that the Doors lock'd upon thee, because thou art alone and no Mortal seeth thee; for (haply) thou wilt not keep thine own Count or impart it to some of thy Fellows, who may prove false, thy self blab it out unawares, or out of Trouble of Conscience in Time of Distraction, discover it, or talk of it in thy Sleep or utter it on thy Death-bed; or if by none of these Ways comes out, yet thine own Conscience, that Spy, that Intelligencer in thy Bosom and Bed-chamber, will at that last great Day of Doom reveal it. This is that which *Elijah* can tell what is done at the *Funsto*, in the King of *Arams* chamber. Let us then exercise our selves, to have also a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man: For Conscience be not our Compurgator and Apologist here will turn Informer, and be our Appeacher there.

It is reported of one *Thais*, that being wantonly given her Youth, the Abbot *Paphnutius* came to her in a secular Habit and solicited her to commit Folly with him: She drew aside, and shew'd him divers private Rooms, but he laid doubted still to be seen; why (said she) here is a Place where no body is wont to come, there's none can see us but alone; and if you dread him, there is no Place can be from his Presence: Whereunto the good Man reply'd, *Ag thou that there is a God and a Judgment to come? If thou know why hast thou liv'd thus?* And at these Words the Woman repented and was converted ——— Sin not then upon Holy Secrecy, for God will bring every work unto Judgment, with secret thing, whether it be good or evil. But if thou wilt sin, seek out some Place where God cannot see, & *fac quod vis* (as *St. Austin* saith) and then do what thou wilt.

QUESTION.

How, and with what Truth, cou'd St. Paul in his Time that the ends of the world were come on them; and St. write that the end of all things was then at hand; seeing from that Time unto ours, have pass'd above One Thousand Seven hundred Years, and we certainly know not how many Years remain accomplish'd?

ANSWER.

I answer, *First*, from Christ's Birth (or Death) unto the End of the World is counted but an Age, or the last (perhaps) the longest Age of the World. Seeing we are to have, nor expect any new Christ, new Gospel, new Sacred new Scriptures, new Apostles, new Evangelists, new Miracles

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content our selves with those that Christ hath unchangeably left unto us.

Secondly, This last Age of the World is not confin'd and limited to a certain Stint and set Number of Years, as the former Ages are, and were; because we shou'd always be prepar'd, in continual Expectation when it shou'd end, otherwise we wou'd more delay their Repentance: Therefore, as the Age of a Man (to wit old Age) cannot be determin'd by a certain Number of Years, as the precedent Ages of a Man; namely, Child-hood, Youth, and Ripeness of Age can: Even the last Age of the World cannot be determin'd and defin'd certain and express Years.

Lastly, As we call the End of the Year not the last Day but last Month, tho' containing Thirty Days; so we may, and call the last Quarter of the World the End of it, tho' it be of longer Extent than any Age from the Beginning of the World unto Christ's Incarnation.

QUESTION.

Whether that the World shall End in the Year of Christ Two Thousand Three Hundred and Forty Nine? that is, about Four Hundred and five and twenty Years hence? Seeing that from the Beginning of the World to the present Time, are accomplish'd the six Thousand Years of the World's Continuance, figur'd (as divers Old and New Writers think) in the six Days of the Creation.

ANSWER.

First, From the six Days of Creation to conclude of six thousand Years of the World's Continuance, it is no certain Rule or Axiom, but only a Conjecture: And whereas Peter saith, *That a thousand years with the Lord (viz. being compar'd with his Eternity) is but as one day, and one day as a thousand years*; he neither alludeth to the six Days wherein the World was Created, nor doth determine how long the World shall endure.

Secondly, The Wise Virgins, that is, the holy Professors of the Religion, shall *wistare*, i. e. nod and slumber (tho' their Hearts shall wake); and therefore they have no certain knowledge of any Year when the Lord will come to Judge, otherwise they wou'd the more rouze up themselves.

Thirdly, The sixth Angel has already blown or sounded with his Trumpet, and when the seventh shall but begin to blow, which Time is shortly expected) then the *Mystery of God shall be fulfill'd*, (i. e. the World shall be ended) as he hath declar'd to his Servants the Prophets, i. e. will reveal to the godly learned Ministers and Ministers, who (no doubt, some of them) will take Notice of it. that they may more painfully perform their Office, and more prevailingly stir up their Hearers.

QUEST.

QUESTION.

Whether the very Age (which some reckoning according to the Jewish Account, restrain to fifty Years) wherein our Lord shall come to Judgment, either now is, or hereafter may, or shall be revealed any; especially seeing that our Lord, speaking of the Signs of the Days, saith, That this generation (i. e. the Age or Time of a Man's Life) shall not pass, until all these things shall be fulfilled.

ANSWER.

I answer, First, That to restrain a Generation, or Age of a Man, to fifty Years, may seem too short an Account; for seventy or eighty Years may make a Generation.

Secondly, The Age wherein Christ shall come may be known because our Lord only excepteth the Day and Hour.

Thirdly, The Scripture expressly saith, that in that Age which the false Christs and Prophets shall arise, all shall be fulfilled.

Lastly, When the seventh Angel shall begin to blow, the mystery of God shall be finished, and those Words sound: *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment.*

PROJECT VI.*

The Nightingale; or an ODE upon the Death of Mr. Henry Purcel, who (as 'tis hoped) is now gone to Heaven; where only his Harmony may be exceeded.

The Second Edition; to which is now added
Mr. Purcel's EPI TAPH.

I.

WEEP, all ye Muses, weep o'er *Damon's* Hearse,
And pay the grateful Honours of your Verse;
Each mournful Strain in softest Accents dress,
His Praises, and your Sorrows to express.
Ye Sons of Art, lament your Learned Chief
With all the Skill and Harmony of Grief:
To *Damon's* Hearse your Tuneful Tribute bring,
Who taught each Note to speak, and ev'ry Muse to sing.

II.

Hark! How the Warlike Trumpet groans!
 The Warlike Trumpet sadly moans,
 Instructed once by *Damon's* Art
 To warm the active Soldier's Heart,
 To soften Danger, sweeten Care,
 And smooth the rugged Toils of War;
 Now with shrill Grief, and melancholy Strains
 Of *Damon's* Death and *Albion's* Loss complains.

The sprightly *Hautbois* and gay *Violin*
 By *Damon* taught to charm the list'ning Ear,
 To fill the Echoing Theatre,
 And with rich Melody t' adorn each Scene,
 Forget their Native Chearfulness,
 Their wonted Air and Vigour to express,
 And in dead doleful Sounds a Tuneless Grief confess!

Weep, all ye *Muses*, weep o'er *Damon's* Hearse,
 And pay the grateful Honours of your Verse.

III.

Mark how the melancholy *Flute*
 Joins in sad Confort with the amorous *Lute*,
 Lamenting *Damon's* hapless Fate:
 From him they learn'd to tell the Lover's Care,
 With soft Complaints to move the cruel Fair,
 To calm her Anger, and to change her Hate.

The various *Organ* taught by *Damon's* Hand
 A Nobler Passion to command,
 The roving Fancy to refine,
 And raise the ravish'd Soul with Charms Divine,
 Now in deep Sighs employs its Tuneful Breath,
 And bids each secret Sound conspire
 To mourn its Darling *Damon's* Death,
 And with consenting Grief to form one num'rous
 (Choir.

Weep, all ye *Muses*, weep o'er *Damon's* Hearse,
 And pay the grateful Honours of your Verse.

IV.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear
 To aggravate your sad Despair!
 Cease to lament your Learned Chief
 With fruitless Skill, and hopeless Grief;

For

For sure, if Mortals here-below
Ought of Diviner Beings know;
Damon's large Mind informs some active Sphere,
And Circles in melodious Raptures there,
Mix'd with his Fellow-Choristers above;
In the bright Orbs of Harmony and Love.

Grand $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear} \\ \text{Chorus. } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{To aggravate your sad Despair!} \end{array} \right. \end{array} \right.$

So much by way of *Ode* to the Memory of Mr. Purcell shall only add, in *Westminster-Abby* an ingenious Gentleman (whose Name I conceal, for a special Reason) has bestow'd upon him this Epitaph.

Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq; who left this Life, and is now in that Blessed Place where only his Harmony can be succeeded. Obijt 21. Die Novembris, Anno Ætatis sue Annoq; Domini 1695.

PROJECT VII.*

A Narrative of the Scotch Commencement, or an Account of what past in the several Assemblies at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, at the late Promotion of Mr. Daniel Williams, Mr. Benjamin Calamy, Mr. Nathaniel Oldfield, to the Degree of Doctor of Divinity, &c. With a Character of the Scotch Professors; in a Letter to the Author of these Sheets, by Reverend Mr. M—— A——, one of the new Graduates. Which Letter was the following.

Dear Sir,

YOU desire me to send you a Narrative of the Commencement, or an Account of what past in the General Assembly at *Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen*, Laureation of Dr. Calamy, my self, and others: I have answer'd your Request, and to set this Narrative in the Light, I'll first give you a brief Account of the

Ends of erecting of Universities, and then proceed to Narrative of the late Commencements in the Scotch Universities.

is a Truth clearly evidential to all, who in a small measure but convers'd with History, or are not absolute Inimical to the Fidelity and Facts of former Ages, that there have been few Nations so feral and savage who have honour'd Literature, and, in some way or other, have not used Means for the propagating of Learning: Which is clearly witness'd by the most Nations of Note; for the Indians had their *Brachman's* and *Gymnosophists*; the *Persians* their *Magus's*, or *Magicians*; the antient *Gauls*, and *Britains*, their *Druids*; the *Jews* their *Rabbies*, both *Cabalists* and *Talmudists*; and the *Grecians* their *Masters* and *Philosophers*; the Romans also had their *Priests*, who were Men of great Learning, and did but account of the *Grecians*, in point of Knowledge, as Children, as one of them objected, *Vos Græci semper pueri*; and this was that great Learning, which *Moses* brought in, is commended by *St. Stephen*, *ὁ ἐκ τῆς ἡμετέρας Ἰουδαίας καὶ Ἰερουσαλὴμ ἄνθρωπος*, and *Moses* was instructed from a Boy in the learning of the *Egyptians*.

These had their *Gymnasia*, or Publick Universities, in which they instructed their Youth, as *Apollonius Tyanicus* witnesseth of the *Indians*, and so *St. Paul* testifieth of himself, *That I was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel*. And doubtless in the Education of these Eastern Nations, the *Grecians* erected their Schools and Academies; for *Pythagoras*, *Democritus*, *Socrates*, and others, having travel'd into Foreign Parts, to partake of their Knowledge; and returning home abundantly furnished therewith, did open their Schools to instruct their Scholars, and to let them, in some measure, taste of the fruit of their far-fetch'd and dear-bought Science. Yet I find not (as far as I can gather) any publick Salaries, but their Merit was their Maintenance, and their Excellency, and diligent Industry, the only Trumpet to blow to their Fame, and to procure them both Advancement and Honour.

I need not need to enlarge my self to speak of their Antient, or the commendable Ends of their first Erection, it is manifest, that the chief Ends in the Institution of the Schools amongst the Heathen, were, first, to enable Men to be useful in the Commonwealth; and, secondly, to prepare them for the Service or Worship of their Idols, and imaginations: Which Ends (tho' diversified in the Object) were substantially the same that Christians aim'd at in setting up Schools and Universities: The first of which was to be politic, useful and profitable, enabling Men for all their Undertakings, both Military and Civil.

Mr.

Mr. Dunton, Having given you a Brief Account of the Origin and Ends of Erecting of Universities, I shall now proceed to give you a Brief Narrative of the late Commencement at the Scotch Universities.

Sir, Your Request about the Act at the Doctor's Commencement, flows from your Mistake about the Manner of it: There was nothing that pass'd which will bear a presentation from the Press. I went along with Mr. Calamy into the Upper-Hall, or Gallery, wherein the Principal, Carstairs, the Professors, and all the Members of their Society were present; where they invested us with proper Habits, Cushions being laid for us, the Principal pray'd over us in elegant Latin, and then proceeded to the Ceremony of Laureation, pronouncing the known Form of Words, *Ego eadem potestate quâ instituta fuit hæc Alma nostra Academia à Jacobo Sexto* making and declaring us Masters of Arts, and putting a Pileus upon our Heads. Mr. Calamy was made Master of Arts along with me, in the first Place, in Regard that Degree necessary, as a Footstool for the Doctoral Degrees, Accedens not being conferr'd *per saltum*. Mr. Calamy was then invested with a Doctor's Gown, and plac'd in the Chair, out of which he rose, while another Prayer (as I remember) was made in Latin by Principal Carstairs, who in the next Place pronounced the common Form of Words, *Ego eadem potestate quâ instituta fuit hæc Alma nostra Academia à Jacobo sexto beata memoria Edmundum Calamy Doctorem, &c.* Putting the Doctor's Hat upon his Head, and embracing him, the Ceremony ended. We pass'd under no formal Examination, excepting a short Discourse, and the Fame which had reach'd that Length when we came there. When this Ceremony was over at Edinburgh, the Members of the Colledge had prepar'd Coaches for us to carry us down to Leith, where they treated us with a noble Dinner, and at our Return (the Distance being only a large Mile) gave 'em a Treat in the City of Edinburgh, and receiv'd our Diploma's. As to Dr. Williams and Dr. Oldfield, not being upon the Spot, nothing more pass'd than the reading of their Diploma's of Doctor, and the Subscription of the same by the Members of the Society.

We travel'd North to the City of St. Andrews, and to the Place where Archbishop Sharp was murder'd, upon the spot, and afterwards saw his Monument in one of the Churches of that City. We visited their three Colledges there, New College, St. Leonard's, and St. Salvador's; and at the first of these we were present at the Laureation of about four Students. Members of these Societies treated us with the utmost civility. We saw the place where Wisber was burnt, and the

Cardinal Reason look'd out of, as you have it in Bishop
History of the Reformation—— I hence travel'd
the new and old *Aberdeens*, and visit'd both the Universi-

old *Aberdeen* they conferr'd the Degree of *Doctor* afresh,
Dr. *Calamy*, where Dr. *Middleton*, an Episcopal Divine,
resided.

Glasgow the Doctor receiv'd a Doctor's *Diploma* over again
I had my *Diploma* of Master of Arts, being too young
for a superiour Degree.

These *Scotch* Universities were worth our seeing; but are so
known, and so fully describ'd in that late Treatise entitl'd
present State of Scotland, 'twere Loss of Time to say any
further of 'em. But that which redounds most to the
Honour of *Scotland* is—— First, That they can shew a Cata-

logue of Kings for above twenty Ages, which amount to the
number of One Hundred and Nine, from *Fergusius* to *Charles I.*

Secondly, That their Divines are inferiour to none in
the world for their great Piety and Learning; of which Assertion
Principal, Mr. *Carstairs*, and the present Professors of
Edinburgh, *Glasgow*, and *Aberdeen*, are shining Instances. The

Divines (as is seen by Mr. *Hamilton*, Mr. *Nisbet*, Mr.
Wemyss, and Mr. *Trail*, now living in *London*) are Preachers,
Sermon-Readers; and for their affable Carriage, great
Learning, and holy Lives, they have few Equals—— So that

no Reflection upon those two famous Nurseries of Pie-
ty and Learning, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, to say the *Scotch*
Universities have bred as eminent Preachers as they have done,
such as are both a Blessing and Ornament to the *British*
Church: And for that Reason the *Scotch* Clergy are greatly
lov'd and respected in all Countries; but more especially
in *London*——

Mr. *Dunton*, I might here inform you what great Masters
the *Scotch* are of the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin* Languages; but
I will not say my self that Labour, having told you before, they are
well skill'd in the learned Languages, that they can even
write in *Elegant Latin*: And I believe all will own that have

seen the *Scotch* Universities, that their Pupils there are as soon
fitted for the Work of the Ministry as they are either at
Oxford or *Cambridge*, or at any other publick or private Acade-
my: I'll only except Dr. *Ker's* in *Clerkenwell*, who is acknow-
ledg'd by all to have an Art in educating Young Men for the
Ministry, beyond all other TUTORS that can be nam'd; of
whom Mr. *Roswell*, and Mr. *Marriat*, are two famous

Mr. *Dunton*, I shall say no more concerning the Piety and
Learning of the *Scotch* Professors, (or of *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow*,
where I took my Degree of Master of Arts) save that these

Scotch Professors speak of every thing without any Mixt and in its own Purity; of Physicall Matters, as Physicians sh^d speak; of Policy, as Politicians; of Logick, as Logicians; Metaphysicks, as Divines; and so lay open the whole Court Philosophy, dispersing those Shadows and Chimera's which make it obscure and dark in most other Universities; and therefore I did not wonder to see *Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen* so much crowded with Pupils, or that NEW COLLEGE (before mention'd) sh^d Laureat fourteen Students at a Time; for certainly all that design for the great and most useful Work of the Ministry, ought to take the shortest nearest Way they can find to conduct 'em to Sciences; if they linger or go astray never so little, they will never come to an End of this *brave Journey*, there are so many Things to be known in this World. The Volume which Nature presents us to read over is so large, she hath so many SECRETS hid in her Breast, that we are so far from attaining to Knowledge of all Things, that the greatest Wits have asserted, That all that we know is nothing in Comparison of Things which are unknown to us. But if any TUTOR should find out the *shortest Way* to the Arts and Sciences, 'twere the Professors; for in *Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen*, young Men often finish their Study of Mathematicks and Philosophy, at fifteen or sixteen Years, even before they are of Age, to undertake that Profession whereunto they are design'd for the Residue of their Lives; which makes them more capable and fitting for publick Employments, than other Students are; for all the Parts of Philosophy and Mathematicks are applicable to the Necessity of living, and Welfare of Commonwealths; LOGICK clears and strengthens the course, giving a Method and Rule unto it; MORAL PHILOSOPHY governs and mitigates our Passions, makes good Fathers of Families, and good Citizens; PHYSICS gives us the Principles, and disposeth us to be good Physicians; the MATHEMATICKS fit us for Affairs belonging to War or Peace, either in Mechanick or Liberal Arts, and are the Grounds and Maintainers of Societies: And the Natural Arts and Sciences the Students of *Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen*, run thro' with so much Expedition and Application that they are in some sort *Masters of Arts* before they are put upon their Heads.

Thus, Mr. *Dunton*, I have given you a brief, but true Narrative of the *Scotch Commencement*, of the Piety and Learning of the *Scotch Professors*, and of what pass'd in the Assembly at *Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen*, at the Institution of Dr. *Calamy*, my self, and others—— But there is (as I said before) nothing in these *Commencements*

hear a Representation from the Prefs—— The chief
 things that deserve Remark are these.

The Principal's (Mr. Carstairs) praying over us in Elegant
 Latin, before he proceeded to the Ceremony of Laureation.

The Principal's and Professor's investing us with proper Habits;
 Mr. Calamy with a Doctor's Gown, and myself and others with
 Robes according to our several Degrees.

Mr. Carstairs putting the Doctor's Pileus upon Dr. Calamy's
 Head and embracing him.

The Laureation of the fourteen Students at New Colledge,
 who receive the several Degrees of Batchelor of Arts, Master of Arts,
 Doctor of Divinity, that are conferr'd at the Scotch Com-
 mencements.

And Lastly, 'Tis worth Remark, that at old Aberdeen they
 conferr'd the Degree of Doctor afresh upon Dr. Calamy, whilst Dr.
 Hutton, an Episcopal Divine, officiated.

My first Remark shall be upon—— the Principal's (Mr.
 Carstairs) praying over us in Elegant Latin—— My Re-
 mark here shall first respect—— the Principal's praying before
 enter'd on the Ceremony of Laureation—— and next his
 praying in Elegant Latin—— Mr. Randolph says,

He that i'th' Morning does forget to pray,
 Will not himself good Morrow, nor good Day.

It is certain no serious Christian will enter on any Affair of
 consequence without first praying to God and begging his
 blessing upon it. Braithwait tells us that PAUL the Hermit
 was found dead, kneeling upon his Knees, holding up his
 hands, lifting up his Eyes; so that the very dead Corps seem'd
 to live, and by a kind of zealous and religious Gesture,
 to pray unto God. In matter of spiritual Life 'tis as ne-
 cessary to pray, as in the animal to breath. The New England
 Divines, on a Training Day, as soon as ever they come into
 the Field call all their Companies into their CLOSE ORDER,
 and then go to Prayer, and then pray themselves at the
 Head of their Companies, and when their Exercise (or Train-
 ing) is done, the Captain concludes with Prayer, as Mr.
 Carstairs did, (as I hinted before) when the Laureation-Ceremony
 was done. I have read that Gustavus Adolphus, the Warlik- King
 of Sweden, wou'd before the Beginning of a Battle kneel down
 privately at the Head of his Army, and pray to God, the
 God of Victory, to give them Success against their Enemies,
 and that he was as careful to return Thanks to GOD for the Victory: But solemn
 prayer in the Field, upon a Day of Training, I never heard

of but in *New-England*, or saw, upon the meer conferring Titles of *Doctor* and *Master of Arts*, &c. but in pious Scotland. But certainly thus beginning and ending every Action of Prayer, is a Duty incumbent on us; for as we are created by God after his own Image, and for that Intent to honour and serve him, 'tis but reasonable we shou'd pray to him; more especially Morning and Evening: And whenever we are on any Affair of Consequence (like Mr. *Carstairs*) we should begin it with Prayer; for we find that *Abel* pray'd, *Abraham*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, and other Patriarchs, pray'd to God in all their doubtful Affairs, and gave Thanks for the good atchieving of them. So that to enter on our *New Degrees* with praying to God that they might tend to his Glory, is but to imitate the Practice of holy Men from the Beginning.

And so much shall serve for the Reason of Mr. *Carstairs* praying before he enter'd on the Ceremony of *Lawcreation*. I shall next proceed to make some few Remarks upon his praying in Elegant *Latin*: And here I shall first observe, It is much to be wish'd, for the Satisfaction of Men, the Concord of Nations, and the communicating of Thoughts, there were but one Language in the World; then were it to travel into far Countries, there wou'd be great Facility of Commerce, and the whole World wou'd be as it were one State; but since so much Happiness is not to be hop'd for, we are at least bound to refine our own Language, and make it uniform throughout the whole Kingdom; which if we can do, and fit it so that we may teach Sciences, and (like Mr. *Carstairs*) ev'n pray in Elegant *Latin*, the *Latin* Tongue will grow in as great Repute as other Languages were, and Foreign Nations will come to us, as they formerly did to *Greece* and *Egypt*, to learn Sciences—— But tho' Mr. *Carstairs* pray'd, and many *English* Divines do often pray in Elegant *Latin*, yet it must be own'd, the *Latin*, as well as other Languages, hath been subject to Mixture and Corruption, and hath not long remain'd in one State, as divers learned Authors have written—— We may observe in it five several Idioms, or kinds of Language, namely, the First, and Antient, the *Latin*, the *Roman*, the Mix'd, and the Bastard. The Antient, which the first primitive People of *Italy* us'd, wherein some obsolete Words were extant in *Varro's* Time. The *Latin* which the Romans us'd, was spoken under the Reigns of the *Tuscan* Kings, and in that Language were written the *Decemvires* Tables, the Civil and Sacred Laws, and the Publick Edicts. The *Roman* which sets down the *Roman* Histories, and the Civil Laws began immediately after the Kings were expell'd, and was finish'd by the Poets, *Plautus*, *Nevius*, *Pacuvius*, *Ennius*, *Ovid*, and *Horace*; amongst Orators and Historiographers

in, Hortensius, Cicero, Caesar, Salust, and Livy. The mix'd began with the Increase of the Empire, and was in Esteem under the Emperors, who admitting divers Nations to the right of being Roman Citizens, and to City Honours, were thereby constrain'd to admit also of a Mixture of several Barbarous Words; by which means the Roman Virtue began to degenerate, and, by little and little, with its Liberty, lost the purity of its Language— Finally, The Bastard, and Spurious Latin, which hath lasted from the Dissipation of the Empire to this Time, every Day receding more and more from its primitive Pureness; at last was divided into the Italian, Spanish, French, and several other Tongues. So that the Speaking (and much more Praying) in elegant Latin, sufficiently proves what I said before of the Piety and Learning of the Scotch Professors; and that Mr. Carstairs does well deserve the Title of Honour of being their Principal.

My next Remark I shall be upon— *The Principal's and Professors investing us with proper Habits; as Mr. Calamy with Doctor's Gown, and my self and others with Habits according to several Degrees* — Before Sin, Adam and Eve were cloath'd with Light; (that was the proper Habit which they were then invested) O precious Attire! The Lord will have no other Mantle than his own Rays, nor the Church any other Robe than her own Scarlet, because Nature sufficiently adorn'd them: So Man, had he continu'd within the Limits of Original Justice, wou'd not have with'd a Garment but Innocence, no Habits can be so proper; and for that Reason, when Plato was going to be invested with an embroider'd Robe, offer'd him by Dionysius, he refus'd it, saying, *That he was a Man, and therefore wou'd not make himself like a Woman*: But Aristippus accepted of that offer, saying, *The outward Accoutrement cannot corrupt a Mind*. And for the same Reason Dr. Calamy so far commends the Laureation-Ceremony, as to accept of a Doctor's Gown; and my self, and other Graduates, with Habits according to our several Degrees; neither can any Student be a Graduate, either in Oxford, Glasgow, or Dublin, without being invested with such proper Habits as are us'd by the Clergy and Students in those Universities where they take Degrees; and from this Source or Spring, usher'd in by the use of Garments, Gowns, Hoods, Tippets, Round Caps, Mitres, Surcingles, &c.

To the End that Prelacy and Clergy in England might be distinguished by outward Reverence and Honour, and as a Badge to distinguish them by, it was enjoyn'd by Ecclesiastical Canons and Constitutions, what manner of Robes all Masters and Fellows of Colleges and Halls, all Students of both Universities, Ministers, Arch-deacons, Prebendaries in Cathedral and Colle-

giate Churches, Deans, Batchelors of Arts, Masters of Arts, Batchelors in Divinity, Doctors in Divinity, Bishops, Arch-bishops, shou'd wear.

Arch-bishops had their particular Habits and Titles, to call'd *Metropolitans*, because their *See* was in the Mother of the Province. *Clement I.* ordain'd that all Patriarchs Arch-bishops shou'd wear a *Pall*; which doth signifie Meekness and Justice, wherewith they shou'd especially be garnish'd. Then also the *Inferior Orders* began to be divided, and vested with proper Habits, as that the Arch-deacon shou'd wear above a Deacon, and Arch-priest above a Priest, and then the Deans; and then were ordain'd Canons that dwelt in Cathedral Churches; all which Dignitaries are invested with a distinct Habit: But all their Canonical Garments have always been esteem'd proper Habits; for (as I noted before) *Innocency* was the Garment *Adam* wore in *Paradise*; and *Eve* forbore the forbidden Fruit, we had never heard of a Doctor's Gown, or a Cloak, or of any of those Habits which either the *Scotch* or *English* Graduates are invested with when they take a Degree.

In *Tertullian's* Time, every one that was made a Priest did renounce his Gown, which was the *Roman* Vestment of the Clergy and Laity in the End came to be both alike: But *Dr. Fuller* in the Third Book of his *Ecclesiastical History* saith, that about the Year 1202. it was ordain'd, that the Garments of Clergemen shou'd be of one Colour: So that Custom is of no great Antiquity: But *Black* Colours have been so reverence'd, and accounted so peculiar to the Clergy that in late Years it caus'd Admiration, if any other Colour was sum'd to preach, as if the Ministry of the Gospel were entialed that Colour—— 'Tis true, *St. Jerom*, a learned and a Reverend Father in the Church, about the Year 390. bad *Nepotian*, being to enter into the Clergy, to avoid *Attire*; and a Bishop was condemn'd by the Council of *Arles* for introducing the Fashion of sad colour'd Gowns; which Assembly condemn'd, as unbeseeming the Priesthood*.

However, if the Habits of the Clergy were only used for Dignification and Decency, (as they are in the *Scotch* Universities) and not made Sacramental; viz. To be an outward Sign of an inward spiritual Grace. "I do not think (says the Author †) "any Man wou'd be frighted out of the Ministry by seeing a Reader in White; and the Convenience

* *Tertul. de pallio, with the Notes of Salmasius.*

† *In his Book entitl'd Catholicism without Popery; or, an Essay to render the Church of England a Means and a Bond of Union to the Christian World. Printed for Mr. Lint in the Poultry.*

would soon make it pass for a proper Habit, and certainly carry it for a Gown, against a Cloak, (tho' we have an account of St. Paul's Cloak, but not of his Gown) if it were once establish'd, That there is no more Holiness in a Clergyman's Gown, than in an Alderman's: And I do not believe St. Paul us'd to preach in his Cloak; for if he did (being so constant a Preacher) he would not have left it behind him at

My third Remark shall be upon—— *Mr. Carstairs's putting the Doctor's Pileus upon Dr. Calamy's Head, and embracing*

—— This Friendly Way of embracing even ties pious together by Links of Love, and is very antient; for it is the Manner of the *Hebrews* to embrace Strangers at their meeting—— *Jacob* embrac'd *Rachel* before he made known to her that he was her Kinsman; and *Laban*, after he knew him to be his Sister's Son, embrac'd him with his Arms,

perhaps in the same Friendly Manner the Principal embrac'd *Dr. Calamy*. And the *Roman* Custom was to kiss their Kinsfolks and Friends; but afterwards this Custom was chang'd to only

saluting them: But whatever might be the Custom of those ancient Salutations, 'tis certain *Mr. Carstairs* embrac'd *Dr. Calamy* in Token of that great Respect he bore to his Person and eminent Learning: And their Embracing (after he had put the Doctor's Pileus upon his Head) shews that the late

Union between *England* and *Scotland* has extended to the Clergy of both Nations, as well as the Laity; and even melted both into one Interest, and (if I may so express it) into one

friendship. So that now instead of publick Rancour and Controversie now is, who will embrace each other in the kindest Manner, and be most

united.—— The *English* and *Scotch* Clergy have united and embrac'd in the late Commencement, and I hope the UNION will be more lasting than that between the *Presbyterians* and *Episcopalians*, in their late Heads of Agreement: And that it may

let us all take *Mr. Mead's* Advice *, to "take heed of appropriating Christ to a Party; a common Evil, but a great one: It was the Sin of the Church of *Corinth*: Every one said I am of *Paul*, and I of *Apollo*, and I of *Cephas*, and I of Christ. Now the Apostle reproves them all; as well

as that said I am of Christ, as any of the rest—— We shall never embrace with Hand and Affection too, if we are not all united. If Christians would live in Brotherly Love,

his Sermon entitl'd Two Sticks made one; or the Excellency of Unity: Being a Sermon preach'd to the *Presbyterian* and *Independent* Ministers, at their happy Union; and at their Request made Publick.

as well as shew they do so by kind Embraces, they must labour to remove all the Causes of Division. And to do this, (as Mead observes) " we must take heed of passing rigorous " sures on every light Occasion, and making the worst " Matters. In weighing the Actions of others be sure always to cast in the Allowance of Humane Frailty; because it is which you expect many Grains of for your self, when you hold the Scale—— There's no Embracing, or true Friendship, where Men are of a proud, narrow, censorious Spirit; for this Austerity and Sourness of Spirit is usually attended with a double Mischief: It hinders UNION, or Friendly Embraces, where it is endeavour'd, and it often breaks it when it is attain'd. And therefore if we are Men let us be humble (i. e. imitate the pious and courteous *Carstairs* in his kind Embraces and Brotherly Love.) What is the Meaning of HUMANITY, but *Affability, Gentleness, Pleasantness* in our Conversation towards another? But still the Consideration grows nearer, as we are Subjects to the same QUEEN; (a Queen who has UNITED *England* and *Scotland*, which all her Predecessors cou'd never do, and who has nothing so much at Heart as UNION amongst all her Subjects) but above all, as we *Christians*, and joyn'd in such a blessed Root, JESUS CHRIST, the Foundation of all Love and Peace, and in whom we all unite.

I have read of two Rivers in the *East*, *Sava* and *Indus*, that run along in one Channel Threescore Miles together without any Noise or Bubbling, and yet they both keep themselves distinct all along. Why shou'd we not think it possible for us to go along close together in Love, and to embrace as Friends tho' in some indifferent Things our Judgments and Principles be apparently different one from another? — Mr. *Calamy* and Dr. *Calamy* very kindly embrace, tho' (as 'tis said) their Judgments differ in some Things; and I heartily wish the *orthodox Clergy* of all Perswasions wou'd imitate their Example and shew to the World, (by their embracing of one another) " that Variety of Opinions, and Unity of those that " them, may stand together—— I wou'd enlarge on this Healing Subject, (as Mr. *Carstairs*'s Embrace is HOPEFUL enough to deserve a larger Remark) but I shall meet it in my Remark— upon Dr. *Middleton*'s (an Episcopal Minister) officiating at Dr. *Calamy*'s taking his Degree at *Aberdeen*— therefore, that I may not be tedious, I'll now pass on.

My fourth Remark, upon— the Laureation of the *Students* at New Colledge, and the several Degrees of *Bachelors* of Arts, *Master* of Arts, and *Doctor* of Divinity, conferr'd at the Scotch Commencements—— In these Commencements (as well as in those in *England*) diverse Degrees and Titles are conferr'd— At New Colledge we read

(hinted before) at the Laureation of about fourteen Students. as well as at Edinburgh, &c. Degrees are conferr'd according to their Standing in the University: Bachelor of Arts in such a Time, Master of Arts in such a Time, Doctor in such a Time, &c.—— Doctor is he that has taken the highest Degree in Divinity, Physick, Civil Law, or Musick, and is a Title as was in the Apostles Days; for St. Luke tells us that Christ was found in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors* Gamaliel is call'd a Doctor of Law†. So that Doctor is not only a Title of Dignity, but great Antiquity—— true, Zuingleius on Mat. 23. said, "That the Titles of Masters and Doctors are not of God—— And Mr. Wilson in his Christian Dictionary saith, "Ambitious seeking after Titles ought to be eschew'd—— And John Wickliff, condemn'd for Constance, who suffer'd as a Martyr for his Testimony against the Apostatized Roman Church; his Testimony was, That Graduations and Doctorships in Universities and Colleges, then in Use, conduc'd nothing to the Church of Christ—— But the Mistakes and Errors of hot Men ought to be no Rule for us to walk by, where we have Scripture for our Guide, and the Word of God to direct our Practice. When University Students have got a Degree in the Arts, then they have a Gown and a Cap for the Sign of it: And the first Degree is Bachelor of Arts, in Latin Baccalarius; which imports as much as Laurel Berries; which puts me in Mind of the Romans who accounted Apollo their God of Wisdom, and they dedicated the Laurel-Tree to him, and such as were judg'd worthy, they became Laureati; that is, were crown'd with, and did wear Garlands of Laurel, in Token of Honour and Reward: And this Title, this Gown and Cap, are as Signs and Tokens of that, whereof they by their Natural Education became Masters; and such in Scotland as are attain'd to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Divinity, are call'd Laureati, Laureat, from the Laurel-Tree. My last Remark shall be upon—— Dr. Middleton's (an Episcopalian Divine) officiating whilst Dr. Calamy has afresh the Degree of Divinity conferr'd upon him at Aberdeen—— That great Respect was paid in Scotland to Dr. Calamy's Learning and Eminent Learning, that he is afresh made Doctor of Divinity at Aberdeen, Dr. Middleton (an Episcopal Divine) officiating at the Ceremony; and 'tis hop'd this pious and learned Doctor, by his conversing with such Dissenting Ministers as were then present, did not find them (to use an Expression of Dean Young's, which I shall further quote in the Conclusion of these Remarks) such "supercilious, untractable, and selfish Men, as S——rel does represent 'em;

† Luk. 11, 46. † Arts 5. 4,

for

for by that *mutual Respect* that pass upon this Occasion betwixt Dr. Middleton and Dr. Calamy, 'tis evident (as Mr. Rogers serves*) " This falling out by the Way among good People proceeds from want of frequent Conversation and Acquaintance with one another: They whet their Spirits with a dance of uselefs and dry Disputes, and when they come bly and civilly to talk together, they find they are all of Mind. Strangeness, and Distance, and Reservedness, Shyness, perpetuate many times the Quarrels and Contentions which an Hour or two's familiar Discourse wou'd remove: 'tis worth remarking, Good Dr. Middleton (tho' an Episcopalian Divine) does here in Person officiate at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, a Nonconformist—— Wou'd Dr. H—— Mr. B—— not (who call the Dissenters *Schismatics*) been thus generous and condescending? [I wou'd not judge charitably, but I fear not:] Or if they wou'd, I am afraid they wou'd begin to entertain a better and more favorable Opinion of the Dissenters than they had before. And indeed (as Dean Young observes, as you'll hear anon) " We do not to converse with one another as Friends, and remember that the Way to Agreement of all Parties is not to bring them to be of one Opinion, but to be of one Mind; which we may do tho' of different Opinions, " not by thinking the same Thing, " but by thinking well one of another; endeavouring to serve Charity, as carefully as to preserve Truth†. " I do not see any Reason (says Mr. Rogers) why a Conformist should shun our Society, or we theirs, nor why we shou'd be strangers to one another, because we have not the very same Sentiments in Things that are not essential to Religion: " when we mutually become such good Christians, as to converse with one another, 'tis my Advice (says Mr. Rogers) " we avoid all needless Disputations: Carnal Zeal may be on disputing, but true Zeal will put us upon Prayer. " my Part, (says Mr. Rogers) I had rather be a quiet Philosopher than a fiery Philosopher. Disputes occasion Abundance of Ferment in the Minds of those who wou'd otherwise be quiet People: Such as love Disputes generally sting one another with many base and mean Reflections, and which rather pollute Billingsgate than of Jerusalem—— " I thank God continues the same Author) " I have a peculiar Antipathy to a hot Temper to all hot and fiery Proceedings, and had I were to preach one Sermon of Unity among Brethren, than a thousand Folios of Controversie: And I am apt to think we were all our conforming Brethren as truly kind and charitable

* In his Book entitl'd Fall not out by the Way.

† Bishop Patrick's second Part of a Sermon before the then Bishop of Orange. p. 39.

Middleton has shewn himself to be, by officiating at the
 unction of *Dr. Calamy*, all Names of Distinction wou'd
 cease, and all Orthodox Protestants of all Perswasions
 will love and unite as Brethren: And sure I am we have
 reason to be thankful that our Age is pretty well deliver'd
 from a doating Admiration of the old Schoolmen, that spun
 many into Cobwebs, and made Depths and Mysteries where
 there was none. However, this is certain, "cou'd we (as
Dr. Young observes) " but once descend from our high Pre-
 tensions of Religion, to the Humility that only makes Men re-
 ligious; cou'd we but once prefer Christianity it self before
 the several Factions that bear its Name, our Differences
 wou'd sink of themselves; and it wou'd appear to us, that
 there is more Religion in not contending, than there is in
 the Matters we contend about.

Thus far *Dr. Young*, Dean of *Exeter*, who 'tis evident by
 his Words wou'd have been as willing to converse with diffe-
 rent Parties as *Mr. Rogers*, and perhaps as ready to officiate at
 the Laureation of *Dr. Calamy*, as *Dr. Middleton*: But lest
 prejudic'd Men of the Church of *England* shou'd think I
 stretch'd *Dr. Young's* Charity to the Dissenters farther
 than it did extend, I shall here give it in his own Words; viz.
 And you our Brethren, the Pastors of those that separate
 (I am willing to cast away a few Words in the Air, tho'
 there be none here concern'd to regard them) I say you our
 Brethren, the Pastors of those that separate! What shall we
 do to conciliate or oblige you? Would you have us come off
 from the Establishment to meet you? but that is not in our
 power: Do you think that Establishment so extreamly blame-
 able? But why will you always be Judges where you are
 Parties? We desire not to be so: Let all former Ages, and
 all the wise Men of the indifferent World at this Day be
 Judges betwixt us: In the mean Time, why do you not
 purchase us your Correspondence? why do you not seek
 the Fruits of Peace in the Methods of Peace? Come and
 see whether we are those supercilious, those untractable,
 those selfish Men: See whether you shou'd not be welcome to
 our friendships, if they were thought worthy: See whether you
 shou'd not be welcome to our Fortunes, if they were thought
 valuable. Cannot the *Consolation of Christ*, and the *Comfort of*
the Spirit, and the *Fellowship of the Spirit*, and Bowels and Mercies,
 avail any thing to cement us? Must our own Particularities
 continue to divide us, tho' the Things of Christ conjure us
 to unite?

Dr. Dunton, If any thing extraordinary had pass'd at these
 commencements, more than the *Narrative* and *Remarks* I have
 present you, it might have given Life to a Pamphlet; but as
 Case stands, this *Brief Narrative* must satisfy your Curio-
 sity and that of your Friends.

140 *A Narrative of the Scotch Commencement*

I shall only add, my Health wou'd not suffer me to pass the last Lord's Day; and I think I shall not stay long in the World: I have study'd more than my Constitution will bear, and am now to receive my *Quietus*—— I am (dear Sir) in great Hast, and out of Health,

Your truly Affectionate Friend,

M. A.

Thus, Reader, I have given thee— *A Narrative of the Scotch Commencement*, &c. as 'twas sent to me by Reverend Mr. M—— A——, one of the *New Graduates*, without the Addition or Alteration of one Word save the *Account of the Original and Ends of the Universities*, and the *Five Remarks*, &c. which are mine; (tho' for the better understanding the *Scotch Narrative* they are inserted as if they had been part of it) and therefore if there is any Mistake in the REMARKS, my Reverend Friend is not accountable for them; for by living as far from *Edinburgh*, he has never yet seen 'em either in Print, or Written; but they are such REMARKS as I thought proper upon the Promotion of Dissenting Ministers to the Doctoral Dignity, and tho' my Reverend Friend modestly tells me there was nothing happen'd at this Commencement that will bear a Representation from the Press, yet, Reader, upon viewing his *Narrative*, I suppose you'll be of another Opinion: However, I was willing to think that this *Narrative of the Scotch Commencement* (as 'tis every Word of it true, being sent to me by a Reverend Person, and one of the *New Graduates*) wou'd be acceptable to some Persons in *London*, who have heard of the *Dissenting Doctors*, but have yet had no particular account of what pass'd at their Commencement; which is briefly and truly related.

But perhaps this *Prose Narrative* will be a little too long for some Readers; and therefore (as 'twas Matter of great Joy, to see Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Calamy*, and Mr. *Oldfield* advanc'd to the Doctoral Dignity) I'll grow a little more useful, by presenting the Reader (in the next *Project*) with a *Congratulatory Poem*, which I'll call— *THE DISSIDENT DOCTORS*.

PROJECT VIII.*

the Dissenting Doctors— *A POEM—*
on the late Promotion of Mr. Daniel
Williams, Mr. Benjamin Calamy, Mr.
Joshua Oldfield, to the Degree of DOC-
TOR OF DIVINITY— The Second
Edition— compleating the Character of
the Dissenting Clergy— with a Dedic-
ation to the Dissenting Clergy; in which is
prov'd this Paradox,
that Protestant Churchmen, and such as
dissent from it, are Members of the same
Church.

the Dissenting Clergy : But more especially to
 those who lately took, or accepted, the Degree
 of Doctor of Divinity in the Scotch Univer-
 sities.

Reverend Sirs,

the Authors I suppose wou'd expect the Thanks and Respect of
 the Dissenting Clergy, after attempting their Praise ; but
 it is an Honour I as little expect as deserve : Those Dissenting
 Clergy I have characteriz'd may with more Reason find Fault with
 those I have omitted ; (tho' all my Omissions are rather ovi-
 derly forgetfulness than Design) for it is much better not to be drawn
 out than to be drawn by halves ; which all those Ministers are, (but
 especially you who lately took, or accepted, the Degree of
 Doctor, in the Scotch Universities) whose Characters are attempted
 in the following POEM, which was formerly inserted in my *Late*
*and The Pulpit-Fool** ; but here so greatly enlarg'd, as to
 (so far as I cou'd do it upon my own Knowledge) the Cha-
 racter of the Dissenting Clergy.

Reverend Sirs— You all know the Business of a Poet is to please ;
 and the Dissenting Doctors (for you are all so, or merit that Title,

Printed by John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall.

as is prov'd in the following Poem) neither desir'd or expected a *Pyrrick* from me, (your own Eminent Piety and Learning being sufficiently known to all that either know your Persons, or read your Works; especially those publish'd by Dr. Williams, Dr. Calamy, Dr. Oldfield, Mr. Showers, Mr. Watts, and the Immortal Stennet) yet I hope 'twill be some Apology for my writing the following POEM, that I keep as near to Truth in my several Characters as ever Poetry did; and that most of the Characters of the Dissenting Clergy are my own Observations digested into a few Rhymes; which had been more polish'd, had not my two Friends (Mr. Tookey, and Mr. Darrack) wanted Copy much faster than I cou'd provide it: However, Gentlemen, if neither my Narrative of the Scotch Commencement, (I call it mine, because I made such large Additions to the Letter Mr. A—— sent me on that Subject) or this POEM I call— The Dissenting Doctors don't gratifie the Curious, yet I hope it will ANGER no one for, (as I said before) the Business of a Poet is to please; and I am sure I am he is very unhappy who gives Offence where he designs to give Respect; and for that Reason I have not attempted the Character of six Ministers in this Poem with whom I am not personally acquainted: The whole Body of the Dissenting Clergy of England wou'd be a boundless Subject. "Painters (as one observes) often find it a harder Matter to give a true and lively Air and Posture to a Picture; to place the Legs, and duely proportion all the Members; than to draw the Face, and take the Likeness. But this Picture of the Dissenting Doctors was only intended for an Half Length, and that too is only a rough Draught, and in Miniature. He that is a Gentleman, tho' the following POEM may want an Excuse from the High-flyers, and such as TACK all Religion to their own Party, I will not despair of a Pardon from the Dissenting Clergy (to whom 'tis here dedicated) for if I have fail'd in describing the Eminent Piety and Learning, (of which I was an Eye and an Ear for thirty Years) I have at the same Time given you an Opportunity of shewing your Goodness and forgiving Temper, which (I am not mistaken) is the most difficult Point in Christianity, either to understand or practise.

Reverend Sirs, I dedicate this Poem to the Dissenting Clergy as I have often desir'd a fit Opportunity to testify, both to you and the World, how much I honour your transcendent Piety and Learning, and to pay my grateful Acknowledgments for the many undesigned Favors I receiv'd from you, during the Life of my Reverend Friend Dr. Law, Dr. Annelley, of whom Mr. Foe gives this deserv'd Character.

He had no Priest-craft in him, nor no Pride.

* In his ELEGY that he calls *The Character of Dr. Annelley*.

certainly, (as Mr. Foe observes) " 'tis very Beautiful, to see a Man that is a Minister be also a Gentleman; for good Manners, are the most consistent with Christianity of any thing in the World; but Vanity and Self-esteem on one hand, and Covetousness and Self-seeking on the other, are so frequent among our Teachers, (Churchmen as well as Dissenters) that there never was more Need for us to bear the Word of God without Respect of Persons: And for that I can gladly hear a Pious Orthodox Preacher of any Person. But, Gentlemen, I hope you'll think it no Reflection upon the Dissenting Clergy, if I SURPRIZE you so far as to resolve to live and die in the Communion of the Church of England, as believing that KNEELING at the Holy Sacrament is the most becoming Posture for all such as would HUMBLY and DEVOUTLY commemorate the Death of our Lord JESUS — Our great Redeemer himself kneel'd and pray'd. Luk. 22. 41. And that for certain, is the manner we can follow. If our Blessed Lord so humbled himself, the greatest Man must not think much to come down so

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd Silk Stocking — Herb.

but the Finery, it will make him the better Christian. — KNEELING is a fit Posture for all Acts of Worship: The Eucharist is the highest Act of Worship, or contains in it many other Acts, Prayer, Praise, Singing, and Adoration, " and why shou'd we not then, (Mr. Wesley *) " in the Celebration thereof, fall down and adore before the Lord, our Maker? The main Reason why some Persons might at first scruple Kneeling at the Sacrament, seems to have been the Fear lest this shou'd tend to the Worship of the Elements, or of any fancy'd Corporal Presence of Christ's Body and Blood in them; but this (as Mr. Wesley says) " is entirely precluded by our Church, who must be allow'd to know best the Meaning of her own Injunctions and Ceremonies. And in order to prevent any Misinterpretation of this ancient and decent Ceremony, she has expressly declar'd †, " That no Adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either to the Sacramental Bread and Wine, which is Bodily receiv'd, or to any Corporal Presence of Christ's Natural Flesh and Blood. — And the famous Mr. Baxter tells us, that for many Years " he never heard any thing to prove it unlawful **; 1. (says Mr. Baxter) There is no Word of God for, or against any Gesture. And, 2. The Nature of the Ordinance is

his Book entitl'd The worthy Communicant. p. 88.

Black after Communion Service.

Baxter's Christian Directory. Part II. p. 3.

" mix'd:

"mix'd: And if it be lawful to take a Pardon from a
 "upon our Knees, I know not what can make it unlawful
 "take a seal'd Pardon from Christ, by his Ambassador, in
 "same Manner. And therefore (as I said before) I
 KNEELING at the Holy Sacrament to be the most becom-
 Posture for all such as wou'd HUMBLY and DEVOT-
 commemorate the Death of the Blessed JESUS. But tho'
 are my Reasons for KNEELING at the Holy Sacra-
 and being (what the High-flyers abhor) a Moderate Church-
 man, yet I wou'd not censure any serious Christian that is
 contrary Opinion; for, (as Mr. Rogers well observes*) "The
 "to Agreement of all Parties, is not to bring Men to
 "one Opinion, but to be of one Mind; which we may be
 "of different Opinions: Not by thinking the same Things
 "by thinking well one of another, endeavouring to preserve
 "rity, as carefully as to preserve Truth. And this was ev-
 Belief and Practice, and of my Reverend Father† before
 whose Charity was so extensive to all Parties, that he had
 rally a Dissenting Minister** preaching in his own House
 at the same Time he was reading of Prayers, and preach-
 Aston Church; and wou'd bind me Apprentice to no other
 an Eminent Dissenter***, (as Mr. Sands can testify, if
 yet living.)

So that you see, Gentlemen, DUNTON's CREED (and
 Reasons for being a Moderate Churchman) has both Sense
 Reason, and my Reverend Father's Example for its Recom-
 mendation; and for that Reason I assure my self, that no Dissent-
 Clergyman will have the worse Opinion of me for speaking
 Thoughts of the Church of England in this Dedication: At
 least, that they may not, I shall here prove this
 PARADOX†††; Viz.

That Protestant Churchmen, and such as dissent from
 are Members of the same Church.

* In his Book entitl'd *Fall not out by the Way*; or a
 sion to a Friendly Correspondence between the Conformists and
 conformists.

† Mr. John Dunton, late Rector of Aston Clinton in Bucks.

** Viz. the truly pious and learned Mr. John Marriat
 Son (Mr. Obadiab Marriat) was Minister at Chiswick and
 for many Years; and his Grandson (Mr. Zephaniah Marriat)
 now Minister in London.

†† Viz. the Parsonage House of Aston Clinton.

*** Viz. Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three
 in Cheap-side.

††† As I lately did against the Tacking Clergy, in my
 entitl'd *The Pulpit-Fool*.

I know, Gentlemen, some of the High-flyers of all Parties will say from my Satyr entitl'd *The Pulpit-Fool*, that the Author has no Religion at all, or at least (as he now publishes a Poem he calls *The Dissenting Doctors*) but a Trimming one.

To this I answer, I am, or wou'd be a True (not high or low) Churchman; and therefore let the High-flyers call me Trimmer, Phanatick, or what they please; for 'tis of small Moment to me, whether a malignant World will allow me that excellent Title; my Right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal Interest, have no Dependence upon ill Nature and Envy: However, the serious Reader may be no longer confounded with the Division of High and Low Church, but be what he ought——

A True Churchman—— I shall here give the Character of a True Churchman, that the World may the better judge to whom the excellent Name belongs, and who they are that unjustly usurp it.

A True Churchman (whether of the Clergy or Laity) is one who lives in Communion with the Church of England; that is, who communicates in Religious Offices, in the Prayers and Sacraments of the Church. Some think it Title enough to the Name of Churchman, that they communicate with no Dissenters; as if to dissent from the Church were the Character of a true Churchman. Certainly, a Man of any Religion is nearer the Church of England, than he that none; for they agree in worshipping God, tho' they differ in Modes of Worship. And there is too great a Party of these Churchmen, who seldom see the Inside of a Church, and as seldom any Signs of Devotion, when they are there—— God detesteth them from such Churchmen, and the Church from the Scandal of such Pretenders.

But, in short, is the Character of a True Churchman; wherein I shou'd answerably to it (for I must cry with the Publican—— Be merciful to me a sinner) I heartily ask Pardon from God, and Forgiveness (where 'tis necessary) from Men: Then shou'd any call me Phanatick, Trimmer, (that is, in the Sense of the High-flyers, a Man of no Religion) yet I shall ever declare my self—— A True Churchman, that is, (in three Words) A Protestant Christian, a Son of the Church of England, as now establish'd by Law; and (as Eternity depends upon it) I think no Man can be for choosing what I count the Best Way to Heaven. Not that I think the Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians (who differ from the Church of England of any that dissent from it) different Religion from mine, and shall be ever ready, as Opportunity offers, to bear (and encourage, as my Estate shall enable me) a serious Preacher (or poor Christian) of any of those Persons; for we all hold One Faith, One Lord, One Baptism, and it betrays great Ignorance, as well as Uncharitableness, to say self of another Religion from those Three I have nam'd, when we agree in the Fundamental Points of the Christian Faith.

Reverend Gentlemen, I shall give no further Account Author of this Poem, or my Reason for calling it The Dissenters; but only to acquaint you I have perform'd the whole out Partiality, either to Persons or Parties: And I'm thus im- to all Parties, as believing (what I'm now going to prove) that All Denominations of Protestants (holding the Fundamen- Articles of the Christian Faith) of the same Church own, 'tis a great Paradox to call Churchmen, and such as from it—— Members of the same Church—— But 'tis they are so; for 'tis not (to use Bishop Hall's Expression) " or a Retinue, or a Ceremony, a Garment, or a Colour, or " gan Pipe, that can make us a different Church.

" I affirm (says the ingenious Povey) that every Person that " scribes his Name to an Orthodox Confession, and orders his O- " sation suitably thereto, is no Scismatick, notwithstanding " disagrees from the Church of England, as by Law establish'd " refusing to pay Obedience to her Forms and Ceremonies. I say " that any who profess themselves Genuine Sons of that Com- " shou'd so far expose themselves to the Scorn of all quick-sighted " as to affirm that any make Schism in our Church, but such a " unanswerable to the Purity of her Doctrine.

So that 'tis clear, Mr Povey (a profess'd Son of the Church) thinks all True Churchmen and Orthodox Dissenters (for he calls the Independent and Presbyterians, &c.) to be of the same Church. I have ever liv'd, and hope I shall die in the same Church (as this Gentleman further observes) " Whoever will be " must have a true, lively Faith, and an universal Charity, a " even and firm, a peaceable Mind, and a pure Soul—— " Christian Moderation to such as dissent from the Church, that Mr Burnet say, " I own I began the World on a Principle of " tion, which I have carry'd down thro' my whole Life, and " I hope I shall continue to my Life's End——

Then let Pulpit-fools (for they are no better than rail- ists of their own Church, for such I have prov'd the Dissenters are) much Dirt as they please, to gratifie their Passion and Ill Nature. I will for my own Share truly love and respect every honest Dissenter that Fears GOD, and Honours the QUEEN; that is, (to my Paradox) I will love and respect him as a True and Orthodox Churchman. This made K. William declare with Breath, That he dy'd a Christian of a comprehensive " 'Tis no small Satisfaction to me to find all WISE and " Clergymen thus moderate; and more especially those describ'd in the following POEM. This charitable and peaceable Temper is acceptable to God, and all those that are in love with true Religion, not a bare Opinion and empty Name only of I know what Party, Sect, or Opinion.

It is sad to behold how far the Differences of the Times have prevail'd with even the better Sort of Men, (as well Ch

Dissenters) how much they have blinded the Eyes and imbitter'd the Hearts of those that call God Father, and so shou'd each other brother; 'tis strange, that when Christianity obligeth its Professors to bear with one another, to speak no Evil, to think no Evil, to forgive Injuries, yea to requite and overcome them with Good, that they shou'd practice the contrary to these Precepts, and yet not perceive it, altho' they have them often in their Mouths: the one Side believes the other hath too little Charity to be religious, the other thinks they as much want Zeal, and neither betray a greater defect of both than by thus censuring each other. What strange Idea's one another does the Passions and Interests of Men create? But these Distempers excepted (which their Affections make undiscernable, and many times adopt them into Religion) in all things else the Clergy of both Sides approve themselves eminent Patterns of Wisdom and Piety, and 'tis not easie to say (as you see by my POEM entitl'd Unity'd and Distinguish'd, as well as by that I entitle The dissenting Doctors) which deserve most Commendation.

For my own Part, I so adhere to neither, as to swallow down the Errors of the one (as far as I can discern them) or to reject things estimable in the other; neither wou'd I have Objects, that are faulty in themselves, appear deform'd to me, thro' the Fault only of a distemper'd Organ, or Medium; I know the God of Wisdom and Peace, can make a sweet Harmony out of these discordant Sounds, and I humbly pray him to do it. In the mean Time, I cannot comply with a Monopoly of God's free Grace, and dare not make it be favours not a Person whom he hath not priviledg'd with the understanding of some Points, which it may be I count of greater Importance than they are — I cannot think it a Piece of Religion to stigmatize from Christ, such as will not subscribe to every one of his Articles; but am conscious to so many Errors, speculative and political, in my self, that I know not how to be severe towards others.

You, Gentlemen, I have trespass'd so far on your Patience as to inform you why I resolve to live and die a True (that's Moderate) Churchman, and I expect Abundance of Enemies for being thus unbear'd; for I know my Notions of Moderation will displease the furious Bigots of all Parties. 'Tis true, (as Dr. Fuller observes) "Once in an Age the Moderate Man is in Fashion, each Extremum courts him to make 'em Friends — But 'tis the Fate of the Moderate Man (like him that dines in the MIDDLE of a long Table, and can't REACH the Principal Dish, either at the upper or lower End) to rise often with a hungry Belly; and therefore will be no Surprize to me, if I find the Reward so commonly bestow'd on such as write Irenicums, for adjusting and compounding of contentious Matters, i. e. To be pinch'd on both Sides. The Antesignans that lead contending Parties, tho' all to Pieces in every thing they yet can meet and hold together, like Sampson's Foxes, to carry off the Caravans, and set the Fields all in a Flame. I know what the

Moderate Man uses to be taken for, among such furious Drive But I must beg their Pardon, if I cannot take them for any of best Ju'ge. I had much rather be determin'd by that most Reverend and Renowned Primate, (whose great Soul much disdain'd mean Service of our squibbing Boutefeus, that fill the Church with endless Noise, and Heat, and Pother, about the Mint, Annile Cummin: But was for having all such Eones bury'd before his own) and I cannot forbear to quote a Golden Paragraph, worthy of such excellent Author, in his Preface to a Collection of Bishop Wilkins Sermons, vindicating the most deserved Fame of that Right Reverend Prelate; says he, I purposely mention his Moderation, and his wife adventure to commend him for it; notwithstanding this Virtue, so much esteem'd and magnify'd by wise Men, all Ages, has of late been declaim'd against with so much Zeal and Fierceness, and yet with that good Grace and Confidence as if it were not only no Virtue but even the Sum and Abridgement of all Vices. I say, notwithstanding this, I am for the old Opinion, That Moderation is a Virtue, and one of the peculiar Ornaments and Advantages of the excellent Constitution of our Church, and must at last be the Temper of all Members; especially the Clergy, if ever we seriously intend the firm Establishment of this Church, and do not industriously design, by cherishing Heats and Divisions among our selves to let in Popery at those Breaches.

Gentlemen, I break not in upon any thing that is establish'd, or confront whatever for Decency and Order is appointed; being satisfy'd that I can be a Member of the Church of England, and the Lord's Free-man: Yea, whenever I look towards Rome, (as the Words of an eminent Conformist) "I cannot but bless his Majesty" that by the Grace of God I am where, and what I am — But I think they are true to their Lord, nor just to their Church, nor yet to their Brethren, who wou'd have Men under their Girdle, where the Lord and the Church both has left them at Liberty. But cou'd I speak an Angel for Moderation, and in Defence of the Controvers Nonconformists*, from Men of narrow Souls and stingy Principles (that are under the Power of false Notions, and bound up in superstitious Follies) I expect hideous Outcries of Loose Doctrine and a Door open'd to all Wickedness, by defending such Moderate Principles, I bear and smile, when I know some of the Libertines in Practice, to be the most nice and straight Men, for certain Modes and Opinions. They can make themselves take all loose Liberties in their Conversation and Manners, go so far this way, that they must be Men of large Consciences and have as little of God's holy Fear, that dare venture to rebuke them: And yet at the same Time, and in the midst of all their Excesses, who more hasty to find great Fault with much

* The Name of a Book Printed for Mr. Robinson in St. Church-yard.

themselves? and make heavy Complaints and Tragical Exclamations of the insufferable Boldness and Laxity of all that are not such observers of Times and Places, Words and Forms, Gestures and Actions, as themselves, nor jog along just in their very Mode; as every one had lost his Way, and none cou'd possibly be sav'd, that was not exactly like them. Whereas, God help them that do: For how much worse and sadder wou'd it be with the World, than it is, if we had no better Patterns, in the Lives of the Moderate, Conformists, and Dissenting Clergy, than is to be found amongst the high-fliers, when dignify'd with a Gown and Cassock? And thus, Gentlemen, in Reality, is my Reason for being thus visible to all Parties: And as some of all Parties have gone astray, which the Episcopal O—— the Independent L—— the Presbyterian B—— and the Anabaptist C—— are four late converts) so the sad Thoughts of such scandalous Falls shou'd raise the Value of such Men, who like the Dissenting Doctors characteriz'd in this Poem keep themselves unsupported from the like Errors. I shou'd again, from the like Errors; for as high Flights as Poetry allow of, I profess I don't know one Dissenting Minister in the foregoing Poem, whose Pious and Generous Soul has any thing in it that is humble, or mean, save Jeffery Stevens; and I am apt to think I have convinc'd him of his Mistake (in his Self-justification) to repair the Damage I complain of with all the Honour and Fidelity I am capable of — But for you, his Reverend Brethren, to do you Justice, I shou'd say that is selfish and narrow “is really below you, as Gentlemen, as well as Christians — Or if any one of the Dissenting Clergy excell the rest, 'tis Mr. Henry, Mr. Pomfret, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Stennet. The first, for his universal Learning, his excellent Comment on the Old Testament: The second, for his ready and plain Clarity: The third, for his great Humility and Sweetness of Temper: And the last, for his eminent Wit and Piety; for which I judge no Man will think himself respected on, if I say that Mr. Henry, Mr. Pomfret, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Stennet, are all EQUAL: But in Learning, Clergymens Excellencies are in their Genius leads — Some are great Linguists, some are great Preachers, and some nice Disputants; and therefore (as far as is in my Power) I have let no Dissenting Minister want his Character in the following Poem; which tho' it no ways deserves the Title of PATRONAGE, 'twill serve to convince the World (and I hope the Clergy) how much I am,

REVEREND GENTLEMEN,

Your most Obliged,

And very Humble Servant,

Kk 3

JOHN DUNTON.

The DISSENTING DOCTORS

“ **A** S joyful Nature (who ’till then lay mute)
 “ Did the first Sun’s exalted Beams salute,
 “ So *BRITAIN* rescu’d from the sullen Cloud
 “ That seem’d her new created Face to shroud,
 “ Beholds (at once transported and amaz’d)
 “ To proper Spheres her brightest Planets rais’d,
 For *Williams, Calamy, Oldfield*, now are DOCTORS made
 Other Dissenters will be DOCTORS too,
 If they’ll but stay—— *True Merit need not woo.*
 Merit may wait some Years before ’tis heard,
 But first or last true Merit is preferr’d.
 Thus PRIESTS whose Actions are to Heav’n ally’d,
 Like Providence, by Time are justify’d.

Uniting Muse—— Then tune thy loving Strings,
 To sing the HONOUR that true Learning brings,
 For *Scotland* unites in DOCTORS as it does in Kings.
Dissenting Doctors—— now must be thy Theam,
 Who Preach in Town, COMMENCE in *Aberdeen*,
 (For all unite who truly love the QUEEN.)
 DOCTORS!—— ’tis ev’n so, for News is spread
 That *Williams, Calamy, Oldfield*, are preferr’d.
 They first deserv’d, (for Honour springs from Grace)
 And now [*D. D.*] does flourish out their Praise:
 Or ’twill do so when they do print agen,
 As [*D. D.*] gilds their Works, and Sense does guide the

DOCTOR’s— a common Word, but understood by
 Desk Readers, Surgeons, and ’Poticaries too:
 Are oft call’d DOCTORS by the vulgar Crew:
 But these as far from DOCTORS are as Sense,
 For DOCTOR is a Name of Excellence:
 ’Tis he that takes “ the very high’t Degree
 “ In *Physick, Law, or sound Divinity*,
 “ That is— the DOCTOR— and ’tis only— HE.

So that Dissenter, when a DOCTOR made,
 Can soar no higher in the *Preaching Trade*,
 Arch-bishops and Bishops must first be DOCTORS made
 ’Tis thus in the Dissenting Hierarchy
 DOCTORS are made by Sense and Piety;
 And it rejoyces honest Men in Black
 (Churchmen and Whigs, and all but such as TACK)

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See such good Examples plac'd so high ;
 Their honour Titles by their Piety.)
 Then DISSENTING DOCTOR is my Theam,
 Now who has, and who deserves that Name,
 Not so no PARSON that dissents may slip,
 Lose his Character of DOCTORSHIP.

Now Dunton, Rhiming *Dunton*, act thy Part,
 Now the Noncons have their due Desert ;
 Preach with ZEAL, and merit all thy Art.
 Cons— have had their Due, and now 'tis fit,
 When 'e a *Schism* to do *Diss. mers* Right :
 True the *Facks*— such as S——rel,
 Preach, *To be a Whig is to rebel.*

Know 'tis false ; but yet these *Popish* Tools
 Preach, (ay, swear) that Whigs are canting Fools,
 Merit Tub Preachers, Leaders of Misrule ;
 Dunton, do 'em Justice in this Place,
 Every Whig the Features in his Face,
 Has his Charms, and all some certain Grace,

The first Dissenter then I'll here display
 Daniel, DOCTOR *Williams* I shou'd say.
 Crown his Brow, but make his Laurel Wreath
 Mild and sweet as Morning Roses breath:

Clemency to Courage reconciles,
 In his Face delighted Nature smiles*.

PRESBYTERIAN BISHOP he may pass,
 King HEAD, or Chief, of the Dissenting Race)
 Bishop-like, he keeps a fine Calash†.

Whig and Tory too deserve Reproaches,
 Both grow LAZY, when they ride in Coaches ;
 Dr. *Williams* an Exception is.)

What a DOCTORSHIP is justly worn
 Such a PRIEST ; 'tis but a just Return,
 Wearing him, who MEETINGS does adorn.

But 's *Genius* shou'd be all on Fire ;
 His Extacies shou'd his rais'd Soul inspire,
 When Crowds at sight of him can Rapture feel ?
 How they press, to load his Charriot-wheel !

Soul, and all his Sermons are inspir'd,
 And Doctor *Williams* is by all admir'd.
 Peter'd Numbers how shall be confin'd
 The Compass of his comprehensive Mind !

I have ever thought there is an unusual Sweetness that
 In the Countenance of this great and good Man, Dr. Williams.
 By Calash here I only mean Dr. Williams's Travelling

Sense, Reason, Musick, in his Language throng,
 The Graces sit assembled on his Tongue:
 'Twou'd Beggar Thought and Language both, to raise
 The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praise.
 His Sermons do all sorts of Hearers warm,
 Philosophers instruct, and Women charm:
 In Prayer no Man can WEEP as he can do;
 He gives the Law in Conversation too.
 He seems by Nature made for ev'ry thing,
 But to be Pious is his *Chief Design*.
 This *Humble Doctor* can his Temper bind,
 Gives Men his Passions, makes them of his Mind,
 And their Opinion change, as he enclin'd.
 Good Preaching— he hath to Perfection brought,
 And Men to live are by his Virtues taught.
 Thus famous *BATES* did mend the *English Tongue*,
 And now they live the Language which he sung.
 They both alike Eternity do give,
 For still in *Williams Dr. Bates* does live.
 His *GOSPEL TRUTH* shews Piety and Wit,
 (Like *Dr. Bates* he's ever in the Right)
 So chaste his *Flesh*, so spiritual his *Mind*,
 'Tis hard to say which is the most refin'd.
 To sum up all the Doctor's Piety,
 When *Dr. Williams* on the Bench you see
 Without a Trope, say— *There sits Equity!*
 But! But! — (for where's the Man without a BUT)
 'There is one *STIVENS* that has bruis'd my Foot:
 I mean, has squeez'd me with that Cruelty
 To make me sell Five Hundred Pound for Three:
 Sure *Jeffery's* Heaven lies somewhere under Ground,
 He grip'd my [ALL] for one poor Hundred Pound

* My Meaning is, that a less Mortgage than my whole (which consisted in near 200 Acres in Houses, Land, and I wou'd not satisfy *Jeffery Stivens* for one Hundred Pound the Payment whereof (and one Hundred Pound more, which continu'd on Bond 'till now, had not *Stivens*, by demanding a Mortgage on my whole Estate, prevented it) I was forc'd several Acres of Wood for 300l. &c. which, cou'd I have it, I wou'd not have sold for 500l. 'Tis true, my Estate Jointur'd, and he forbore the Interest for five Years; (which all that pleads in his Favour) but that was no Excuse for demanding an unreasonable Mortgage; for my bare Woods (from my Estate) were sold for Three Hundred Pound, times more than I ow'd *Stivens*) and wou'd have gone for had they been sold to their Worth: I must do *Stivens* that to say, that upon my complaining that Six per Cent. was

How black and cruel is a Usurer's Heart?
 At Sirv'n's, a sham'd to act the Dunning Part,
 SNOTTY RED-NOSE Cats-foot to his Art.
 Now he's paid, this Reverend Man shall see
 Tho' I have sold Five Hundred Pounds for Three)
 My injur'd MUSE can PREACH as well as he.
 Good Dr. Williams knows this Man I hear;
 Then pray good Doctor whisper in his Ear,
 Word from you wou'd make the Miser leer.
 Tell him that Dunton, scrupulous Dunton saith,
 And will assert it with his dying Breath)

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him, (considering he had Land Security) he made Restitution
 51. under the Notion of a Gift, as being (on the Account of
 (Cous) sham'd to be thought a Usurer; but 'tis not that 51.
 excuse his merciless Treatment at first, for, as 'tis in the
 [He grip'd my ALL for one poor Hundred Pound]
 as those Two Orphans hinted in these Words [Let
 Orphans sink, he'll save none but himself] were both excluded out
 the Mortgage; for his Words were these, I'll have the whole
 made over by a Mortgage, for the Hundred Pound,
 and will agree to no other Terms; but I'll promise (which
 Banker made good by a Defeasance, for neither Bond nor
 Mortgage were made in his own Name) that the Estate
 shall not be releas'd 'till the Orphans are both paid—
 Reader, being the true State of the Case, (as I am able
 prove, by several Letters that were sent to me, both by him
 (his Banker) I appeal to every Man, [that wou'd have a Con-
 science void of offence, &c.] if in Honour and Justice he be'nt
 oblig'd to make good the great Loss I sustain'd by the forc'd Sale
 my Woods; for tho' I ow'd him an Hundred Pound, yet a
 merciless Man may screw up Justice to the Pitch of an In-
 jury, which was the Case here; for had he given me longer Time,
 I wou'd have paid him (and every Body else) all I ow'd, so a
 satisfying, without selling my Woods; but SNOTTY RED-NOSE
 (my haughty Banker) treating me in a sordid Manner, I chose
 to sell my Woods for Two Hundred Pound less than their
 Worth, than to be any longer beholden to him: But as I am
 out of his merciless Hands, I shall no longer conceal my
 sentiments; but here tell Jeffery Sirvens, that tho' 'tis true
 he does not owe me a Farthing by the Law of the Land, yet
 his forcing me to sell my Woods, has defac'd and damag'd
 my whole Estate, I do arraign him in the Court of Conscience
 for Satisfaction.

That

That Justice be screw'd up to an Injury *,
 Will be a STAIN to him, a LOSS to me,
 'Till Jeff'ry does repair the Cruelty.
 Your Servant Doctor ——— pray excuse the News,
 That I do Jeff'ry Stiv'ns still accuse :
 You are so good, you'd pardon Cruelty,
 But I am pinch'd, and can't forbear to cry.
 But how does Dr. Williams WRONGS controul !
 How still Contention, and how tune the Soul !
 Where Men to Heats, and Strifes, and Feuds, do run,
 Where you but speak you make all Voices one.
 Then wou'd you condescend but to resent,
 Ev'n Stiv'ns, cruel Stiv'ns wou'd relent,
 REPROOF from you wou'd make the ROCKS repent.
 To move you not, (I think 'tis understood)
 They best BELIEVE that do the greatest Good
 For whatsoever Jeff'ry Stiv'ns thought,
 This was the Doctrine that our Saviour taught.
 If Stiv'ns, to excuse his Avarice,
 Cries I am MAD, to try his Patience thus,
 He owes me nothing, and will nought refund,
 He's strictly JUST, and never yet was dunn'd :
 He wou'd not say so were the HOGS † his own ;
 But Men excuse what they're aham'd to own.

* No honest Dissenter (except blinded by Interest or Prejudice) will deny but a Man may screw up Justice to the Pitch of a Injury ; (which was my Case, as that Mortgage I gave to Stiv'ns made me sell a most noble and flourishing Wood for half the Value) or if any Man be so weak as to think that Justice be screw'd up to the Pitch of an Injury, to set him right in this Point let him consult Mr. Mead's Sermon preach'd to the Ministers ; where in p. 9. he'll find these Words : "

" *axe* Codrington that examine all things by the rigid Rule of

" *cream* Right, are neither just nor wise. They are not just

" Rule, which requires Moderation, and bearing and forbearance

" where the Case needs it : nor are they wise for themselves

" such Solomon says, trouble their own flesh, Prov. 11.

† Plowden (an eminent Lawyer in Q. Elizabeth's Time) ask'd by a Neighbour of his what Remedy there was in Law against his Neighbour, for some HOGS that had trespass'd in his Ground answer'd, He might have very good Remedy : But the other replying that they were his own HOGS ; Nay, then Neighbour (quoth he) the Case is alter'd. And I do assert, (and I'd say this with my last Breath) that I don't think there's one Dissenter in London, that now vindicates Jeffery Stiv'ns, but had they suffer'd the same Damage as I have done by the Mortgage I gave to him they wou'd with Plowden so alter the Case as to think this public

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he treats me like a *Pious Wight*,
 Smiles for Blows, and pardons all my Spight :
 I wou'd ask him, were I now to die,
 on that Preacher's Doctrine can relie,
 all his Actions give his Words the Lye?
 then pray good Doctor preach to *Jeff'ry Stiv'n*,
 mind your Words, he knows you preach from Heav'n.
 Word from you wou'd pierce him to the Soul;
 let your Subject be the— *Golden Rule*.
 the *Golden Rule* wou'd so reform the Man,
 to repair the Damage I sustain.)
 and *Stiv'ns* then conclude the Breach,
 then *Dr. Williams* does to *Stiv'ns* preach.
 then *Dr. Williams* take this Man in Hand,
 by your SERMON melt a harden'd Man,
 till you preach his JUSTICE I arraign.
 lest you shou'd mistake this *Jeffery*,
 some say this, and some say that is he)
 his Name, if you wou'd know his Rank,
 must ask *L—nce*, and the Royal Bank.
 his Mark enough, I shall no other name,
 he this, he ever lives— in *Smoothing-lane*.
 if you meet he scarce will do me Right,
 you'd be NOBLE, he wou'd sink me quite ;
 ever, to your JUDGMENT 'tis referr'd,
 your Re-search all Secrets lie unbarr'd,
 nothing to your Wisdom is too hard.
 as his GUARD is POLICY and SENSE,
 you move *Jeff'ry* to disgorge the Pence,
 this a DOUBLE DOCTOR you commence.

The next *Dissenting Doctor* I shall name
 CALAMY, a Man of spreading Fame.
 did as DOCTORS shou'd, took his Degree
 Person, not by Gift or Courtesie ;
 is by Merit *Dr. Calamy*.
 went and stood the Test of his Advance,
 is no DOCTOR made by Wealth, or Chance.
 Affairs * himself did place learn'd *Calamy*
 Gown and Chair of Doctoral Dignity,
 is no DOCTOR in *Effigie*.

as just and reasonable as I do : However, as the private
 letters I sent to *Jeffery Stevens* made no Impression at all upon him,
 may see by this publick Satyr, my Damage is so great that I re-
 have Satisfaction one Way or other.

The Principal of Edingburgh University.

DOCTOR!

DOCTOR! with Fear my Muse approaches you,
 Wit's ablest Judge, and best Example too.
 Then oh! wou'd Strength with my Desires comply,
 My Song a *Dithyrambick* Pitch thou'd flye,
 Pursuing your just Praises to the Skies:
 But they Flow swift, and I want Wings to rise.
 Yes, Pam'd *Carstairs*, the Man you did embrace,
 Is a *Try'd Doctor*, and deserves your Praise.
 No Wonder then he's *Double Doctor* seen,
 First in your Arms, and then at *Aberdeen*:
 For unto whom thou'd *Scotland* Titles spare,
 But *CALAMY*, (a First-rate Pulpiteer?)
 Sprung from a *Clergy Race* of old Renown;
 He centers all their Glories in his own.
 On him with Measure unconfin'd did fall
 That pious Spirit which inspir'd 'em all,
Edmund and *Ben.* were stil'd a second *Paul*.
 But Double Fame thou'd this new Graduate clad,
 Others were Doctors, he *Double Doctor* made.
 Kind *Scotland*, to thy learned Sons and thee
 For ever sacred let his Titles be;
 He's Doctor, DOUBLE DOCTOR *Calamy* *.

If *Dr. Calamy* to the Painter sate,
 He'd make—— but Time denies to tell you what;
 Sum all the Virtues up, and he is that!
 Nay, thou'd the Painter all his Colours store,
 He cou'd not praise 'till he deserv'd no more.
 Stars in their rising very little shew,
 And send forth trembling Flames; but *Calamy*, thou
 At first Appearance, dost to all display
 A shining, bright, and unobscured Day,
 Such as shall fear no Cloud, no Night, nor shall
 Thy Setting ever be *Heliacal*;
 But grow up to a *SUN*, that you may take
 A shining Laurel for your *Zodiack*;
 That all the *Levites* which henceforth arise,
 May only be thy Foils, or Parelies.
 Thy Foils! but *Doctor*, there's no need of that,
 You do so far transcend the common Rate;
 I heard you preach— but fear you'd make an End,
 Lessen'd the Pleasure that your Words did lend:
 And as you preach you write, both's so Divine,
 Such Native Sweetness flows in ev'ry Line,
 The Reader cannot chuse but *SWEAR* 'tis thine.

* Alluding to Mr. A ——'s Letter, (one of the new Graduates) who informs us that at *Aberdeen* *Dr. Calamy* had assum'd the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferr'd upon him.

a Doctor dignify'd by Sense,
 give a Doctor for your Excellence.
 reads your *Moderate Nonconformity*,
 Hadly's tender, and yet sharp Reply,
 find the Contest; all the Jangle lies
 of you two are *Moderately Wise*, *
 who are not are Pulpit-Fools, or Spies.
Moderation all good Men are bent;
 Men are *Wise*, and love thro' all *Dissent*,
 Hadly owns, that Bigots must repent †.
 Reverend Sir, your Non Conformities,
 (Moderate) does prove you truly Wise.
 Every Line which you to *Hadly* sent,
 for you a self-lab'ring Monument.
 Hence this Pile hath, tho' all be dumb,
 is the Author's Epitaph and Tomb.
 Employ (so rising is your Name)
 in vain, to overtake your Fame.
 Hadly praise you, for I do aspire
 to Worth, whilst I your Worth admire.
 Fame so spreads, and do's so brightly soar,
 I know'd what *Jewels* 'twas you wore,
 had been Doctor twenty Years before.

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not, cou'd my Muse but fit on soaring Wing,
 sing Dr. *Oldfield's* Fame I'd sing,
 catches REASON ** and improves the Pence,
 is a Man of universal Sense.

from thence that his *Diploma* came,
 Joshua *Oldfield* has a Doctor's Name :)
 a Present, but had they conferr'd
 'twas what this Man deserv'd:
 Must fly high, or you can never reach
 extended to so high a Stretch
 what cou'd *Scotland* e'er confer
 his Learning, or his Rhiming Sphere?
 a POET, SAINT, and REASONER:
 like the SUN, the higher he ascends,
 other warms, and more his Beams extends:
 LIFE and Preaching, (they are so admir'd)
 see why Dr. *Oldfield* was preferr'd.

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mean, so wise, as to prefer *Moderation*, and a due Temper,
 Noise and Bigotry.

his late Sermon upon *Moderation*.

He publish'd a Book entitl'd,—An Essay towards the Im-
 provement of Reason, in the Pursuit of Learning and Con-
 sideration of Life, by Joshua *Oldfield*.

Like

Like *Williams*, unto injur'd Right his Ear
 Is ever open, and his Heart sincere ;
 His Thoughts are *New*, and all his Notions CLEAR.
 Mirth never made him say a thing unfit,
 Virtue his Will, and Prudence rules his Wit.
 If any were displeas'd to see him Great,
 (For Doctor sounds like one that lives in State)
 They sold their Eyes and Ears, to keep their Hate.
 Let 'em but see, and hate him if they cou'd ;
 Let 'em but hear what all the World allow'd :
 For his *whole Soul* but seems a Model, fram'd
 By those rare Arts in which his Skill is fam'd.
 Unto *Dissenters* he does add new Fame,
 For he's a Doctor both in Sense and Name.
 What tho' he was not plac'd in Doctor's Chair,
 (For *Calamy* was all the Doctors there ;)
 Yet Dr. *Oldfield* well may be content ;
 For he's *Diploma'd* by the joint Consent,
 Which makes a Doctor by a Complement.
 But such as does a finish'd Doctor make,
 And such as *Scotch-men* give for UNION sake,
 With them, great Soul, thou shalt Immortal live,
 And in thy Reasoning Numbers * Fate survive.
 Thy REASON, Wit, and Doctoral Title, still
 Shall prove such BAYS as Time can never kill.
 Far as our conquering *British* Lyon roars,
 Far as the Poles, or the remotest Shores,
 Where'er is known or heard the *English* Name ;
 The distant World shall hear of *Oldfield's* Fame.
 Thou only shalt with Nature's self expire,
 And all the World, in the supreamest Fire ;
 When *Horace*, and fam'd *Virgil* die ; when all
 That's Great, or Noble, shall together fall,
 'Tis then is Doctor *Oldfield's* Funeral !

Another Graduate that did now Commence,
 Was MASTER *Dixon*—— DOCTOR too in Sense.
 His *Scotch Diploma* do's not reach his Parts,
 For he's but yet —— a Master in the Arts ;
 But if true Worth can give that high Degree,
 He'll soon write [*D. D.*] in Divinity.
 I cannot shew the vast Advance his Youth
 Has made in Learning, Eloquence, and Truth !
 How none to Pleasure e'er was less a Slave,
 More thoroughly Pious, nor more early Brave.

* Alluding to his Poem at the End of his Essay on

Second Charnock for true Eloquence,
 Second How for Metaphnick Sense;
 Second Allop. for Polemick Skill,
 Second Euseb. for Learning, Wit, and Stile.
 Seems to Rival all these Men of Parts,
 tho' no Doctor—Master is of Arts.
 ev'ry science (and so early) gain'd,
 Heav'n inspir'd, not Industry obtain'd.
 When, that from ev'ry Channel draws,
 Scripture, Schools, Divine and Human Laws;
 Comprehensive Man——— unskil'd in nought,
 With all the Arts of learn'd Assemblies fraught.
 Only his Wit, his Language free and pure;
 Judgment quick and sudden—yet Mature;
 Soul so LEARN'D, and yet so far from Proud,
 So easie, affable and good;
 No lions all so winningly do tend,
 ev'ry Word he speaks he gains a Friend;
 His MASTER now, and DOCTOR in the End.)
 No peculiar Preference express'd,
 Kind to one, to disoblige the rest;
 Which Famed A——land is a Noble Test.
 MASTER Dixon, now I am so near
 Cumberland. I'll just salute your Ear
 With JOY, great JOY; and may it ever be
 Of your WIFE, and then of your DEGREE.
 Never PAIR so fortunately Blest'd?
 In ever shady Groves so well Possess'd?
 Saints — A PAIR! — without Example seen,
 The happiest, loving'st Shepherds of the Green.
 The great Swain, unmatch'd in Virtue, Love,
 And all things else that Scholars move:
 Great in himself, but greater in the Praise
 Takes in his all shining, lovely Bride.
 (and tell't to ev'ry Wife you find)
 The truest, fairest, best of Women-kind:
 Equal'd in her Learning, Wisdom, Love,
 Goodness nearest to the Saints above;
 His Mistress of such Sense and Piety,
 His DOCTOR — to marry such a Wife as she.
 Shepherdes — so exquisitely Fair!
 Wife so good, in ev'ry thing so rare,
 All Perfections seem to center there!
 Kind she is, so just, so fit to sway,
 Who knows both how to Govern and Obey:
 As he MASTER is of ev'ry Art,
 She is MISTRESS, and does rule his Heart,
 And both a sort of DOCTOR by Desert.

It never was, but if it e'er thou'd be,
 That Women PREACH by leave of a Degree,
 Then Madam *Dixon* will be DOCTOR--SHE.
 Howe'er, her Husband is so past Compare,
Master of Arts — and ev'ry thing that's rare,
 That his next Step is— to the Doctor's Chair.

The *Fourteen Graduates* that shall next be seen
 Are those who took DEGREES at *Aberdeen*:
 I can't say all these Youths were *Doctors* made,
 But all a *Cambridge-Doctor's* Learning had:
 For *Scotch-men* are so early ripe in Sense,
 At twenty Years they *Doctors* might Commence.
 They shame the tedious Discipline of Schools,
 The loit'ring Art of Pædagogick Rules:
 For these *Fourteen* were all so early read,
 They're almost *Doctors* in the Infant-Bed.
 Thus fated to high Facts, *Amphytrion's* Son,
 As soon as Born, a wond'rous Conquest won:
 The warlike Babe did two fierce Dragons tame,
 Too small an *Hansel* for his mighty Fame.
 Go on, young *Graduates*, to the World be kind,
 And with the early Products of your Mind,
 Enrich and entertain us at one time,
 Expressing native Wit without a Crime:
 Nor doat on Fame, 'tis seldom justly given,
 And is too small a Prize for Souls of Heav'n.
 Look up! — a due Reward will come from thence,
 For him who decks his Wit with Innocence:
 You're *Fourteen Doctors*, if you keep from Stains.
 All Rhimes are prov'd co-equal with the Stars,
 The Birds first taught 'em to the wond'ring Spheres.
 This the first Poem, Man at last was taught,
 He adds a Soul, and dresses it in Thought.
 From thence 'twas handed down by rolling Years,
 Th' Allay of Grief, and Enemy to Cares.
Homer, the Antient'st, freshest Laurel wore,
 The first Refiner of the noble Ore:
 Thence many Bards commenc'd, and had their Reign,
 From *Latin Virgil* to our *English Ben*:
 But when great *Cowley* did the Age allure,
 We fear'd a Zenith, and the Muse mature.
 But, *Fourteen Dons*, 'tis you're born t' improve
 The Pitch of Learning, and th' Extent of Love.
 To you the Husband will his Altars rear,
 Thank you in Incense for his Pious Fair,
 And make you half his Adoration share.

thinks I see the stubborn *Celia* glow,
 and blush, and wonder what you mean to do;
Doctors in Youth do conquer where they go.
 fears your Tongue, yet still hears on and sighs;
 starts, and feels a coming Passion rise,
 and sparkles happy Omen from her Eyes.
 forward Twenty such a Ripeness show,
 that Wonders will a well knir Thirty do?
 was lov'd *Cowley's* Voice, so young his Pen,
 then the fleet Youth assur'd a second *Ben*:
 Thoughts did *Ovid's* angry Stars defeat,
 killing the Malice of the cold Retreat:
 was your Force, so orderly it broke,
 then you commend, or drooping Country spoke.
 was her Check, and doubtful was her Look,
 then War's rough Arms the nodding Island shook *.
 the full Streams of Joy around her flow,
 ENGLISH DOCTORS do unite with you!
 now her wither'd Branches sprout again,
 to behold the learned *Calamy's* Train,
 come for Titles that their Merit claim.
 guard your Country, they her Glory raise;
 they bring you Learning, you adorn with Bays:
 as afresh you gave LEARN'D BEN † Degrees,
 you be *Fourteen Doctors* made in Peace.

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Thus far of DOCTORS by Commencement made,
 else transmitted by the *Scotch-man's* Aid **:
 there's *Dissenting Doctors* yet to name,
 who are not Doctors by *Diploma*-Fame,
 yet are DOCTORS in the Future Tense,
 and now are so in Name, in Wit, and Sense.
 these *will-be-Doctors* I shall here describe;
 I'll miss none of the Dissenting Tribe,
 whose Grace and Learning do's their TITLE show,
 that are Doctors made, or else that will be so.

Alluding to the Pretender's Design of Invading Scotland.

Alluding again to that Expression in Mr. A——'s Letter, when he says, "At Aberdeen Dr. Calamy (who I hear call'd Ben. for the Verse sake) "bad afresh conferr'd upon him the Degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Alluding to that Expression in Mr. A——'s Letter, viz. "As Dr. Williams, and Dr. Oldfield, they not being upon the spot, nothing more pass'd, than the writing their *Diploma's* Doctor, and the Subscription of them by the Members of the Society.

Here, Painter! set *Gravener* to the Light,
 You'll draw him first, or must have lost your Sight.
 No Doctor yet was ever more Divine,
 And if he e'nt a Doctor 'tis but Time:
 But stay, 'tis *Gravener*!— and it were a Crime
 For you to paint a Subject so sublime;
 Since nothing but his own Celestial Lays
 Are fit the Author of such Worth to praise.
 Ah, *Doctors*! were you all in *Gravener's* Case,
 Adorn'd with every Virtue, every Grace;
 Your Lights wou'd shine, and all your Pulpits blaze.
 He Thinks, Looks, Speaks, and does all Things beside,
 As far from Ostentation as from Pride.
 He's a First-Rate in the Dissenting Tribe;
 A Doctor too, if we may judge by Sense,
 For never did a better Man Commence.
 What Age can equal, what Historian find,
 Such Eloquence with so much Goodness join'd?
 What shall I say? nor this nor that is best,
 But all is better than can be express'd;
 And all Perfection is so given to all
 His Parts, that none is best, but each is all;
 He must be Doctor that's ANGELICAL.
Gravener, no Painter can thy Worth display;
 He draws— and then some unexpected Ray
 Keeps up his Wonder, 'till his Sight decay.
Charnock and *Bates*, refin'd in thee revive,
 In thee we see the famous *Calvin* live.
 But since I on my Lyre can touch no String,
 Equal to those great Merits I wou'd sing,
 Hopeless to give such mighty Charms their due,
 I'll leave the World to brighter Thoughts of you,
 I'll only add, that Doctorship's your Right;
 And when it is, may you Commence in sight,
 For Dr. *Gravener* is the World's Delight.

Draw *Stennet* next, in Verse and Pulpits Nurs'd,
 (And ask his Pardon that he was not first.)
 Here shew your kindness to the Rhiming Tribe;
 If you'd but paint, as well as he'd describe,
 All *Pulpit-Fools* wou'd either mend or hide.
 Give him that Look which Poets ought to have,
 Give him that modest Look which Nature gave:
 But *Stennet's* Worth no Limner need proclaim,
 His Pulpit and his Verse do speak his Fame,
 And shew his Right unto a Doctor's Name.

the Patron, and the Rule of Wit;
 the Pulpit's Honour, and the Saints Delight;
 the Soul of Goodness, and the Spring of Sense;
 the Poet's Theam, Reward, and great Defence.
 Verse, tho' numerous, flows in easie Strains,
 as high as Hills, yet humble as the Plains;
 his Thought so strong, so finish'd ev'ry Line,
 o'er we see so rich a Genius shine,
 more than Man, we cry, oh Workmanship Divine!
 which bright Beams his Morning's Dawn display,
 that Flame and Light will paint the rising Day!
 smooth and musical his Numbers move,
 are the restless Spheres which roul above.
 still improves, and always feasts our Thought,
 lo! the heavenly Charmer soars aloft,
 while Angels crowd and listen to his Song;
 not one Angel-Critick in the Thong,
 dares correct a Thought, they are so fine,
 nobly dress'd, so neat, and so Divine,
 Dr. S—— were't only for his HYMNS †.
 when Stenner Rhimes, the very Angels sing,
 which airy Transport flowing from his Spring;
 with Joy they hear, and on their stretching Wing,
 and of the rapt'rous Load, and warbling o'er
 the sacred Song, to antient Glories soar,
 while others twine fresh Garlands for his Brows,
 and hover o'er their Care in shining Rows;
 when Angels shouted from their Chrystal Shoar,
 and sung the Wonders of Creating Power,
 were sweeter did they sing, or more sublimely soar:
 worthy his Stile, as *Waller's* clear and neat,
 or *Cowley's* Sense more beautiful or great;
 the Doctor yet was ever more compleat.)
 when he laments, we weep, and mourn, and die,
 and labour in th' Extreame of Sympathy.
 the Royal Will. he rais'd above his Hearse,
 immortal made, in his immortal Verse *.
 his Praises, Stenner, to thy Skill are due,
 how hast to Glorious *William* been so true?
 the Doctor mourn'd him half so much as you.
 the he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns,
 his Honour's done to his Immortal Pains;
 he mourn, as well as preach, in deathless Strains:
 the Poet! 'tis Excess of Soul;
 he known in *England*, or in *Dryden's* Roll.

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* He writ a most ingenious Elegy upon the Death of K. William.
 † His Sacramental Hymns exceed all upon that Subject.

Thus you a Catalogue of DOCTORS show,
 Th' *Aeneas*, *Maro*, and *Mecenas* too;
 You scorn the Pitch which we so high esteem,
 And not one Virtue, but a System seem;
 In all thy Poems we with Wonder find
 Great *Beaumont's* Genius with sweet *Herbert's* joyn'd,
 Sweetness combin'd, with Majesty prepares,
 To Wing Devotion with inspiring Airs.
 I might add more to Words that are so true;
 This Tribute from each *British* Muse is due,
 Our whole *Poetick Tribe's* oblig'd to you.
Long may the Laurels on your Temples spread,
Nor wisther 'till Eternal Crowns succeed:
May you a Glorious Doctor be indeed.

The youthful *Rosewel* next does come to Sight;
 But here the Painter is disparag'd quite,
 For Great *Apelles* scarce cou'd do him Right:
 Yet mix thy Colours, and attempt to paint
 (Tho' that be all) this *Famous Preaching Saint*.
 In Fields of Science he the Conquest won,
 When yet his Age had scarce the Bloom begun:
 His *Thirteenth Year* gave Wonder and Surprize,
 At *Twenty* he was most Divinely wise,
 And now breaths nought but Heavenly Extralies.
 Had he conform'd, as some *Dissenters* do,
 He had been *Doflor*, *Dean*, and *Bishop* too.
 So much a Saint, I scarce dare call him so,
 For Fear to wrong him with a Name too low;
 Angel i'th' Pulpit, and a flowing Spring,
 He talks from Heav'n, his Mind is ev'ry thing.
 His Wit so flows, that when he thinks to take
 His Sermon-Notes, he oft new Sermons makes.
 The *Reading Dons* can scarce be said to preach;
 (If Reading's Preaching, ev'ry Fool may teach.)
 But *Rosewel* shuts his Book, can't use a Note,
 What's wrought i'th' Heart, flows from the Preacher's T
 Some tuneful Being does his Breath inspire
 With Thoughts as Noble as Celestial Fire:
 When he exhorted unto— SELF-D NIAL*,
 Our Flesh was scarce corrected in the Trial;
 He prov'd our *Tears* so much our Joy and Treasure,
 That now our *Pennance* is our greatest Pleasure.

* He preach'd a most excellent Sermon upon Self-denial,
 Showers's Meeting-House in the Old Jury.

The Dissenting Doctors.

165

Painted Death to th' Life, has Eyes to see
Spirits act, and what they do and be :
There's a *will-be Doctor*, this is he.
He be of late describ'd the *Great Affire*,
Where *Pulpit-Fools* are damn'd for telling Lyes)
Did so well the *Judgment-Seat* display,
He had he seen that *Great and Flaming Day*,
Would not add to what he then did say.
Talk'd of Heav'n in such a glorious Strain,
He had dy'd a while to live again,
Now appears to tell what he had seen.
The Pains of *Hell* he did so well explore,
Almost think you heard the Damned roar :
Heard those Sermons, sure will sin more * !
Speaks just what he please, but mind it still,
Moves as fast as he does speak his Will.
With important Sense, his every Line
Gives him a *MANTON*, or an old Divine.
But, (and with those Words I take my Leave)
Evening Lectures †, and his pious Breath
Fills the Air, and makes a Heav'n on Earth.
And but this, (for 'tis my very Soul)
Sermon-wise, and hates a *Pulpit-Fool*.
In Scotland, if you'd have a Man of *Worth*,
Would new Honour to the *Doctor's Scarf*,
For young *Rosewel* when you next commence ;
Where— 'tis there— you'll find a Man of Sense !

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Water, to *Jewen-street* you now shall steer,
Angels, if on Earth, wou'd come to hear ;
Where *Franks* does preach, nothing is with'd but Ear :
From an Angel, and a Saint in Mind ;
A *Pulpit-Fool*, for he is so refin'd,
Not one Spot in Body or in Mind.
For him all the Beauties e'er you knew,
Where *Franks*, all handsome Faces meet in you,
Do all *Dissenting Doctors* too.)
FRANKS looks so fresh, so shines with every Grace,
Genuine Form excels the painted Face ;
A wond'rous Artift e'er cou'd draw so well
From Nature, where she strives t' excel ?
His Work before the Painter's we must rank,
It design'd its Master-piece in *FRANK*.

He lately preach'd upon the Four last Things ; but 'tis only his
Sermons upon Hell that is here

Old Jury.

L 13

God,

God, whose Resemblance in each Face me view,
 Has his *own Image* * drawn for publick View,
 And *FRANKS*, we do almost ador't in you.
 Too great his Worth, too vast to be defin'd,
 He is a *Doctor* that is so refin'd,
 His Body's but the Picture of his Mind.
 Thus, Painter, you see if you wou'd draw his Face,
 (That's make it like, and not the Saint disgrace)
 It must be *Serious, Handsome, Chaste, and Young*,
 One who charms with, and yet without a Tongue.
 But hold—— to draw him Learn'd, and truly Fair,
 Consult his Soul— you'll find **ALL DOCTOR** there!
 Or rather gaze upon that matchless Saint,
 Whose Worth you can't, and therefore do not paint;
 I mean draw by his pious Brother *Cullum*,
 For if Grace makes a *Doctor*, he is one.
 These both assist in the same Work and Station,
 And so united make a **CONSTELLATION**.
 They harmonize, are free, and unconstrain'd,
 Two Brothers sweetly walking Hand in Hand;
 They're so entirely twist'd, that alone
 Not one is view'd, they're both together one,
 As twinkling Spangles that together lie,
 Joyn Forces, and make up one Galaxy;
 As various Gums dissolving in one Fire,
 Together in one fragrant Flame expire.
 Preach then, united Souls, and preach 'till Death,
 Preach for the same—— United is your Breath;
Levites thus joyn'd do wear the *Doctor's* Wreath.
 But hold!— these **DOCTORS** (Men of Sense I mean)
 Tho' as **TWO STICKS** they joyn'd in *SHOWERS's* BEA
 They but unite, and then divide again:
 For tho' learn'd *Cullum* is too grave to move,
 (*Dissenting Doctors* do not Money love)
 Yet *Franks* I judge has got some richer Seat,
 For he has made a long (tho' fair) Retreat;
 For Angels Visits are but short and sweet!

The next *Dissenter* that does preach in Town,
 Who has no Titles got, nor *Doctor's* Gown,
 (But merits more than any *Doctor* can)
 Is Pious, Learned, Rhiming, Modest *WATTS*,
 "He that did tune his Harp by *Cloris* Notes:

* Gen. 1. 24. † i. e. They both preach'd, one in the
 and the other in the Afternoon, in that which was form
Showers's Meeting-House.

was all Ear, when on the Banks of Thames
 she list'ned to her sweet harmonious Strains.
 list'ned! — and well he might; for when she sings
 her Zeal did rise on her Seraphick Wings*.
 Wonder then his MUSE so well endites,
 that all his LYRICKS † have such Noble Flights;
 whoso'er does hear that ANGEL sing,
 that a DOCTOR, Wit, and ev'ry thing:
 that, a Rhiming Doctor we will call
 famous Watts, he's so Poetical.
 Dr. Watts, which Way shall I extol
 thy Lyrick Verse, it is so pious all **?
 Sleep beneath the Shade in flow'ry Fields,
 thy weary Traveller more Pleasure yields,
 to assuage his Thirst, the living Spring
 Heat of summer more Delight does bring,
 unto me thy well Tun'd Numbers do,
 which thou dost both please and profit too;
 in a Clime where Storms and Tempests grow,
 from the Place where HELICON does flow.
 the MUSES travell'd far to bless thy Sight,
 taught thee how to think, and how to write:
 Doctor Watts, or farewell Rhiming quite!
 thou dost not write like those who brand the Times,
 and themselves most, with sharp Satyrick Rhimes:
 does thy MUSE with smutty Verses tear
 the modest Virgin's chaste and tender Ear.
 from their Faults, whate'er thy Muse indites,
 Ovid, nor Tibullus softer writes:
 Choice of tuneful Words, t' express our Thought,
 thy Example we have first been taught.

3

Reader, consult Mr. Watts's Poem to Mrs. Singer, on the
 of some of her Divine Poems never Printed, p. 58, 59. for
 better understanding these five Lines mark'd thus "
 Alluding to Mr. Watts's Book entitl'd Horæ Lyricæ: Poems
 of the Lyrick Kind. In Three Books. 1. Sacred to
 Religion and Piety. 2. To Virtue, Honour and Friendship.
 To the Memory of the Dead. By J. WATTS. The Se-
 cond Edition, alter'd and much enlarg'd.
 Alluding to those Words in his Preface to his Lyrick Poems.
 almost in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cry'd Reforma-
 tion, while the Stage and licentious Poems have wag'd open War
 with the pious Design of Church and State.

Our *English VIRGIL* *, and our *PINDAR* too
 In this 'tis said some Negligence did shew,
 But you are *Doctor* to the chiming Crew †.
 To thee alone we are beholden more
 Than all the *POETS* of the Times before.
 Thy Muse, inspir'd with a more pious Rage,
 Did first refine the *GENIUS* of 'our Age.
 In thee a clear and Female Softness shin'd,
 With Masculine Vigour, Force and Judgment join'd.
Hail wond'rous Bard! whose Heav'n-born Genius first
 My Infant Muse and Blooming Fancy nurs'd;
 With thy sweet *Lyrick Strains* I first began,
 Then fed on nobler *Panegyrick* Strain.
 Numbers Seraphick! and at ev'ry View,
 My Soul extended, and much larger grew.
 (Such *WIT* wou'd make a Layman *Doctor* too!)
 Where'er I read, new *Raptures* seize my Mind,
 Methought I heard a Rhiming Seraphim;
 Ev'n *Philomela* does not sweeter sing!
 Long did the untun'd World in Ign'rance stray,
 Producing nothing that was Great and Gay,
 'Till taught by thee the true Poetick Way.
 Rough were the Tracks before, dull and obicure,
 Nor Pleasure, nor Instruction cou'd procure.
 Their thoughtless Labour cou'd no Passion move;
 Sure, in that Age the Poets knew not Love!
 At least *DIVINE*, such as those *Doctors* teach,
 Who like *J. Watts* can Rhime as well as Preach.
 I'll say but this — If Merit may decide,
 Or make a *Doctor* — *Watts* is dignify'd;
 For where's the Man can match such Wit and Sense?
 'Tis *Dr. Watts* (at least) i'th' Future Tense!

The next *Dissenting Preacher* that I'll name,
 Is one that is a universal Man
 In Learning — and a *Doctor* too in Fame.
 Whose Face must here be taken? Good Sir hark,
 Can any Guide compare with *Watts* but *CLARK*?
Clark, who like *Watts*, has Action without Blame,
Clark, who like him, is ev'ry good Min's Theam;
Clark, who deserves a *Double Doctor's* Name.

* *Cowley*. † Alluding to those *Reflections on prophane Rhime*
 be found in the Preface to this *Lyrick Poems*; viz. "It has
 " long Complint of the virtuous and refined World, that Poetic
 " Original is Divine, shou'd be enslav'd to Vice and Prophaneß,
 " Art inspir'd from Heaven shou'd have so far lost the Memory
 " Birth-place, as to be engag'd in the Interests of Hell.

by all Ears admir'd, for whom all pray,
 if he dies, all Earth will mourn that Day *.
 who the *Pulpit-Fools* do dread and shun,
 whose Fame is bright, and theirs is gone;
 who so many pious Charms commands,
 won't disgrace the Piece where *Palmer* stands,
 where be *Doctors* with but half his Brains.

3

Painter, to make thy lasting Fame renown'd,
 all be with the *Matchless Palmer* crown'd;
 all in him that's Good, and Learn'd, and Great,
 see him in Learning's, and in *Bates's* Seat;
 they that hear him, hear the most compleat.

3

SHINES in WIT, and yet is so sedate,
 none can equal, best but imitate;
 is a *Doctor* purely for his Wit.
 Thoughts are fine, and deep, and all agree,
 Praises here, a *Kinder Libel* be.

Palmer— is on purpose made by Fate,
 that Priests might have a GUIDE to imitate.
Palmer see, in *Palmer* all admire,
 that Nature, Books, and Honour can inspire.
 were *WESLEY* but impartial, he wou'd own
 a Learned Answer lash'd him to the Bone.
 better VINDICATION † none cou'd write,
 nor any Satyr shew us half that Wit:

3

all Sense appears in the most careless Line;
 all in the most exact, the *Graces* shine.
 is Dr. *Palmer's*, and it must be fine!)
 is *Marvel's* Fancy easily is wrought,
 is *Owen's* Learned Turn improv'd by Thought.
 is Pen, *How's* Depth with *Alfop's* Wit is join'd,
 still each Author's Genius is refin'd.

3

if my Muse to her wish'd Height wou'd climb,
 must this World, and *Pulpit-Fools* decline;
 still with *Palmer* ev'ry Thought refine.
 the (Pity *Dissenters* ben't awake)
 teaches for little more than Preaching's sake.

This Character was written, upon the *Melancholy News*, that
Clark was dying; but he recover'd again, to the great Joy of
Dissenters, and all good Men whatsoever.

I allude here to Mr. *Palmer's* Book entitl'd, A VINDICA-
 TION of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian
 Behaviour of the Dissenters towards the Church of England, in
 Answer to Mr. *Westley's* Defence of his Letter, concerning the
 Dissenters Education in their private Academies.

Palmer—

Palmer — 'Tis strange such Worth en't understood)
 Takes Pleasure still, like Heav'n, in doing good.
 Here *Palmer*, I shou'd dwell upon thy Praise,
 Admire thy Preaching, and delight to gaze
 Upon thy Face — cou'd but my *labouring* Eyes
 Preserve their Strength, and Visive Faculties;
 But all is SUMM'd in — *Palmer's Truly Wise*.
 He was so ev'n in Dissenters Clutch;
 Cou'd the ungrateful Whigs have seen as much,
 He'd been ARCH-DOCTOR of Dissenting Church.
 But he conforms, (I speak it to his Praise)
 For now his Learning spreads the brighter Rays:
 He honours his Gown, and now is so compleat,
 He need not ask a Dean's, or Prebend's Seat,
 He merits LAWN, and ev'ry thing that's Great.

Stop Muse! — for others do attract the Sight,
 (All *will-be Doctors* most divinely bright)
 But I han't Time to do all *Doctors* Right:
 Besides *Two Thousand* that remain in Fame,
 Deserve a *Cowley* to embalm their Name;
 But lest the *Tacking Fools*, who still are blind
 To Men of Sense, thou'd swear there's none behind,
 I shall a Dozen other *Doctors* name,
 Whose Praise has almost crack'd the Trump of Fame.

The first o'th' *Reverend Dozen* I shall paint,
 Is *Showers* — an humble Man, and preaching Saint.
 When first the great and joyful News was spread,
 That *Three Dissenting Preachers* were preferr'd
 To *Doctorships* — sure *Showers* must be one,
 Said all the Town that knew the famous *JOHN*!
 Howe'er, 'tis GREATER for to merit Fame,
 Than to put on the GOWN, and DOCTOR's Name.

Showers — thy Name and Nature both agree,
 For both [yes both] refreshing *Showers* — be.
 You're *Chrysostome* let down from Beams on high,
 You preach like him, charm with his Oratory:
 So moving are your Sermons, that 'tis clear,
 You've brought the Rhet'rick of the Angels here;
 So pious in your Life, so humble in your Place,
 We think you brought up in the Schools of Grace:
 Which makes a *Doctor* in Divinity;
 For without *Grace* what signifies Degree?
 'Twas never known at once that Nature meant
 To mould a Subject and an Accident.
 Thy Name and Nature do so well agree,
 Thy Name another Nature seems to be,
 And as we HEAR, we make it out in thee;

Letters to the Humour's so well set,
 They shew the brightest in the Alphabet:
 Names may be chang'd, and many often do,
 To change thine's to change your Nature too;
 Name and Nature constitute a Bliss,
 Heav'n alone such *Doctors* makes as this:
 Title by no Mortal Man was giv'n,
 In a *New-Years-Gift* * was sent from Heav'n.
 Pulpit's fragrant, for you preach in Flowers,
 When the Hearer's truly blest, it—*S H O W E R S*!
 Indeed! for both thy Tongue and Pen
 Often made our Graces spring agen:
 Smart restor'd, but with how strange a Fate,
 Rem'd almost from the Eternal Gate.
 Nois'd this Day † there dy'd the fruitful *Shower*,
 Tears did weep thy Loss, as past all Cure;
 The King of Death cou'd not sustain
 Grief, and sent the Fates their Threads again.
 Know'st what Tears thy false Death caus'd for thee;
 Thy self in thy Posterity,
 As thine own Survivor, hug thy Joy;
 He return'd will never lose a Day.
 Above *Learn'd Titles* that has *Shower's* Deserts,
 The *Doctor* lies in Piety and Parts!

The *Comment Preacher*—next my Muse essays,
 'Tis in vain, for Time alone can raise
 Men fit to sing great *Henry's* Praise:
 This I'll say, (for *Broad-oak* knows 'tis true)
 Wholes in others are his Due;
 A *Doctor*, or he will be so.
 Angels come from Heav'n, ('tis my Sense)
 Cou'd not be heard with greater Reverence;
 Pulpits own his Learned Pieces raise,
 Work to trouble Fame, astonish Praise:
 Comments are so full, and yet so trim,
 Praise all Virtues in admiring him:
 More than *Doctor* that is so Divine.

— is Learned, Wise, and Temperate,
 Him the Graces have a Noble Seat;
 He is built like some Imperial Room,
 These to dwell in, and be still at Home.

His excellent *Treatise* entitl'd *Serious Reflections on Time*
 Eternity, is here meant.

This Line owes its Rise to a Report that was spread in London
 Mr. *Showers* was dead; as indeed he was very near it, his
 being despair'd of (at that Time) by his very Physicians.

His

His Breast is a brave Palace, a Broad Street,
 Where all Heroick, Pious Thoughts do meet;
 Where Nature such a large Survey hath ta'en,
 As other Souls, to his, live in a Lane.
 To find a WHIG in ev'ry Grace excel,
 Is rare—— but L—— is that Miracle.
 He is indeed that *Good Samaritan*,
 That cloaths the Poor, and heals the wounded Man;
 His Preaching and his Alms do both agree,
 He don't, like *Stiv'ns*, preach up Charity,
 And give as if he wanted your Supply.
 He is—— But he that wou'd this Saint commend,
 Shall find nothing so hard as how to end.
 I'th' first Edition of this Character
 Thus far I went, but I must now retire;
 For L—— is no *Doctor*, nor will be,
 He loves a St——pet more than a Degree:
 For in all Churches will a *FUDAS* creep,
 It is their Trouble, and was my Mistake,
 When I prais'd L—— for honest *Tutchin's* * Sake.

Mauduir's a polish'd *Levite*, and his Name
 Becomes the Wonder and Discourse of Fame;
 Each verdant Laurel, ev'ry Mistle Bough,
 Are strip'd for *Wreaths* t' adorn and load his Brow:
 He is a Scholar of such pious Sense,
 He's surely Doctor when they next commence.
 But shall I praise him? When all Men agree,
 (Except such *Pulpit-Fools* that will not see)
 Who tells his Worth, seems to write Poetry—

Makes *Nature Maps*? since, Learned *FREKE*, in thee
 Sh' has drawn a Living University;
 (*Freke* is all DOCTORS in Epitomy!)
 Or strives she in so small a *Pulpit Piece*,
 To sum the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences*?
 Nature (in *Freke*) does to the World declare,
 No bulky Kite can with the Lark compare;
 For *FREKE* (tho' small) is GREAT in what is rare.
 Nature here shews, how little Matter can
 So truly big (as *FREKE*) a Form contain.
 His Age is blab'd abroad by Silver Hairs,
 FAME ranks him with the grayest *Pulpiteers*,
 But all his Limbs still cry out Want of Years.

* 'Twas the extraordinary Kindness and Compassion L——
 shew'd to Mr. Tutchin in his greatest Distress, that made me
 him so much in the first Edition of this Poem.

A VAST Mind, tho' in a little Cage,
 The Doctor, that does much presage,
 FREKE's great Virtues double twice his Age.
 GREAT a SOUL as his, does fret and fume
 In narrow World, meerly for want of Room;
 Conjunction! for therein FREKE is grown
 The Mole hill, and the Alps in one:
 The same Action we may truly call
 Both Thrift, and a great Prodigal.

3

— I judge, is made of Earth refin'd,
 The gentle Planets shin'd;
 The him who list, he still shall be his Debtor,
 Nor ne'er feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.
 — for Equals he has, that shine and speak,
 Adams, Taylor, and the Learned FREKE,
 Wright, Hughs, Shute, Billingsley and Leak,
 Now are DOCTORS for their Wit and Sense,
 Will be DOCTORS in the Future Tense.

3

With these Dissenting Doctors I might place
 Pious Stretton, Lukin, Mr. Chase,
 Damer, Sprint, Hamilton and Wise,
 Hannot, Gilping, Chandlor, humble Price,
 Nubet, Bellamy and Powel,
 Blackmore, Doolittle and Howel,
 Bowden, Stort, Barret, learned Boyse,
 Burges, Gilson, Benson, Mr. Royce,
 Reynolds, Wilson, Gordon, Whitaker,
 Thompson, Marber, Wilkinson and Burr,
 Hussy, Noble, Seaton, Gledbil,
 Audland, Carstairs and pious Hill,
 Cacor, Moody, Marriat, Rogers, Grew,
 Sheppard, Barnard, Weaver, Mr. Drew,
 Douglass, Barton, Cunningham and Hearle,
 Pope, Mayo, Anderton and Searle;
 And add Baldwin, Petto, Hughs and Tongue,
 Allen, Waters, Gouge and Robinson,
 All are DOCTORS, or they will be soon.
 Tho' GREAT Williams, Oldfield, Calamy,
 Not advanc'd to th' Doctoral Degree?
 Have it but in Name before the rest,
 While I nam'd can stand— A Doctor's Test,
 Will in Time receive their just Advance;
 Tho' not Doctors, they have Doctors Brains.

3

Charity does make a DOCTOR too,
 Was Doctor Forty Years ago.

1

I did before describe his Charity *,
 Where I DISTINGUISH'D Men of DIGNITY.
 I'll add but this, his Love is General ;
 He is not kind to this and that, but all
 His *Light* directs — unto no partial End,
 Like *ANNESLEY* † he's a universal Friend ;
 " Mighty in Works of *Sacred Charity* **,
 " Which none knows better how to guide than he ;
 " For thus he gives, that had he Mines in store,
 " He'd ne'er be rich, while any Man was poor ;
 " A Heart so great, that if he had a Purse,
 " He wou'd supply the Poor o'th' Universe.
 He is a second Doctor *Annesley*
 For Grace and universal Charity,
 ('Tis *Doctor* to resemble such as he.)
 But for the *Tacking Parson*, flye the *K*——
 " For such as these are all the Devil's Slave,
 " And ev'ry Grace but Charity they have :
 This makes 'em rail, and such a shameful Evil,
 That good Men think a railing Saint the Devil.
 But if you wou'd a *real Doctor* be,
 Without a Ramble — for a *Scotch Degree*,
 Keep *Pomfret*, or Fam'd *Annesley* in your Eye,
 And then you'll *Doctors* live, and *Doctors* die.
 Nay, if in GLORY there be Difference,
 You will ev'n there some New DEGREES commence.

Stop here——— tho' others may attract the Sight,
 My Muse does flag, she has too great a Weight,
 Who dares attempt to do so many Right?
 Ah ! cou'd I but compleat so fine a Piece,
 As to PAINT each *Dissenting Doctor's* Phiz,
 I then wou'd boast——— nay, challenge *Rome* and *Greece*

* In my *Project* entitl'd Dignify'd and Distinguish'd, p
 † Dr. Samuel Annesley.

** This was the Character that Mr. Foe gives Dr. Annesley
 his Poem which he calls The Character of Dr. Annesley,
 of Elegy.

PROJECT IX.*

Manthropa Divina— or a General History of the remarkable Conversions which have happened to great Sinners, from the Thief upon the Cross, down to the present Year: Intermix'd with the late Conversions which have been sent to the Author (both by Ministers and private Christians) from divers Parts of the Two Kingdoms— To which is prefix'd an Awakening Letter to the unconverted; in which is inserted many Nice and Curious Questions concerning the Conversion of great Sinners, which were formerly sent to the Athenian Society, and never answer'd before.

be continu'd in every distinct Volume of *Dunton's* Projects, 'till the History of Conversions is completed.

PART I.

AWAKENING LETTER
to the unconverted.

condemned Wretch,

TO be an Instrument of snatching (tho' but) One Soul out of the Jaws of Hell, far exceeds all other Gains. A sincere Christian rejoiceth more in this, if he may gain to Christ a poor Wretch that is contemptible in the Eyes of the World, than if all Treasures of the World were offer'd unto him. He that convert one Sinner from the Error of his Way, shall save a Soul from Death, and shall cover a Multitude of Sins; as the *St. James* saith, *James* 5. 20.

Let

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Let then, O Sinner, this *awakening Council*, be acceptable thee; *break off thy sins by Righteousness, and thine Iniquities by Mercy to the Poor.* O let there (at length) be an heal thy Error. *Naiban* * us'd but one Parable, and *Dau* converted: *Fonas* preach'd but once to *Niniveb*, and the City repented: *Christ* look'd but once on *St. Peter*, and out and wept bitterly.

Then, poor undone Sinner, content not thy self with formal Religion which unregenerated Men have from themselves, instead of sincere Devotion; for, in the Mass of Opinions, most Men have almost lost the Practice of Religion. Destruction and Misery are in thy ways, and the way to such unconverted Wretches as thou art, is sent on purpose to stop thee in thy desperate Course. Who can expect how wonderfully thou shalt for ever triumph in the Rich Free-Grace, if the Spirit of God open thine Eyes, who hastening on blindfold to the Damned, with a Lye in thy hand? I shall in this Letter, endeavour to shew thee Abominations, and the Misery of thine Estate; for I see they are great Sinners, but are not convinc'd of it because they believe not in Christ, and that they are uncondemn'd Sinners. Thou art a dying Man or Woman, and it may be hast but a few Sands in thy Glass run out, and then where wilt thou appear? Refuse not pardon, now freely tender'd to thee, without Money or price; slight not the Blood of Christ, tread not under foot the Word of God, for then there remaineth no more Sacrifice for thy Sins; quench not the Spirit's Motions, for the Day is at Hand, when it will strive no more with thee for Victory. *Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light,* Eph. 5. 14.

I. *Reflect upon thy heinous Sins* — thy Heart is most desperately Wicked; from hence proceed all thine evil Thoughts, thy Adulteries, thy Fornications, thy Murders, thy Covetousness, thy Wickedness, thy Deceit, thy Cruelty, thy Envy, thy Jealousy, thy Blasphemy, thy Pride; they will fill thee, Mark 7. 21, &c.

Because of these things the wrath of God is coming upon you, Eph. 6. Deceive not thine Immortal Soul, thou who committest such things, shalt not inherit the kingdom of God, 1 Cor. 6. 10. Which of God's righteous Laws hast thou not broken? *God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions. Every imagination of the thoughts of thine heart, is only evil continually,* Gen. 6. 5. Thy carnal Mind is at Enmity with God, whilst thou art in the Flesh, thou canst not please him, there is no fear of God before thine Eyes. Is it not so?

* 2 Sam. 12. 13. Job. 3. 5. Luke 22. 62.

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of Mercy, that God shou'd not consume thee in a Moment, for thy gross Ignorance, and Sloth, and Stupidity, thy Filthiness of Heart, and Unbelief, and for thy *secret Abominations*. Are not thy Sins exceedingly aggravated? Are any like thine? Have not God's Servants labour'd and spent themselves in vain for thy Soul? Surely thou art falling into the Hands of the living God, and may'ft well be a Terror to thyself! I wonder not if thou fearest lest thy Sins shall never be forgiven.

Reflect upon thy present dreadful Estate.

Thou art condemn'd already; because thou believest John 3. 18. Thou art repriev'd a little only from Execution, thro' the wonderful Patience of God; thou shalt not live, but the Wrath of God abideth on thee! Is this a time to rest in thus securely one Moment longer? Give thy conscience leave to speak.

Thou hast no Hopes; if thy Breath was but stop'd, thy life is desperate. Thou say'ft — I hope to be sav'd by Christ, but the Lord saith, *The Hypocrites hope shall be cut off; for what is his hope when God shall destroy his Soul*, Job 27. 8. *The way of peace thou hast not known; thou art without Christ, a stranger to the promises, without God and without God in the world*, Eph. 2. 12.

Thou art near Destruction, and ought'st to be under the continual Expectation of inevitable Misery coming upon thee. Thou art over the Flames of Hell only by the Thread of thy life; if it were cut, thou woud'ft sink down presently into endless Misery: When thou liest down to sleep, who knows thou may'ft awake with Flames about thine Ears? When Night comes, thou may'ft say with an aking Heart, now Damnation nearer than it was in the Morning. Thou hast been often reprov'd, and still harden'ft thy Neck, and suddenly be destroy'd, and that without Remedy, *Prov.* 1. 26. That Word may well terrifie thee every Night, *Thou art a Vessel of Wrath, this night shall thy Soul be required of thee*, Luke 12. 20.

Thou knowest not how soon God may, if he hath not already, clap'd a secret Curse upon thee, and sworn in his wrath, that thou shalt not enter into his rest, Heb. 3. 11. Thou art joyn'd to thine Idols, thou hast Cause to fear God hath said, let him alone, *He that is filthy, let him be filthy still: Thou shalt sleep a perpetual sleep, and not awake*, Isa. 27. In thy Filthiness is Lewdness, because I have purged thee and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy iniquities any more, 'till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee, Ezek. 24. 13.

Thou may'ft be repriev'd from Hell for a further Aggravation of thy Sins, 'till thou hast fill'd up the measure of thy iniquities. O fearful Estate! for a Man to live only

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to heap up Fuel for his own everlasting Burnings, even *treasures of wrath for the last day*, James 5. 3.

VI. The Reason why God doth not strike thee dead in Sins may be, because thou art reserv'd for greater Torments that Wrath may come upon thee to the uttermost. God can easily crush such a crawling Viper as thou art to pieces in a Moment, but *he reserveth the wicked unto the day of destruction*; they shall be brought forth to the day of wrath, Job 21. 30. To this end and Purpose may 'st thou be rais'd up, that God may shew his Wrath, and make his Power known; and therefore endures much long-suffering the Vessel of Wrath fitted for Destruction.

3. Consider thine Enemies.

1. The Law curseth thee; for it is written, *Cursed is he that continueth not in all things that are written in the Book of the Law to do them*; it tells thee, *thou shalt surely die*, Gal. 3. 10. *Ezek. 33. 8. The Lord will rain snares upon thee, in the fulness of thy sufficiency thou shalt be in straits*, Job 20. 22. All thy joyments are curst to thee; read *Deut. 28*. Tremble, thou secure Sinner, for God is coming in the Fire of his Jealousy to smite the Earth with a Curse: The wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all Ungodliness and Unrighteousness of Men, who hold the Truth in Unrighteousness.

2. Death and Hell wait for thee; the whole Creation burthen'd with such a Cumber-ground; the Sun to shine on such a Dunghill! and shortly *the Heavens will reveal thy secret iniquities, and the Earth will rise up against thee*: This is thy Portion from God, and the Heritage appointed unto thee by *Job 20. 27, 29*. Now consider this, thou that forgettest God, lest he tear thee in pieces, and *there be none to deliver*, Psal. 40.

3. The Devil roars like a Lyon for his prey to devour thee; he accuseth thee before God, thou hast none to plead thy Cause in Heaven. Consider with thy self, *what shall I do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from far*? 10. *shall I flee for help, or where shall I leave my glory*? Isa. 10.

4. God is thy deadly Enemy; the Face of the Lord is against thee: *Can thy heart endure, or thy hands be strong, in the day when God shall deal with thee*? Ezek. 22. 14. *Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide the fierceness of his anger*, Nah. 1.

4. Consider thy future Misery.

1. Thou must shortly die, and then thy Time and Day of Grace shall be no more. Thou shalt no more find then what thy heart lusteth after, *Apocal. 18. 4*.

2. Christ will come with ten thousands of his Saints to convince the wicked who wilt not now be awaken'd. The Power and Coming of the Jesus in the Clouds will be most dreadful, when he shall come with his own and in his Father's Glory. *The last Trumpet shall sound, and the Graves be open'd, and the Sea, and Death, and Hell, shall give up the dead*: Then will Christ bring forth his Enemies, which would

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That he should Reign over them: Then wilt thou cry to the Rocks and Mountains, fall on me and bide me from the face of him that sitteth on the Throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great Day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand? Then every faithful Sermon and Reproof will rise up in Judgment against thee, and condemn thee. Thou wilt not agree with thine Adversary quickly, before he deliver thee to the Judge, Mat. 5. 25. Thou wilt not hear the loving Voice of Christ, which calleth thee; for all things are now ready, Luke 14. 17. but thou must hear that Voice by constraint, *Arise ye dead, and come to judgment.* It would be thy great Mercy, if the Fore-thoughts of the Terror of that Day might seize upon thy senseless Conscience wherever thou goest. Thy Judge stands at the Door, and the Coming of the Lord draws nigh: Awake therefore thou that sleepest, and prepare to meet the Lord in the Air; Jesus Christ himself will pronounce that dreadful Sentence against thee, *Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* What doleful Out-cries will condemn'd Souls express for Mercy, or for a Reprieve then, that thou hate to be Reform'd, and Blaspheme the Spirit of Christ! Thus I have told thee, in the most awakening manner I could, what a miserable Wretch thou art, whilst thou liv'st in an unconverted State. If this plain Letter has so far AWAKEN'D thee, as to make thee enquire what a true Convert is,

Answer——— A Convert is one that wholly forsakes the Devil's Service, repents of all he has said or done amiss, and resolves (were't possible) to sin no more. So that the Effects of a Man's Conversion, are, (1.) A true and ardent Love of God and our Neighbour. (2.) An earnest Desire to obey God, according to all his Commandments, without Exception. (3.) All good Works, even our whole new Obedience. (4.) A Desire of Converting others, and recalling them into the Kingdom of Salvation. In a Word, the Fruits of true Conversion and Repentance, are all the Duties of Piety towards God, and Charity towards our Neighbour.

That you see, Reader, the true Convert is one that is not quickly made, nor easily understood; he is a PHÆTOX, and like that Arabian Wonder, he by Accident is born, and lives in many Weeks; or at least he is a great RARITY, amongst Sinners, Hypocrites, Drunkards, and Whoremasters.

That whoever becomes a sincere Convert, deserves a Place in this General History of strange Conversions; which will commence from the remarkable Conversion of the Thief on the Cross, and to be continu'd down to this present Year. This Revival of so many Wonders of Free Grace, is a Work never before attempted; but in hopes to awaken some sleeping Sinners, (by shewing what notorious Sinners have been converted) I hope to complete this *General History of*

strange Conversions, by publishing of it in Parts in *Dunton's Athenism*, till the whole History is compleated; and I hope every good Man, but more especially every converted Sinner, will give me all the Assistance he possibly can: But pray Reader (and if thou art converted in earnest, thou wilt not dare to impute a Lye on the World) be very particular in relating the Circumstances and Manner of what CONVERSIONS you send; nothing shall be inserted in this Work but what is well attested for Religion does not stand in any need of a Lye to support its Credit. And as I shan't attempt to AWAKEN any unconverted Person to a Sense of his Sin, by amusing of him with false Narratives, so I resolve to insert no converted Sinners in this History, but what is really (and REMARKABLY) so.

Thus, unconverted Sinner, I have briefly answer'd thy Question — *What a true Convert is?* That is (to repeat it in the Words) *He's a Rarity*. I have also inform'd thee what the true Relations thou may'st always expect in my *General History of strange Conversions*: But seeing Conviction goes before Conversion, if you further ask me (for I have said you in P. 111. I wou'd *Athenianize* all my Projects, by answering whatever nice and curious Questions shou'd occur in this Work) what is *Conviction of Sin*? — I answer — *Conviction* is one of the Depths of God: As there is an external legal Conviction in the Court of Man, so there is an internal and effectual Conviction in the Court of Conscience. Tho' there be many Convictions without Conversion, there are no Conversions without Conviction. Where is the Christian whose Experience tells him not, that Conviction is a wise forerunner to Conversion? There are Three great Convictions mention'd in the sacred Scripture, *Conscience*, *Christ*, the *Spirit*.

CONSCIENCE — Thus, (*John 8. 9.*) *And they which were blind, being convicted by their own Conscience, &c.* The Greek word signifies Conviction by Argument, the Refutation of an Opinion that Men before had imbib'd and espous'd. Christ made their Consciences their Convincers: Their Consciences told them that they were guilty, if not of that Sin, of other Sins as bad as that.

CHRIST — Thus, (*Jude v. 15.*) *To convince all that are godly amongst them,* — The great Day will not only be a Day of Execution, but also of Conviction.

The SPIRIT — Thus, (*John 16. 8.*) *And when he is come, he shall reprove (convince, so the Greek) the World of Sin.* To reprove, is only to discover a fault; to convince, is to take away all Reasons that can be alledg'd for it. The Convictions of the Spirit are never single; as the Voice of the Spirit is to cry Sin, Sin, so the Voice of the Spirit is to cry Grace. As there is a Conviction of Sin which is Rational, when a man's Reason is non-plust, and he cannot deny

Truth of it; so there is a Conviction of Sin which is Spiritual, when a Man's Heart stoops under it, and he takes the same to himself. Conviction is a manifest and infallible Demonstration, which takes away all the Cavils of the Soul, when a Thing is shew'd to be impossibly otherwise than it is represented: But yet the Mind may be thoroughly convinc'd, and yet the Man not truly converted; to convert a Sinner is a greater Work, than to work Wonders in Nature. Tho' God loveth Converts never the worse for being great Sinners before they were converted, yet they thou'd loath themselves much the more; for there is an indispenible Necessity of Conversion; for St. Matthew says, *If ye be not converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*. So the Greek. There must be Conversion, if ye be not converted. The Arminian faith, put all the Operation of Grace that need to be put, into one Ballance, a Man's FREE-WILL (ballanc'd against it) will weigh it down, will turn the scales, and determine the Case, whether a Man shall be converted or no, shall accept of Grace or no. Now by this heretodox Opinion it will follow, that not God by his FREE-GRACE, but Man by his FREE WILL, is the efficient Cause of his Conversion. 'Tis true, the Soul worketh in the very moment of Conversion. Thus the Jaylor — *Sirs, what shall I do to be sav'd?* Acts 16. 29, 30. And thus St. Paul — *Lord what wilt thou have me to do?* Acts 9. 6. I thought I had done well before, and cou'd have said to any Opponent, what evil have I done? But I am of another Mind now, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* Saul was now in FIERI, in making; and respects the Beatings of his Pulse, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* I have been doing the Will of Satan, but now I wou'd do the Will of God: I have been doing without thee, and without thee, but now I wou'd be doing from thee, and for thee. *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* So Lydia, (Acts 16. 14) *whose heart the Lord opened* — there was Christ's Work. When she attended to the things which were spoken of Paul — there was her Work. Paul was a curious Preacher, but he did not open her Heart. A Paul may preach to the Ears, but Christ must preach to the Heart, or the Sinner will be still unconverted; *whose heart the Lord open'd*. The Metaphor is taken from opening a Door or Lock; the Opener is he who hath the Key of David, (Isa. 62. 7.) opening, and no man shutting, shutting, and no man opening. The Babes of Grace act in the very Birth; yet know, that (in the Order of Nature) the Work of God is before the Work of the Soul, and the Work of the Soul dependeth upon the Work of God. No Preparation is antecedaneous as to God; but the preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the

Ἐὰν μὴ ὁ μὴ ᾖ ἑαυτῷ.

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Tongue is from the Lord, Prov. 16. 1. Believe it, Conversion without the Sphere of our Activity : He that is a Barnabai (the Son of Conversion, as the Word signifieth) is so by the God of Grace ; nothing below Almightyness of Power can effect the Conversion of the Soul. Shou'd Jehovah say to the Angels in Heaven, there is such a Person, in such a Country, and in such a City, who is a great Sinner : His Element is Sin, and he is out of his Element when he is not adding Sin to Sin : The poor Man stands as it were upon the Confines of Eternity, and as it were upon the Battlements of Hell ; there is but a Step as it were between him and Damnation ; but such are the expatiated Bowels of Benignity in me, that I had much rather he shou'd be convinc'd, than confounded ; that he shou'd be converted, than consum'd ; that he shou'd be sav'd, than damn'd ; that he shou'd go to Heaven, than to Hell. Go ye all therefore, and lay Siege to his Soul, prove your Utmost to give him a seasonable and suitable Check ; give him a timely and a true Turn out of the Way of Sin, into the Way of Grace ; that he may happily escape the Wrath to come, and not perish for an Eternity. All the Angels (more than probably) upon the Command of the Being of Beings wou'd go ; for, they are all ministring Spirits (Heb. 1. 14.) sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation ; and wou'd improve their utmost Power and Precedence, in order to the Conversion of this great Sinner ; returning, must give this Answer unto that God, who is the Beams of Glory, as well as Bowels of Mercy ; and who is infinite in Power, as well as in Pity. "Greatest God, we went to find the Place, and found the Person ; one Hyperbolically sinful ; sinful beyond Wonder : We did set before him the Way of Life, and the Way of Death ; the Way of Deliverance, and the Way of Destruction : We presented him with Precepts and Presidents ; with Promises and Threats : We did set before him Misery and Mercy ; we did show him the Torments of Hell, and of the Triumphs of Heaven : But we could not find him, so we left him ; nothing that we said or did, was effectual upon him : So that he is yet unconvinc'd of his Sin and Danger. Father of Mercies, we could not turn him from darkness to light, (Acts 26. 18.) and from the power of Satan unto God. We did what we could, but we could not take the Citadel, and cause him to launch forth into this great Way of CONVERSION. Lord, if thou layest not Siege to his Soul thy self, and (consequently) make it a Captive to thy Grace, the Man must dwell with devouring Fire, and with lasting Burnings, notwithstanding all that we have said or done. It is not the Word which Man speaketh, nor Man which telleth the Word, but GOD (by his Spirit) who converteth the Soul. Hath Man (before Conversion) a Liberty of Will, that which is spiritually good ? Is not Man (before Conversion)

merely passive? Yea, and (after Conversion) are not the Cedars in Lebanon, as well as the Shrubs in the Valley, like a Coach-wheel, that runs not unless it be drawn? Can MAN (from himself) any more prepare himself for his own Converting, than Stone can prepare it self to its own Softning? Is not Conversion then one of the Depths of God? Tho' the Ways of God in Conversion be various, his Spirit working when, where, and how it pleaseth; and tho' the Variety of his Ways (in this visible Work) doth transcend the Apprehensions of Men, if not of Angels; yet there is an undeniable Necessity of it. Thus, (Acts 3. 19.) *Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, &c.* Here is Remission, but it follows Conversion. Is it not a Metaphor taken from a munificent Creator, who (remitting a Debt) presently blots it out of his Book of Accounts, as if he had receiv'd it. So that to be really converted, is to be first convinc'd of our State by Nature, and next to be graciously turn'd out of the Way of Sin, into the Way of Grace; out of the Way of Darknes, into the Way of Light; out of the Way of Hell, into the Way of Heaven.

Thus (poor unconverted Soul) I have largely, and (I hope) satisfactorily answer'd Two of thy nice Questions; viz. 1. *Who is the true Convert*— and— 2. *What Conviction for Sin is.*

If you further ask me, *What is the infallible Evidence of a Sinner's Conversion?*

I answer, The only infallible Evidence of a Sinner's Conversion, is when he hath chang'd his first Principles, and his first Ends; which is so absolutely necessary to our Eternal Happiness, that the main End of the Gospel's Ministry, is to open Men's Eyes, and to turn them from Darknes to Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God.

If you further ask me, *What are the real Parts of Conversion, some learned Men having asserted that Contrition and Faith are the Parts of Conversion?*

I answer, The Parts of Conversion are in Number two, as the Apostle sheweth: The *mortifying of the Old Man*, and the *quickning of the New Man*. So speak we better with the Apostle, than if we shou'd follow them, who make *Contrition and Faith* the Parts of Conversion. Now by *Contrition* they understand also *Mortification*: By *Faith* they understand the *which followeth the Study of Righteousness and new Obedience*, which are indeed Effects of Faith, but not Faith it self; and *Contrition* goeth before Conversion; neither is it Conversion it self, nor any Part thereof, but only a preparing of Men unto Conversion; and that in the Elect only, not in others: And this is the Reason why they begin the preaching of Repentance from the Law, and then come unto the Gospel, and so come back again unto the Law. However, this I assert

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(and will defend it against all that are of a contrary Opinion that there are only two Parts in the Work of Grace, or Conversion. 1. The one is *quâ regeneramur*, by which we are gotten. 2. The other is *quâ renascimur*, by which we are born again. The one is God's Act purely, the other implies the Manifestation of Life in our selves: A Distinction so nice and curious, that 'twill serve to clear some Controversy in Religion.

If you further ask me— (for the Conversion of a Sinner such a strange and miraculous Work, as to deserve many Questions) *Whether the Word of God is the Instrument of our Conversion, by being made Prolifical and Generative by the Spirit?*

Answer— The Father is the Original Cause of our Conversion; the Son is the meritorious and effective; and the Holy Ghost consummates and applies it, thro' Faith wrought and increas'd in us by the Word and Sacraments*. So here is God the Father's Will, God the Son's Merit, and the Spirit's Efficacy, by his overshadowing the Soul in a NEW CREATURE, hatch'd and brought forth. When Donatists upbraided St. Austin with the Impurity of his former Life, he answer'd, "*How much more they blame my former Fault, by so much the more I praise and commend my Physician.*"

If you further ask me, *Whether Man's Conversion be perfect in this Life?*

I answer— Our Conversion unto God is never perfect and accomplish'd in this Life, but is here in perpetual Motion until it attain unto Perfection in the Life to come. *We know part.* Hereunto bear Witness all the Complaints and Prayers of the Saints: *Cleanse thou me from my secret faults. O wretched creature I am, who shall deliver me? &c. Forgive us our trespasses.* Exhortations also of the Prophets and Apostles, that the converted should yet be more converted, confirm this Position: *He that is righteous, let him be righteous still†.* We may thus make evident Demonstration hereof. *Neither the Mortification of the Flesh, nor the Quickening of the Spirit is absolute and perfect in the Saints in this Life: Therefore Man's whole Conversion cannot be absolute and perfect.* Concerning the Imperfection of Man in the Mortification of the Flesh, there can be no Question or Doubt thereof, it is apparent; because the Saints of God do not only continue to wrestle with the Concupiscence of the Flesh, but oftentimes yield and give over in the Conflict: Oftentimes they sin, slip, and displease God; tho' they defend not their Sins, detest, bewail, and study and endeavour more and more to shun and avoid them. Touching Man's Imperfection in the Quickening of the Spirit, the same Combate giveth Testimony.

* Jam. 1. 18. 1 Pet. 1. 3. Tit. 3. 5, 6.

† Rev. 22. 11.

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truly, since our Knowledge is but in part only, the re-
g of our Will and Heart is even such; for our Will
is our Knowledge.

you further ask me, *In what the Conversion of the godly
is from the Repentance of the wicked,*

Answer, The Name of Repentance is attributed as well to
the godly, because they both agree in some
things; to wit, in the Knowledge of Sin, and the Grief for
it in the rest there is great Difference.

In the impulsive Cause of Repentance, which is Grief—
The wicked are griev'd only for the Punishment and Torment
they receive, not for that they offend and displease God. So was
David griev'd only in respect of his Punishment: *My iniquity
is, the Punishment of mine Iniquity) is greater than I can
bear. Behold, thou hast cast me out this day from the earth.* Now
the godly hate indeed the Punishment, but they are griev'd
chiefly for that God is offended, and for their Sin. So David;
*Against thee, against thee only have I sinned: my sin is ever before
thee. The good hate to sin, for the Love they bear to Virtue;
the wicked, for the Fear they stand in of Punishment. So in
David was a Sorrow and Grief, for that he had offended God:
not for his Torment ensuing, not for the Sin it self.*

In the Cause— which breedeth Repentance in both.
The wicked repent, by reason of a Despair, Distrust, and
Faintness; so that they run more and more into Desperation,
Curse, and Hatred against God. But the godly repent,
by reason of Faith, and a Confidence which they have of the
Mercy of God, and Reconciliation thro' Christ.

In the Form— and Manner of their Repentance: For
the Repentance of the godly is a returning unto God from the
world, from their Sins, and from their old Nature; because
they do not only grieve, but also comfort and erect themselves
by Confidence in the Mediator; they trust in God, and
rely on him, and relie on him with David: *Purge me with
hyssop, and I shall be clean.* The Repentance of the wicked is a
falling from God unto the Devil, a Hatred of God, a
flight from him, and a murmuring or repining against him,
the Beginning of Desperation.

In the Effect— which their Repentance worketh in them.
The wicked new Obedience doth not follow Repentance; but
they go forward in their Sins, and return to their Vomit, tho'
they counterfeit Repentance for a Time, as *Achab* did. They
justify'd indeed themselves, and quite destroy'd: But the
Corruption of their Nature, that is, Sin, is not crucify'd
in them; and how much the more they give themselves to Re-
pentance, so much the more is in them a Hatred of God, mur-
muring, flying, and turning away from God, and an approach-
ing unto the Devil: But in the godly new Obedience followeth
and

and accompanieth Repentance; and how much the more repent, so much the more dieth the old Man in the Study and Desire of Righteousness, and living we them so much the more encreas'd.

If you further ask me, *What is the Change that is wrought in a converted Sinner, seeing St. John tells us, John 3. 3, 5, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God—That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit:* So that it is clear hence, the fountain of blessed Immortality is the new Birth (the Sinner's Conversion to God) which is the unmaking of the old Man, and the making of him up again. So that, according to St. Paul (says the humble Penitent) if ever I enter into the kingdom of God, the whole frame of my old corrupt Conversation is to be dissolved, that a better may be erected; which (says the awakened Sinner) is such a strange and miraculous Change that I cannot understand, and wou'd therefore know, *what the Change is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion?*

To this I answer — It must be own'd, that not only converted Sinners themselves, but all that behold them, are struck with the Change that is wrought in them. 'Twas a Change that Satan motion'd to our Saviour, of turning him into Bread; but nothing so strange as the Work of Conversion and Renovation, a turning of stony Hearts into Hearts of flesh. But to tell the Sinner what that Change is that is wrought in his Heart at his Conversion, is a difficult thing: He poor convinc'd Sinner, (for I won't any more call the unconverted, as thy Question now shews thou art weary of the old Master the Devil) to encourage thee to enter on the new Life, I'll give thee the best Account I can of the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion; and the Change I take to be this, *viz.* Every Man by his first Birth is dead in Sin; but by his New Birth there is such a miraculous Change wrought in him, that he becometh alive to God. As the Father said of the Prodigal, *This my Son was dead, but is alive.* And surely what Difference was between Lazarus lying dead in the Grave, and Lazarus's standing alive on his Feet; the same Difference is between a Natural and a Regenerate Man. Yea, look what Alteration there is in the Earth, by the arising of the Sun; the like is in the Soul, by the Infusion of Holiness. So that the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion, can be no less than a new Creation; for the Regenerate Man's Actions are as contrary to the old Man that he did before, as Fire and Water: Being now changed, it may be said of him, as it was once of Troy being taken, *Toilamis Troja perlucet Novis*; every Act, Word, and Thought are all chang'd; every Chamber made new and swept

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the Object of the converted Sinner. So that (as 'tis Question) the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion, must needs be a strange and miraculous Change. In this great Work of Conversion, the Substance of Nature is the same, but all the Qualities and Operations are changed; for the Change that is wrought in a Sinner at his Conversion, is this; In Regeneration (or a sound Conversion) our Natures are translated, not destroy'd, (no not our Constitution and Complexion); for the melancholy Man doth not become so after Conversion, only the Humour is sanctified, a Fitness for godly Sorrow, holy Meditation, &c. and the other Qualities. So that, convinc'd Sinner, (for so I may now call thee) I think 'tis plain, that the Divine Necessity of that great Change that is wrought in Conversion, is Motive enough to thee to labour for it, so thy present Conviction may end in a sound Conversion; for without this happy Change, or Conversion, Heaven will be too hot a Place to hold us: But the Change wrought in us by a sound Conversion, is not only great, but will be glorious **HEREAFTER**; for St. John tells us, *what we shall be, but we know that when we appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is,* 1. And St. Paul adds, *The Lord Jesus shall change our Body, that it may be fashioned according to his glorious Body,* 21.

Let us set the Change that is wrought at a Sinner's Conversion in the best Light I cou'd, but when thou art converted in, thou wilt find the Change that is then wrought, is much more felt than express'd. The convinc'd Sinner shou'd further ask me, *Whether may the Strength of Grace consist with the Want of those strong Affections Christians have found in their first Conversion?*

Answer hereunto these Three Things are to be considered.

1. When a Man may be said to lose his first Affections.

2. In what Cases a strong Christian may be said to lose strong Affections.

3. Whence it is that they which have strong Grace, yet want such strong Affections as they had at their first Conversion.

In the First, Affections are fitly compar'd to the pulses of the Heart, by which Judgment may be given of the State and Temper of the Soul; and that we may know when our Affections beat low, and are decay'd, we may judge thereof by the Signs.

When we have not such quick Desires after Duties. Commonly a Christian, at his first Conversion, is so earnest and eager

eager after holy Duties, that he will scarce allow himself for the Duties of his particular Calling; yea, many of them tire themselves in Hearing, Reading, Meditating. But afterwards this Heat abates, and they pray less, meditate less, &c. which usually proceeds from their Multitude of Worldly Occasions.

2. Affections may be judg'd to be decay'd, when those Soul-ravishing Joys which formerly they have had, which being abated, their Affections also are abated.

3. Affections are decay'd, when sensible profiting by Ordinances is abated. Indeed a Man may profit by Ordinances and yet not be sensible of his profiting; he may grow Root in Solidity of Grace, tho' it may not shoot up in Blossom of Affections.

If you further ask me, *Whence is it that they that have of Grace, may yet want those strong Affections which they had at their first Conversion?*

I answer; *First*, Because at their first Conversion Grace particularly employ'd, which afterwards is more diffusively generally employ'd. When much Water runs in one channel, it makes the Stream to run the stronger, but when there are many Rivulets cut out, tho' there be as much Water, yet there is not the same Strength of the Stream. It is at our first Conversion; then all our Affections run up but one Stream, and therefore seem'd the stronger. A new Convert hath not so many Duties to perform as a grown Christian, because he doth not know so many Duties. He may be at first all his Affections run out to Pray, to Read; and whilst all the Affections run in this one channel, they seem to be very strong, whereas a grown Christian, besides these, many particular Duties of his Family and Relations to follow, and therefore it's no wonder his Affections seem weaker.

Secondly, This is from the Newness of the Condition. Naturally we are much affected with new Things; as a Prisoner that hath been many Years in a dark Dungeon, when suddenly brought into the Light, is much affected with it. This is the State of our Souls at our first Conversion, then brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, 1 Pet. 2. 9. By the Grace of Conversion brings us out of darkness into his marvelous light; and because this is so marvelous, therefore it does so much affect. Our Conversion is very great, we become new Men, and are so affected therewith, that we are (as it were) affected therewith; yet in this Case we must distinguish between Affections and transient Passions, which wear off presently and vanish suddenly. The Affections of some Christians, especially of young ones, are like Colours which

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...they will soon fade. It is with a new Convert
...a Man going to Execution; whilst he is upon the
...a Pardon is unexpectedly brought, how will he be
...ted with Joy? He will even leap for Joy; yet after-
...this Torrent of his Joy may be abated, tho' his Life
...hear to him as ever: So when a Soul hath been brought
...Law, to a Sight of its lost Condition, when the Gospel
...ins a Pardon, and the Spirit of God hath set on the
...of that Pardon upon the Heart, *Oh what Ravishments*
...Soul for the present! which perhaps he shall not long
...the Violence of his Joy is abated, but the Solidity of
...ains.

Third Reason may be taken from God's Indulgence to
...Converts, who usually gives in Comfort according to
...Necessities of his People; it's with God our heavenly
...as it's with natural Parents, they are most tender
...their new-born Children. The Father of the Prodigal
...not only receive him mercifully, but bountifully too; he
...him more than was of Necessity, he gave him not only
...but a Ring; not only Cloaths, but the best Robe;
...ly Bread, but the fatted Calf, and Musick at this Feast;
...all this was for his newly Converted and Repenting Son;
...not entertain him so every Day. At our first Conversion
...expresses much Bounty and Indulgence to us, and af-
...s, tho' we have the same Love from God, and the
...Love to God, yet the Expressions may not be the same
...as formerly they were.

you further ask me, *If once we be converted, what need*
we so oft?

Answer, First, Neglect of God's Word is a manifest Sign
...we are not truly Converted, *John* 8. 47. and 10. 3, 4.
...They which have Grace cannot but be ravish'd with the
...ency of the Word.

Secondly, The Word is the Food of our Souls, whereby
...nourish'd, and the Graces of God's Spirit strengthen'd
...and the Want of it is a great Judgment, *Amos* 8. 11,

Thirdly, Tho' we have attain'd to Knowledge enough, yet
...hear, to quicken us to Practice, to reform our Af-
...s, to nourish our Graces, yea, it's profitable, *to teach to*
...e, &c. *that the man of God may be perfect*, &c. *2 Tim.* 3.
...*1 Cor.* 14. 3. Therefore, with David, we should desire
...in the house of God, *Psal.* 27. 4.

you further ask me, *But may not true sanctifying and saving*
grace, in the Regenerate, be utterly kill'd, or at least for a Time
lost?

Ans.

Answ. First, As some seeming Graces in the Unregenerate be quite lost, so true Grace in the Faithful may be seemingly lost, but not quite; for *Matth. 25. 29. To him that hath given, and he shall have abundance.* So *Joh. 15. 2. Every in me that beareth fruit, shall be purged, &c.* Yet may seemingly lose those Graces which they keep in Truth for Example, they may seemingly lose their saving KNOWLEDGE, when, thro' the Relicks of Ignorance, they fall into gross Errors, Heresies, or Schisms. They may seemingly lose FAITH, when, being violently assaulted by Temptations, receives some grievous Foils, and lies cover'd under Iniquity, as Fire under Ashes, or the Sun under a Cloud. They seem to lose REPENTANCE, when they are overtaken by their old Sins, especially when after they are cleansed relapse into gross Sins, not only thro' Ignorance, but willfully, against Knowledge and Conscience, &c. Yet these Graces are not lost, but only hid and cover'd for a Time.

Secondly, Other Graces which spring from those which are Fundamental, and absolutely necessary to the being of a Christian, may for a Time be lost, as full Assurance, Peace of Conscience, Zeal of God's Glory, the Sense and Feeling of his Joy in the Holy Ghost, &c. which tend to the well-being of the Christian, may, in respect of present Apprehension, not be much dull'd, but quite extinguish'd; as we see in those who thought God his Enemy. So *David* complains, *Psal. 1. and 51. 8, 10, 11, 12. and 88.* And it cannot be otherwise, when our Graces so dreadfully decline, and there is so woful an Intermision of the exercise of 'em. 'Tis no Wonder that in that Case there is almost a total Extinction of all holy Joy; and our Comforts are eclips'd, as our Graces are darken'd. How shou'd the holy Spirit witness our Adoption, when the Characters of the *Children of God* are so little discernible in us, and we act so unsuitably to our Relation to him? How shou'd he ravish us with the Prospect of our Heavenly Inheritance, when we have contracted so wretched and unsuitableness and Indisposition in our Temper to it? and have done so much to blot all our Evidences for it? Nay, we may sin our selves into so disconsolate Darkness, that we have all Rays of Divine Favour intercepted: We may be reduc'd to fearful Perplexities about our own State, so that will cost us deep Agonies and Conflicts, the Torments of broken or disjointed Bones, the restless Pain and Smart of a wounded Spirit: Yet in these Intermissions, the true Christian has restless Longings after the Sense and Feeling of renew'd Grace, and shews as much Fervency of Affection, and Entireness of Love towards them, by his bitter Mourning for their Absence, as he formerly did in his Joy and Rejoycing in their presence.

But did not David lose Degrees of his Grace, when he committed Adultery and Murder? and Peter, when he deny'd his Lord?

There was a Decay, yea an utter Surceasing of them in Time, 'till they were renew'd by Repentance; yet not the Habits and Essence of their Graces, but only in their Operations; as the Sun ever shines in its full Brightness, tho' hid from our Sight: Yet we must not ascribe this Perishing of their Graces, to any Property or Excellency which Children have in themselves, as if by their own Strength they could withstand all Tentations; but it is to be ascrib'd to the Weakness and Promises of God, to our Union with Christ, from whom we receive spiritual Nourishment, and to the contrarious Assistance of our good God, who supports us against all the Powers of Hell.

But by this Doctrine many will take Occasion to become careless and secure.

So is the Doctrine of Justification thro' God's Free Mercy by Faith obey'd, yea God's Mercy, Redemption by Blood, and all the Promises of the Gospel: For where the Gospel is taught, *Rom. 3. 7, 8. and 6. 1. Where sin abounds, grace may much more;* some were ready to say, *Let us then sin, that grace may abound.* But it's not possible that any sound Christian who hath these Graces shou'd abuse what hath been said to his Ruin and Security: For tho' they cannot lose their Graces, yet they may lose Peace, Comfort, Joy, &c. which is the very Life of their Lives, in which State they are full of Joy, and before they can purchase their former Peace, they must pass thro' the Purgatory of Repentance, send out deep and bitter Groans, &c. which will make them more miserable after, even as long as they live, *Phil. 2. 13.*

You further ask me the Meaning of that Text, [*The publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you.*]

By what Means the Publicans and Harlots were converted, our Saviour expresseth in the next Words, namely, by the Preaching of St. John; but the Scribes and Pharisees were not brought unto the Fold of Christ thereby: Whence we may

infer that the Preaching of the Gospel brings great Sinners sooner home, than those who are less, especially that applaud themselves in a Shew of Piety. Or, great Sinners often submit themselves unto the Gospel, before lesser Sinners stand out. Here Publicans and Harlots are brought to the Faith and Obedience of the Gospel, than the Scribes and Pharisees; who glory'd in an external Form of Piety.

Q. 1. How doth the Truth hereof appear?

A. 1. First, thus; In great Sinners there is a better Step to work upon, than in lesser.

For

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For the understanding hereof observe, That there are Things belonging unto Conversion, viz.

I. The LAW, which lets us see our Sins : And this is sooner wrought in great Sinners, and longer a working such lesser : For the Law sooner convinceth a gross Offender of the Breach thereof, than a proud Pharisaical Sinner.

II. The GOSPEL, which doth allure us to lay hold of Mercy offer'd therein. Now this is sooner receiv'd of him that is wounded with his Sins, than of him who is not sensible of Sin.

Answ. 2. Secondly, It is evident thus: The lesser Sinner can easily defend and excuse their Sins, whereas the greater quickly confess them; as is seen in the Publicans and Pharisees. *Joh. 9.*

Quest. 2. *Whence comes it, that some are greater Sinners than others? Or, that some are great Sinners, and some small?*

Answ. 1. First, Sometimes this comes from Nature : naturally some are of a fairer Temper than others, and some more vitiously given than are others.

Answ. 2. Secondly, Sometimes this comes from Education : for some are more carefully, some more carnally brought up, and accordingly their outward Life is more fair, or more foul.

Quest. 3. *Can any Man challenge nothing in the Work of his Conversion?*

Answ. No ; as evidently appears thus,

First, There is no Merit in him at all, either of Condition or Congruity.

Secondly, There is no Preparation in us of our selves.

Thirdly, There is no Power in Man to do any good thing as of himself.

Object. *If it be thus, then Man is excusable ; if he can do nothing in the Work of his Conversion, then the Fault is not in him, but he be not converted.*

Answ. 1. First, We once had Power and free Will : whatsoever God shou'd command us, and willingly we obeyed, and therefore we are not excusable.

Answ. 2. Secondly, Altho' we can do nothing of our selves, yet God hath graciously provided a Means sufficient, namely CHRIST ; which Means the Angels had not : And therefore we are not without Fault, if we be not converted.

Answ. 3. Thirdly, God hath given his Gospel unto us, wherein CHRIST is offer'd unto us, and unto all, and hath commanded unto all that will repent, believe, and obey : therefore we cannot be excus'd, if we be not converted.

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4. Fourthly, There is no Man depriv'd of all Means, all Grace; and therefore none are without Blame which are not converted. All Men have some natural Helps which they neglect, for which Neglect they are justly punish'd.

the convinc'd Sinner further ask me, *What Method God takes to change the Heart of the unconverted and obstinate*

answer ——— The Methods which God takes for the Conversion and Conversion of Sinners, are so various, and sometimes so surprizing, that one wou'd wonder what it is that is so potent upon the Minds and Consciences of Men, that it is so effectually prick the Hearts of some, whilst others remain in their old ordinary Temper, unshaken and obstinate, and certainly 'tis somewhat like a Flash of Light'ning, or the Ray of the Divine Power, darted by the Spirit of God into the Souls of Men, an Arrow of the Almighty, a Beam of special Grace, directed to a particular Object, by the Wisdom of Heaven : Of this we have many strange and remarkable Instances.

Philemon (a Servant and Run-a-way) was converted by *St. Paul*, being (as he writes to *Philemon*) begotten by him in his Womb; and for that Reason calls him his Son, and desires *Philemon* to receive him as his own Bowels.

Clemens relates, That *St. John* the Apostle converted a Sinner, by telling him, as yet there was hope of Salvation for him, and that if he wou'd reform his Life, he'd procure for him the Mercy of our Saviour; which (says *Clemens*) he did, and so brought him unto the Church again, from which he had been excommunicat'd.

St. Martin Martyr was converted by beholding the Patience of Christians in their Torments.

St. Augustin was converted by hearing of the Retirement of *St. Anthony* the Hermit; and by once forgetting the Argument upon which he was upon, by his Digression, he converted one *Firmus* a Pagan.

St. Oswald King of *Northumberland* converted a Thousand Persons to the Christian Faith, by interpreting to the Auditory all that *Aidanus* deliver'd in his Sermons: (as *Bishop Spenser* tells us) by the King's Zeal, and his Diligence, in the Space of seven Days, fifteen Thousand Persons were Baptiz'd.

St. Elizabeth converted a Harlot, by desiring her to carry her to some private Place, where none cou'd see their Unbecomings.

St. Paul was converted by hearing of the violent Death of a Friend.

About the Year 1556, in the Town of *Weissenstein* in many, a Few, for Theft that he had committed, was demn'd in this cruel Manner to be executed; — He hang'd by the Feet with his Head downwards, betwixt two which constantly snatch'd and bit at him. The Strangeness of Torment mov'd *Jacobus Andreas* (a grave and learned Div) to go to behold it: Coming thither, he found the Wretch as he hung repeating Verses out of the *Psalms*, wherein he cry'd out to God for Mercy. And hereupon took Occasion to counsel him to trust in *Jesus* the true Saviour of Mankind. The Few embracing the *Christian Faith*, requested but this one thing, — That he might be taken down and be Baptiz'd; tho' presently after he hang'd again, (but by the Neck as Christians Malefactor'd) which was accordingly granted to him *.

St. Alban (whom *Mr. Fox*, in his first Tome, mentions amongst the *Martyrs* who suffer'd for the Name and of *Christ*) having receiv'd a poor persecuted Minister his House, was, by his godly Life and gracious Exhortations wrought upon, that he turn'd from Heathenism to Christianity, and at last suffer'd as a Martyr for the True *Jesus Christ*, as *Beda* and others write of him. His Kin to a poor persecuted Minister, was recompenc'd not only his own Conversion to the true Religion, but likewise the Honour of Martyrdom.

Master Tindal, during the Time of his Imprisonment, converted his Keeper, together with the Keeper's Daughters and others of his Household.

In the Book of *Martyrs* we read also of one *Bowler*, a perverse Papist, converted by *Dr. Sands*, and *Master Br* whose Keeper he was for above twenty Weeks, and after became their Son, begotten in their Bonds.

Sometimes Men are brought home to God by *Pro* God overcoming their Evil with his Good, heaping were, Coals of Fire of upon their Heads, and so melting to kindly Contrition. *Gerson*, in a Sermon of his, of a most wicked Priest, who when he was preserr'd of shoprick became exemplary Holy. But such a Conquest (my Author) is *Rara Avis*, seldom to be found.

I have read, that the Father of a Prodigal, left it Death-bed Charge to his only Son, to spend a Quarter Hour every Day in retir'd Thinking; but left him at to think of what he wou'd, only engag'd him to

* *Mel. Adam in Vit. Jac. Andr. p. 639.*

Quarter of an Hour in Thinking. The Son having this Liberty to please himself in the Subject, set himself to the Performance of his Promise to his dying Father: One Day his Thoughts recall'd his past Pleasures; another Day he consider'd his future Delights; but at length his Thoughts became inquisitive, what might be his Father's Design in imposing such a Task upon him. He thought his Father was a wise and good Man, therefore he intended and hop'd, that at some time or other he wou'd think of Religion. When this was seiz'd upon his Thoughts, they multiply'd abundantly, neither cou'd he contain them within so short a Compass, but that Night sleepless, and afterwards restless, 'till he became seriously Religious*.

Mr. William Perkins us'd to go with the condemn'd Prisoners to the Place of Execution, and what Success his Labours for converting of great Sinners, will appear by this Example — A lusty Fellow going up the Ladder, discover'd great Dejection of Spirit, and when he turn'd himself round to speak to the People, he look'd like a Man half dead already; whereupon Mr. Perkins labour'd to cheer up his Spirits, saying, *What! Man, what is the Matter with thee? art thou afraid of Death?* Oh no, said the Prisoner (shaking his Head) but a worse thing. *Sayst thou so?* (said Mr. Perkins) *come down from this Man, and thou shalt see what God's Grace will do to strengthen thee.* Whereupon the Prisoner coming down, Mr. Perkins took him by the Hand, and made him kneel down with himself at the Ladder's Foot, Hand in Hand; whereupon Mr. Perkins made such an effectual Prayer, as made the poor Prisoner burst out into abundance of Tears, and afterwards such Demonstration of his being converted by this Prayer, made all the Spectators lift up their Hands to praise God for the miraculous Change they saw in the Prisoner; who dy'd (says Mr. Clark) after Mr. Perkins had done praying with him, with such Patience and Alacrity, as if he saw himself actually deliver'd from the Hell he fear'd, and assur'd of Heaven.

Oh that God wou'd fire our Affections, that we might be instrumental to convert, or at least to kindle good Affections in others! I have read of a Man that gave this Reason for his forsaking Paris, *That he perceiv'd their Sermons were every Day colder than other; so that he fear'd if he tarry'd there longer, he shou'd be spiritually frozen to Death.* I relate not this to justify Separatists, but to give a Hint of the Mischief of Neglectful Preaching, and how few are Converted by it. We

* See Dr. Annesley's Sermon of Conscience, publish'd in the Exercisè at Cripplegate.

want burning Ministers in this frozen Age: Plain Sermons preach'd with Affection, will do more good than the most learned, coldly deliver'd. *Eusebius* tells us of a Heathen, who came to an Assembly of Bishops to discourse the Articles of Faith, and when the learned of them look'd one upon another, fearing to encounter with him, because of his great Parts, one esteem'd the meanest for Learning, with great Ardour of Affection told him, *That unless he believ'd in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he shou'd be Damn'd*; and therefore was in vain to cavil, he must subject his carnal Reason to Faith. Which so wrought upon him, that he embrac'd the Christian Religion, became a sincere Convert, and was Baptiz'd; saying, *he cou'd answer Reason with Reason, but he cou'd not resist Authority with which that Bishop spake.* *Lucerna, ut luceat, et debet*; we must burn, that we might shine. They who have not good Affections, do not, cannot give Light to others; to the most spiritual Mysteries of Christianity; their Sermons are dry and jejune, more like the Discourses of Heathens, than Gospel Sermons; it is seldom that they touch upon the VITALS OF RELIGION, and when they do, are superficial and insipid to a sanctified Sense; neither do they shine in their Conversations; for it is Zeal that makes a Person active for God.

Dr. Twiss, Minister of *New Church*, told *Mr. Anbery*, his Father, *Dr. Twiss*, Prolocutor of the Assembly of Divines when he was a School-Boy at *Winchester*, saw the Phantom of a School-Fellow of his deceas'd, who said to him, *I am dead.* This was the Occasion of *Dr. Twiss's* Father's Conversion, who had been before that time (as he told his Son) a wicked Boy.

Mr. D^r Foe, in his *Weekly Review*, tells us, That *Dr. Burges*, as they call him, among the Freedom the World goes by that way, has this Story told of him, "A certain Lady of Quality, and abundance of Wit, having heard a great many bantering Stories of him, according to the usual Custom of treating that Gentleman, resolv'd to be on Sunday, (as she call'd it) to make her self merry, and she went and hear *Dr. Burges*, and invited the Company to come the next Day to hear her repeat. Accordingly they came, the Relator hereof with the rest, when, contrary to Expectation, the Lady, full of Concern, and touch'd at the Folly of her Proposal, told them, *She was far from inviting him a Man to be banter'd, that she wou'd not for Ten thousand Pounds but have heard him preach that Sermon; she heard what convinc'd her she had been a Fool all her life* and she said, *he had taught her to be wiser.* She advised her Company never to despise the Worship of God in any manner."

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Rever Christian Manner perform'd, and declar'd the Doctor to be the most abus'd of any Man alive.

I have been inform'd by the Reverend Mr. *John Kiffin*, of a young Prodigal that was converted by wearing a Ring with a Death's Head.

Mr. *Pigot* tells us, *God touch'd Mr. Wilks's Heart betimes—* he fear'd the Lord from his Youth; — That he embrac'd Religion when his Professors were persecuted; — That he dy'd with a Assurance of the Love of God, and even long'd to be at home. This great Willingness to die was observ'd in him from the Time of his Conversion, which was occasion'd (as Mr. *Pigot* tells us) by hearing a Sermon upon these Words, *I know my Redeemer liveth*: And for that Reason Mr. *Wilks* chose this Text for his Funeral Sermon.

Mr. *Duncomb Colchester* was converted (as I was lately inform'd) by a long and sharp Visitation, and by observing the constant and exemplary Piety of his Son, Colonel *Colchester*; and his worth Remark, that he was no sooner converted, but calls himself *one of the chiefest of Sinners*, in a PENITENTIAL LETTER, which he order'd to be read in the Parishes of *Michael-Dean*, and *Westbury*, and shewn to such Gentlemen, Friends, and others, as might bring most Glory to God.

I lately receiv'd an Account from an Eminent Divine, of the Conversion of a great Sinner, by hearing the sudden sound of a Trumpet, (of which the Reader shall have a more particular Account in the Sixth Part of this *History of strange Conversions*). And Mr. *Cole* gives an Account of a notorious Sinner, that was converted by the bare stopping his Ear.

Thus I have given the unconverted Reader a TASTE of what Entertainment he is to expect in my *General History of Remarkable Conversions*, and I hope it will prove (as I call it in the Title to this Project) *An Awakening Letter to the unconverted*.

Reader, I wou'd here (but that I fear I shall be too tedious) proceed to give thee a further SPECIMEN of this *General History of strange Conversions*; and here I might further inform thee, that the truly Pious and Famous Mr. *Richard Baxter*, was converted by reading *Bunney's Resolution* — Mr. *May* was converted by the powerful Discourse of a young Man in the College where he study'd — *Richard White*, an Atheist, was converted by seeing the Devil in the shape of a tall Man — Mrs. *Studly*, a lewd Woman, was converted by great Seriousness she observ'd in her Husband — A late Author gives an Account of two Papists that were converted in the Gallies, by seeing the Constancy of two Brothers, that

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had their Noses and Ears cut off — How wonderfully were some of the *Indians* converted by the Humility and Christ Advice of Mr. *John Eliot* of *New England*? And the wicked and miraculous Conversion of *James Woosencraft*, and his seven Companions, has made so great a Noise in the World as to deserve a Place in my *General History of strange Conversions*.

But, Reader, I'll stop here; for the *History of these strange Conversions* (with many Hundreds as **REMARKABLE** as the I have here nam'd) will be inserted more at **LARGE** in the proper Places, in the following History, being here **HINTED** to awaken the unconverted, or rather to prove (as I said before) *That the Methods which God takes for the Conversion of Sinners, are various, and often very surprizing*; and worth our Notice, that they who are reclaim'd from wicked Course, are many times more thoroughly and zealously good afterwards; as their Trouble and Remorse for Sins does quicken and spur them on, and a lively Sense of past Errors, is apt to make them more careful and conscientious of their Duty, more tender and fearful of offending God, and desirous (if it were possible) to redeem their former Misconducts, by their good Behaviour for the future. So that now being truly Converted, they cry out (as *Levi* did in the midst of Flames) *None but Christ! none but Christ!* *Nay, Fox* tells us, one of the Martyrs, upon his first Conversion, was so transported with Love to Christ, that he persecuted his Persecutors, *if he cou'd die but once?*

Those Bodies are usually the most healthful that come out in their Youth; and many times the Souls of many are the sounder for having vented themselves in their young Days; commonly none are greater Enemies to Vice, than as have formerly been the Slaves of it. A certain Black in the Cradle hath been observ'd to give Beginning and unto the most perfect Beauties, and there are no sort of that have shin'd in greater Glory in the World, such whose first Days have been sully'd, and a little cast.

Mr. Hildersham, in his Sermons on *St. John*, tells us, "ever his Observation, that the most notorious Sinners, once converted, have brought more Glory to God, Honour to Religion, than some pious Christians that made one scandalous Slip in their whole Lives; and you have a Remarkable Instance in the following Letter, was sent to me from *Cambridge*; and which I here insert to encourage others to send me a Narrative of as many Remarkable Converts as they can,

The LETTER was this, viz.

Cambridge — July 22. 1708.

SIR,

Being an Advertisement put out at the End of a Book of your writing, entitl'd, *The Hazard of a Dear-bod Repentance*; or *Remarks on the late Remorse of W—late D—of D—*, I am bold to send you this following Account of a Remarkable Convert, well attested; which you may put in or leave out according to your Pleasure — One *Nicholas West*, Born at *Surry*, being a Student in *King's-Colledge, Cambridge*, was a Rake, and very Wicked; for something crossing him in the Colledge, he cou'd find no Method of revenging himself on them, unless by firing the *Provost's Lodgings*, part whereof he burnt to the Ground; and immediately after he left the Colledge, and liv'd very loosely: But soon after, the Influence of God, and good Advice, he seasonably reformed his Wildness, turn'd hard Student, and became an excellent Scholar, and, after smaller Promotions, at last was promoted Bishop of *Ely*, and was a worthy Benefactor to the Colledge. He also Re-built the *Provost's Lodgings* which before had caus'd to be burnt. He dy'd *Anno Dom. 1533*. This is taken out of the Memorandums of *King's-Colledge* here, and is so well attested, that there is no Doubt of the Truth of it. I have receive this, put an Advertisement in some of the *News Papers*, which will encourage the Undertaking of giving you Intelligence of several other material Conversions, from

Your humble Servant to command,

J. W.

In this Remarkable Conversion of *Mr. West*, you see (as hinted before) that the most notorious Sinners do often become the most eminent Converts, and they are commonly more zealous for the Conversion of others, as being more sensible of the Danger Sinners are in, and more apt to commend their Case, remembering that it was once their own Condition, and with what Difficulty they were rescu'd from so great a Danger. And, for the most part, great Penitents are free from Pride and Contempt of others; the Consideration of what themselves once were, being enough to keep them humble all their Days: So that converted Sinners are many times more thoroughly and perfectly good than others, and after their conversion do, in several Respects, out-strip and excel those who never engag'd in a vicious Course of Life; as a broken

Bone that is well set, is sometimes stronger than it was before. And the Reason why GREAT SINNERS (after Conversion) are generally the most eminent Saints, is, their Love to God usually more vehement, and burns with a brighter Flame (for to whomsoever much is forgiven, they will love much); as their Love to God OUT-SHINES that of lesser Sinners. So to the MINISTER that was the Means of their Conversion, they always shew a very great Respect and Reverence.

Sir Anthony Kingston came to Mr. Hooper the Martyr, a little before his Death, and said, *I thank God that ever I knew you; for God did appoint you to call me, being a lost Child; for by your good Instructions, whereas I was before both an Adulterer and a Fornicator, God hath brought me to forsake and detest the same.*

And this great Respect all true Converts (and Servants of God, in all Ages) have declar'd in Four Points.

1. Such as before their Conversion were the proudest and most tempters of them and their Ministry, have after their Conversion ever been wont to shew great Reverence and Respect unto them. See this in Naaman the Syrian; he that a little before was in a Rage against the Prophet, 2 Kings 5. 13. soon as ever he was by his miraculous Cure brought to true God, he with all his Train came and stood reverently before him, and would fain have shew'd real Kindness and bounty unto him, ver. 15, 16. See it also in those that were converted; they that a little before mocked the Apostles, counted them no better than Men that were drunk, Acts 2. 15, presently upon their Conversion came and spoke reverently unto them, and sought to them for Comfort, ver. 37. they have been apt to exceed that way, as we know Cornelius was, when he fell down at Peter's feet and worshipped him, Acts 10. 25.

2. They have ever born a most loving and kind Affection unto them. When St. Paul took his leave of the Disciples at Ephesus, they all wept sore, and fell on his neck and kissed him, Acts 20. 37. When he was to go from Tyre, all the Disciples, with their Wives and Children, brought him on his way, Acts 21. 5. The Philippians lov'd their Pastor Epaphroditus so dearly, that (being dangerously Sick at Rome) took great Care to be brought from their Knowledge, because he knew it would grieve them so much to hear it, Phil. 2. 26.

3. They have shew'd great Care of their Peace and Preservation from Trouble and Danger. When St. Paul would have adventur'd (for the appeasing of the Tumult at Ephesus)

gone out to the Multitude, and to have spoken to them. Disciples besought him not to do it, nor they would not suffer him, *Acts* 19. 30, 31. When the Disciples at *Protemnia* heard by *Agabus*, what Troubles *St. Paul* shou'd endure at *Jerusalem*, they besought him with many Tears so earnestly not to go thither, that they even broke his Heart with their Kindness, *Acts* 21. 12, 13. *Priscilla* and *Aquila*, to save his Life, had laid down their own Necks, adventur'd their own Lives, *Rom.* 16. 4.

4. They have ever been ready to shew their Reverence and Love unto them, by entertaining them gladly, maintaining them, and ministring unto their Necessities. The *Shunammite* and her Husband, you know what Kindness they shew'd *Elisha*, and what Entertainment they gave him, *2 Kings* 4. 10. The good Women that follow'd Christ, and found Comfort in his Doctrine, ministr'd unto him of their substance, *Luke* 8. 3. *Lydia*, after she was converted, constrain'd *St. Paul* and his Companions to come to her House and to abide there, and professeth, she shou'd have taken it for a Sign that they had doubted of the Truth of her Conversion, if they had refus'd to accept of that Kindness, *Acts* 16. 15. And the *Savior* wash'd the Wounds of *St. Paul* and *Silas*, and gave them Entertainment in his House, *Acts* 16. 33, 34. The *Galatians* thought nothing too dear to bestow upon *St. Paul*, tho' he had been to the plucking out of their own Eyes, *Gal.* 4. 15. The *Philippians* sent Relief oft to *St. Paul* when he was in Prison, *Phil.* 4. 10, 14, 16.

Thus (*Convinc'd Sinner*) I have largely shewn, (1.) The great danger such are in, that live in an unconverted State. (2.) What Conversion is. (3.) Have given Instances of the Conversion of great Sinners, (as a TAST of what the Reader is to expect in the following History) and have answer'd many nice and curious Questions concerning Conversion: So that all that remains for awakening thy self and others, is, that thou make Application to this Letter; I mean, that all convinc'd Sinners practise that Advice I have here given, and then, tho' they have hitherto been the chiefest of Sinners, I hope they'll live and die *honest Converts*; and that they may do so, 'tis my further Advice, that every Convert keep a strict Account of his eternal Calling, and of his Age in Christ, and (if it may be) set down the Time when, the Place where, and the Person by whom he was Converted.

I know every one can't relate it, as *St. Paul* cou'd, in all the Circumstances. It came to pass as I made my Journey, and was going unto *Damascus*, about noon, suddenly there did shine from Heaven a great light round about me, and I fell to the ground, and heard

heard a voice, &c, *Acts* 22. 6, 7. But yet some can with the same Apostle say, *I was a Persecutor, a Blasphemer, and Injurious, but I obtained Mercy.* Or, with the Blind Man whom Jesus cured, *One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.*— was an ignorant, proud, prophane Person, and without Grace in the World, but by his Grace I am what I am. There are some, doubtless, that can most punctually set down the several Circumstances of their Conversions. It shall be said of some in *Babylon*, That *this and that man was born there*; and of *Zion* *This man was born in her.* *Onesimus* cou'd tell that St. Paul was his Father; he cou'd tell the Time when, and the Place where he was CONVERTED; for he begat him in his Bonds.

Some Christians have been earnest and curious that they might know the very Day of their Conversion; the Time of their Spiritual Nativity, when there was an *Access* of Grace among the Angels in Heaven, because a new Saint was born into it: The Day from which, as the *Epocha* of their Salvation, they are to date the Beginning of their Happiness; that they might set a Mark upon it, and make it Signal in their *Kalendar*, in a scarlet Text, as the Day of their second Birth. But let it not be so much my Care to know when I commenced Believer, as to assure my self that the Day is past, and the happy Work wrought. The Voice by which God raises a Sinner from the Dead, is not always accompany'd with Thunder and Tempest, but sometimes it is a still Voice; sometimes cometh early, and preventeth Satan's Harvest, and stealeth into the Creature's Bosom silently and undiscernably, before any Giant-Sin hath deslow'd the Soul, and thereby no Token can we retrieve or find out the determinate Season, by the most careful Search. Some in the Spiritual Travail of their second Birth, have few or no painful Pangs, while others have sharp and grievous Throws, which make them remember the Time as long as they live. But we should not so much busie our selves to know where we first made our Start, as mind the Running of our Race: But, as I observe before, 'tis good (if it can be) that we set down the Time when, the Place where, and the Person by whom we were converted.

Cyprian was wont to call *Cæcilius*, *Novæ Vitæ Parentem* his Spiritual Father; and *Latimer* saith the like of his blessed Saint *Bilney*, as he calleth him. St. Paul cou'd say, *that Andronicus and Junia were in Christ before him*†. There is a Seniority amongst the Saints, God hath his elder and younger Children. It is good to know our Age in Christ.

* *Psalms* 87. 5, 6.

† *Rom.* 16. 7.

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Polycarpus cou'd say, *Thus many Years have I serv'd my Master* and *hisberto hath he dealt well with me.* — You keep an account of the Day wherein you were *Born*, and why not of the Day wherein you were *Born again*? You have your *Registers* for the one, and why not *Diurnals* for the other? The Conversion of a Soul is not only Matter of Wonder now, but will be Cause of Admiration to all Eternity: Some Acts of Grace are *Acts of Pattern*, and ought to be recorded; and thus shew'd Mercy to *Manasseh*, and *Mary Magdalen*; and St. Paul, *For this cause* (saith that Apostle) *I obtain'd Mercy*, that the first *Jesus Christ* might shew forth all long-suffering; for a *WITNESS* to them that shou'd hereafter believe on him to Life everlasting.

A converted Sinner is not only Matter of Wonder now, but is a *Pattern* for others to follow, and will be Cause of Admiration to all Eternity. *It is a Wonder that any Sinner is sav'd!* Then shall such as are truly converted forget to record the Day and Place of their *New Birth*? Amongst many things that our Lord, in his Last Will and Testament, gave God Thanks for, the first was the first and chief; that God, at the Age of sixteen Years, had call'd him to the Knowledge of the Truth.

Then let every one that can know his *Age in Christ* (I mean, the Time and Occasion of his Conversion) be very speedy in telling it to me, and (if it may help to awaken such as are dead in *Trespasses and Sins*) he may expect to see it in the next Part of my *General History of strange Conversions*, and be convinc'd, or (if thou art thoroughly awaken'd by reading this long Letter) rather, converted Sinner, Farewel, 'till I meet thee again in the following History.

PHILANTHROPIA DIVINA:

Or, *A General History of Remarkable Conversions, from the Thief on the Cross, down to the present Year.*

HAVING said what I thought necessary to introduce a *General History of strange Conversions*, &c. I shall proceed to the HISTORY it self; and here (for Method sake) I shall begin with,

The History of the Converted Thief that dy'd upon the Cross with our Blessed Saviour.

This

This CONVERT was a Phoenix indeed, (and the fittest Person that could be thought of, to begin the *General History of strange Conversions*) for he's a single Example, without Parallel in the whole Word of God; and therefore as the Conversion of this Thief is above Example, not confirmed by any Promise, we shou'd learn from it, never to despair of Mercy, be our Sins never so great, nor yet to sin on, in expectation of Pardon at last, seeing the Scriptures, that are History of more than five Thousand Years, have but this ONE INSTANCE of one accepted upon a Death-Bed-Repentance and in that such an extraordinary Conjunction of Circumstances, (as I'll shew anon) as will never fall out again: that we have a *Penitent Phoenix* in the Instance that is now before us; and for that Reason, I'll here give a particular Account of the Life and Conversion of this *Convert-Thief*. But before I relate this Remarkable Conversion, I shall *Anticipate* the Ninth Project, so far as to answer Two nice and curious Questions, concerning the *Penitent-Thief* that dy'd on the Cross with our blessed Saviour.

'Tis said, — *Then were there two Thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand, and the other on the left*, Luke 23. v. 33.

Quest. What were the Names of these two Thieves who were crucified with Christ?

Ans. Altho' the Scripture nominates them not, yet several Writers give them these Names, *Dismas* and *Gesmas*, *Dismas* the happy, and *Gesmas* the miserable Thief; according to the Poet.

Gesmas damnatur, Dismas ad astra levatur.

That is,

When Gesmas dy'd, to Dives he was sent;

When Dismas dy'd, to Abraham up he went.

Again 'tis said, — *The Thieves also which were crucify'd with him, cast the same in his teeth*, Mat. 27. 44.

Quest. 1. How can this Verse stand with Luke 23. 32. for it is said, The Thieves mocked him? and St. Luke saith, one of the Thieves mocked him.

Ans. 1. First, Some say the Scripture speaking generally of any thing by a Figure, call'd *Synecdoche*, doth attribute that to the whole which is proper to some part only; and here ascribeth that to both the Thieves which argueth but one! (Or,

Ans. 2. Secondly, It may be answer'd thus; That *Matthew* was an *Hebrew*, and the *Hebrews* ordinarily and usually put the Plural Number for the Singular, as *Judges* 12. *He was buried in the Cities of David*,

Having answer'd Two nice and curious *Questions* concerning the Penitent-Thief, I shall next relate his Life and Remarkable Conversion.

We have (as is observ'd by a very pious and learned Divine *) in this *little History* of the Two Thieves crucify'd with Lord Jesus, a great Instance both of Man's Wickedness, and of Divine Grace.

Of Man's Wickedness in both these Thieves, who had spent all their Time in Sin, even to the last Hour of their Lives; but especially in the impenitent Thief, whom neither Trials, nor Trial, nor Condemnation, had humbled or mollified, or brought to Repentance, but being still under the Power of an harden'd Heart, we find him at the last Gasp crying out on a Saviour, instead of believing in him, and belching out his Blasphemies in the very Mouth of Hell, (*Luke 22. 66.*) *If thou be Christ, save thy self and us.*

Of *Converting Grace* in the penitent Thief, and that in the Power and Efficacy of it; for how powerful must that Grace be which had wrought so great a Change, had supplant'd that Heart in an Instant which had been hard'n'ing in for so many Years? Overcome so many stubborn, inveterate Lusts at once, and made the Man, all on a sudden, become one of the most eminent Saints the World had yet had, and act Faith to such an *Height*, as might not have become the chiefest of the Apostles, but did really exceed any they had hitherto shewn [the Disciples] of Christ, who had sat so long at their Master's Feet, yet were hardly able to believe his Resurrection, even after he was risen, (*John 20. 24. 25.* when this Thief who hitherto had been a Stranger to him, and now saw him hanging on a Cross, and dying, by Faith sees him in his Kingdom, triumphing over his Enemies, and Death too. God's Grace did not wait for his Preparations, good Moods, good Dispositions, (these were all wanting, if ever he had any) but it takes hold of him when at the Height of Sin, and not only was void of Grace, but seem'd to have no Grace, *i. e.* never like to come to it by any ordinary Methods.

Again, It seiz'd on him, and pass'd by the other, tho' no more (that we know of) than himself: Grace makes a Difference where none was before, of these two Thieves, it takes hold of one and leaves the other; and 'tis worth observing, that the blessed Saviour does not upbraid the *Convert Thief* with the Abominations of his past Life, his Theft, or Rapine, or Violence, his Hardness of Heart, or long Impenitence, but easily, readily, gently, receives him, and is so far from denying

Mr. Edward Veal.

him

him a Pardon, that he assures him of a present Salvation—*day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*

The Case of these two Thieves (as Mr. *Veal* observes) d in a good Measure, parallel the Case of other dying Sinners tho' dying upon their Beds. However, from the Example of these two Thieves, we may safely infer this Proposition—*That tho' a very late, even a Death-Bed-Repentance may be fine yet it is not safe to run the Hazard of it*—— It appears by Instance of this Thief, that a late Repentance, and as late one upon a Dying Bed, hath been sincere; and therefore like may be again; He did truly repent, and therefore possible others may. And that his Repentance was fine we have sufficient Proof, not only from Christ's gracious ceptation of it manifested, by the peremptory Promise gave him, of admitting him into his Kingdom—*To day shalt thou be with me in paradise*—— But by the other Graces we find him exercising in Concurrence with his Repentance.

I. Faith—— which is the Principle of Evangelical Repentance, and which never fails to work it where it is it self fine. He owns Christ as a King when he mentions his Kingdom, prays him to remember him when he comes into it. *And said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into Kingdom,* Luke 23. 42. This likewise implies his Belief and Confidence in the Grace and Love, as well as Power of Christ, when he commits his departing Soul into his Hands expecting his Salvation from him. And indeed his Faith was not only sincere, but strong and vigorous. God had put much of the Spirit of Faith into a POOR NOVICE in Religion, at the very first, as he doth into many an old Disciple the last—— Two great Discouragements the Thief had, yet cou'd not hinder his Faith.

1. *The Heinousness of his Sins*, aggravated by long Impenitence and Perseverance in them to the last Hour of his Life. Well might he fear that God was so provok'd by the continued Rebellion of his wicked Life, as totally to reject him now at Death:

2. *The low and despicable Condition he saw Christ in*; condemned as well as himself, slighted and mock'd at by so many better men, who look on as wiser and better than himself; no less than the servants of the Church. V. 33. *The Rulers derided him*. This might have made him think there was little Hope of Mercy from him. What was there in a crucify'd dying Man, that an Eye of Reason, cou'd make him look like a Saviour? Nature wou'd as soon have look'd for Life in Death it self as Heaven in Hell, as Eternal Salvation in one who not only formerly been so mean, but now seem'd so miserable.

II. Several other Graces we find in him, as the Fruits, at the Concomitants of his Repentance. As,
 1. A free, ingenuous, and open Confession of his Sins in the face of the World, and thereby giving Glory to God. V. 41. *Indeed justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss.* Nor can it be said his Confession was extorted from him by the Torments he suffer'd, when we see his Companion impenitent under the

2. He owns the Justice that had brought him to that End. *He receive the due reward of our deeds—* He neither murmurs against God, nor quarrels with Men.

3. He sharply taxeth the Impiety and Profaness of his Fellow Thief, in reviling Christ, as well as his still continuing impenitent. V. 40. *Dest thou not fear God? &c.* hereby he shews his Indignation against Sin, when he so seriously repents it, not only in himself, but in another. Like him, he beholds a Transgressor and is grieved. *Psal. 119.*

4. He doth what he can to bring his Companion to Repentance. *Dest thou not fear God?* The Reproof implies an Exhortation as well as Instruction. Now the Communicativeness of him is a good Argument of the Sincerity of it. Had he had himself he wou'd not have been so much concern'd for another's Want of it.

5. He makes Publick Profession of his Faith in Christ, and owns it to the very Teeth of his Enemies; and that too when Peter deny'd him, the other Disciples forsaken him, and those who had rally'd after their Rout, and were now come to be Spectators of the most doleful Object had ever been presented before their Eyes, were so far from making any such publick Confession of him, that their Faith was ready to ex-
 with him, Chap. 24. 21.

Object. The great Encouragement Men have to embolden them in sin, and yet to hope for Repentance at last, is the Instance of this Thief, which they stretch beyond the Intention of the Holy Ghost, setting it upon Record, when they use it as a Means to strengthen Presumption, which was design'd only to prevent Despair—
 Thief on the Cross repented at last, saith a Sinner, and why may I?

Ans. Why shou'd not the Example of the other Thief's penitency affright them, and drive them to Repentance, as well as the Example of the Good Thief encourage them to it? It is but setting one against the other, and if they argue that he gave Repentance to one, and therefore may give it them; may they not as well argue, God deny'd it to one, and therefore may deny it to them too? For, (as Mr. Veal observes)

It

It is but a single Instance against Thousands on the other side. tho' one Instance is sufficient to evert the Generality of Rule; and therefore we cannot certainly conclude from *God* not giving Repentance to Thousands at the Hour of Death that he will give it to none, because we have the Example of this Thief to the contrary; yet, (as the same Author further observes) *some Things seem to be singular in the Case of this converted Thief*, which are not to be found in the Case of others who therefore cannot reasonably argue from it.

1. He was one (so far as we can judge) that had never formerly rejected Christ, never saw him before his Suffering, never heard his Doctrine, never was a Witness of his Miracles which might convince him of the Truth of it. He was one who had otherwise employ'd himself than in attending on Christ's Ministry, and might more likely have been found *Robbing the Road*, than *Worshipping in the Temple*; or *breaking up Houses* than *bearing of Sermons*; and therefore it is very probable that he was the first of his being brought to the Knowledge of a Saviour, and so he was not guilty of the great Gospel Sin of Unbelief, and refusing the Offer of Christ and Salvation by Faith, which doth so often provoke the Lord to leave Men to their selves, and deny them his Grace—— If it be said, *The Case of the other Thief*, I grant it—— But God being our Sovereign Agent, and his Gifts most free, he might make use of his Prerogative in dispensing them, and so grant Repentance to the one, and deny it to the other, admit their Circumstances were every way the same.

2. The Instance of this *Converted Thief*, seems particularly design'd by God for the Honour of his suffering Son. He wou'd have a Witness, even upon the Cross, one to adore him, when so many despis'd him: He wou'd have his Son's Dishonour'd, by his giving Life to a poor Wretch even at the Point of Death, and make him known to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins, Acts 5. 31. by giving both to such a Sinner, and at such a Time.

3. Another End may be to render them that crucify'd Christ inexcusable, when this Malefactor made so honourable a Confession of him, to expose and shame the Unbelief and Hardness of the Rulers and Pharisees, by the Faith and Repentance of this most flagitious Offender, and therewithal confirm the Word of Christ spoken formerly to them, that the *Publicans and Ethiopeans* enter'd into the Kingdom of Heaven before them, Mat. 21. 31.

Thus, Reader, you see the *Conversion of the Thief* on the Cross is a Picture with two Faces; one side encouraging the good of Sinners, on the other it is as terrible; but both together confounds Human Reason, and abases the Pride of the Sinner, giving us Occasion to cry aloud, O how high and profound

the Riches of the Wisdom of God! How his judgments are
 incomprehensible, and his ways unsearchable, Rom. 1. 10. Faith
 comes by hearing, or by the Eyes; the first by Preaching of the
 divine Word, which Grace infuses in the Heart: And second-
 ly by the Sight of Miracles. But what has the Thief heard, or
 what has he seen, to believe in Jesus Christ? He had never
 heard him preach in that admirable Manner, that caus'd it to
 him, that no Man spake like him, John 7. Nor has he been
 witness of any Miracle: All that he sees in him shou'd hinder
 him, not only to take him for God, but for an innocent Man.
 He beholds him upon an ignominious Gibbet, on which he is go-
 ing to give up the Ghost, with all sorts of Outrages that has
 been done to him; expos'd to publick Scorn, curs'd by many, and
 despis'd by all Creatures. The Apostles, that had seen him
 do such wonderful Miracles, and heard from his Mouth such
 admirable Truths, have left him. St. Peter, that had so gloriously
 witness'd him for the Son of the Living God, denies him. Judas,
 whom he had given his Sacrament, betrays him; and this
 Thief seeing him in the same Suffering with him, acknowledges
 him for his Saviour: He sees him in Torments, and he adores
 him in his Glory: He sees him upon a Cross, and he prays
 to him as if he saw him sit upon his Throne. Thus from an
 infamous Thief he becomes a Celebrated Evangelist, and from a
 Denier, a Confessor, and a Prophet. St. Peter had been a
 witness in the House of Caiphas, having rob'd his Master of the
 multitude that he ow'd, and this Thief becomes a generous and
 faithful St. Peter, upon the Cross, where he confess'd that Jesus
 whom he had never known was his God. Having begun to
 witness the Death of the Cross like a Thief, he finishes it like a
 Martyr; nor does he merit less in acknowledging Jesus Christ
 crucify'd, than if he had been crucify'd for him. Who has
 ever heard, that any one, except this converted Thief, has ever
 witness'd a dying Man, that was suffering an infamous and shame-
 ful Death, to remember him when he should come into his Kingdom?
 Who cou'd make him discern that he was of that Quality?
 Who was the Majesty of his Person, it being disfigur'd?
 Who's Looks cou'd proceed from his Eyes, to perswade either
 Love or Obedience, Death being almost ready to close
 his Eyes? What Crown has he upon his Head, but one of pricking
 Thorns? Nor is it given to him as an Ornament, but as a
 painful Torment. What Treasures has he in his Hands to
 distribute? are they not torn with Nails? With what Purple
 is he cloth'd? with that of his Blood, which runs from his sa-
 cred Veins. Where is his Court? Where are his Guards? All
 his Disciples have abandon'd him, and the Soldiers that sur-
 round his Cross are to hinder his Deliverance. What hath
 he said, that is either so Learned, or so Divine, that it can be
 imagin'd, that he is an extraordinary Man? He has spoke but few

Words, and they all shew his Weakness, and the Dependence that he has upon God. He has said, *I thirst*. A GOD! is capable of Drought? He has complain'd, that *his Father left him*. Has a God need of the Help of others? He given his Mother to his Disciple. Can a God be born of a Woman? — Thus this *converted Thief* can neither see, understand the least Appearance of Greatness in this *Crucified Man*; which is far from being assur'd, that he is the Master of the *Heavenly Kingdom*; and notwithstanding, he desires to be *remembered* when he shall come there: Wherefore he must know that it is by the Cross that he must enter; and is not that to know all that St. Paul knew? Is not that to be more instructed than his *Apostles*? who did not understand his Discourse, when he told them of the *Sufferings*, in which he was going to expiate his Sins. This *happy Thief* is at the Right Hand of a dying Man, and prays to be *remembered* when he shall come into his Royal Kingdom. He doth not explain how he wou'd be *remembered*, but leaves it to the Will and Liberality of his King, to dispose of him as he pleases. He shews in this *blind Submission*, that he knows his *Wisdom*, his *Power*, and his *Goodness*: His *Wisdom*, to chuse a Place that is most fit for him: His *Power*, to give it him; his *Goodness*, not to remember that he was undeserving. He does not say, as did the *Centurion*, *I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof*, Luke 7. but he desires to enter into the House of God; and not daring to explain his Desire, his Silence is an admirable Confession of his Unworthiness. This Prayer contains but few Words, but the Sense includes many Mysteries: the Tongue has but little part, but the Heart is flowing: It has inflam'd it, and makes it appear before God as a precious Incense, of which the Smell is pleasing. What can be said but that it open'd him the Heavens, and he to whom he has prayed in a Manner so New, and so Divine, answers him; *To day shalt thou be with me in paradise*. This appears as a Combat between Jesus Christ and the Thief, between the Faith, the Hope, the Charity of the one, with the Goodness and Magnificence of the other. The Thief believes against all Reason, he believes against all the Rules of Human Wisdom; Jesus Christ striking him without Words, illuminating him by his Darkness, giving him Life by his Wounds, and giving him Life by his Death. This is a great Example of Repentance at the Hour of Death, after a Life that had been spent in Murders and Theft, ought to be a Subject of Hope for the greatest of Sinners; and it wou'd hinder them from Despair, that the Son of God was willing to work this Miracle of his Grace: For, by remitting such Debts in this Thief, a holy Father saith, that he hath writ Letters of Assurance to all Humanity that believe in him. In the Cross this *bold Thief* became the Evangelist of Christ; and at present he is, and shall be to all Eternity.

of his victorious Grace, and the Preacher of Hope, in his
 story. After a Man that has never had the Fear of God be-
 fore his Eyes, who from his Youth had steep'd his Hands in
 human Blood, who is going to expire by a cruel Death, and
 pass into Hell, which is yet more terrible, by so much as it
 is but End; to receive not only the Remission of his Sins,
 but a Promise to enter into Heaven, by the Mouth of the Son of
 God, whom he had never seen before, and whom he had blas-
 phem'd for some Time, with his Companion. What Sinner,
 after this, can despair of Mercy?

But as the Remission of his Sins (which cost him so small a
 price) furnishes a great Subject of Hope to Sinners in the Ex-
 tremity of their Lives, so the Manner that I have represented
 as great an Occasion of Terror to those that will defer
 their Conversion 'till the Hour of their Deaths. If they cou'd
 see themselves of his Virtues, they might hope for his Re-
 pentance: But if we cannot hope for these Graces, which only
 depend upon the Mercy of the Eternal God, none of us must
 defer the Repentance of our Sins. For the one Thief that has
 secur'd his Salvation, an innumerable Company of Sinners have only
 secur'd by their Mouths. And thus they play with Eternal
 Death and Damnation, and become Traitors to their own
 souls; there being nothing so dangerous as to continue to sin 'till
 the End of our Sins, presuming that the Grace of God will con-
 vert us, as it did the Thief. This Security which we promise
 our selves, in the last Moment, is a strange Folly, hazarding
 the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Eternal Salvation of our
 souls. If this happy Thief had known Jesus Christ before he
 was crucified upon the Cross, he wou'd not have deferr'd to have beg'd
 Mercy. The Hour of his Conversion was the last of his Life,
 and was the first of his Knowledge. So that his Conversion
 being 'till the End of his Days, yet it was neither late,
 nor deferr'd. It is not the same with Sinners that remit their
 Repentance 'till they can sin no more. He will be infinitely
 taken, that thinks he can blot out the Stains of his whole
 Life by a few Tears shed at the Hour of his Death. Is it not
 the Will of God, to imagine that having liv'd many Years in
 Sin we shou'd hope for Life when we are expiring? Repent-
 ance is never profitable but when it proceeds from our Choice,
 and not from Fear or Extremity: And as nothing renders Death
 so terrible as what follows it, so nothing renders it so safe as
 what follows it. Lives past; nor must the Conversion of this great Sinner,
 effected when he was giving up the Ghost, serve as a Rule:
 standing alone, it is rather a Miracle than an Example; for 'tis
 to be fear'd, (as I prov'd in the Case of the late D——
 ———) *) that all that looks like Repentance, and a

See my Answer to Dr. Kenner's Sermon, entitl'd The Hazard
 Death-Bed-Repentance.

ving Change, on a *Death-Bed*, is but the Effect of Self-
 and Fear of Hell. Then, Reader, let thee and I in our
 Health provide as if the next Hour were to be our last; for
 doubt the Salvation of all such as defer their Conversion to
Death-Bed. You see they have not Encouragement from
 Converted Thief so to do; nor from any Text in the Word
 God. But if any are found that are so neglectful of their
 Duty, as to put off this great Business of Eternity to the
 Moment, tho' they deserve Hell-fire for their Presumption,
 let 'em know withal they ought by no Means to despair,
 that God is merciful. But what Comforts do they lose that
 fer Repentance to a *Death-Bed*? There is more Joy in one
 nital Tear than in all the Pleasures of a sinful Life: Who
 made one of the Martyrs ask, *If he cou'd die but once for Christ*
NELTHORP was no sooner converted but he crys
 "I now feel so much Pleasure in Religion and doing my Duty, that
 "wonder where I have been wandering all my Days. Then
 none despair; for who knows but if they heartily call
 God, and with the Thief on the Cross, sincerely repent in
 last Hour, but they may be sav'd? But also remember
 had you the Love, Understanding, and Flame of an Angel,
 Son of God wou'd deserve it all thy Life Time. Then
 we slight this blessed Saviour 'till we can live no longer,
 (with the Thief on the Cross) only call upon him with our
 Breath? Perhaps a *Death-Bed-Repentance* may be sincere, but
 but perhaps: And who that en't quite distracted, wou'd
 ture his Soul upon such Uncertainties? But tho' such Men
 great Hazards that put off Repentance to a *Death-Bed*, yet
 said before) the Mercies of God are infinite; and therefore a
 Thief on the Cross was converted in his last Hour, in an
 Confidence in the Merits of Christ, I'll never despair;
 tremble to think that I once pleas'd my self with the Hope
Death-Bed-Repentance: But this was in my green Years
 'tis a Comfort to me to think there is Merit enough in
 Blood of Christ to pardon the greatest Sinner, if he sincerely
 repents. And Reader, that thee and I may as sincerely do
 the converted Thief, let us daily address to the Throne of God
 in the following Words*.

O holy Lord, who art a merciful Embracer of true Penitent
 yet a consuming Fire towards obstinate Sinners, how shall I appease
 thee, who have so many provoking Sins to enflame thy Wrath, and
 little sincere Repentance to encline thy Mercy. O be thou pleas'd
 soften and melt this hard and obdurate Heart of mine, that
 heartily bewail the Iniquities of my Life. Strike this Rock, O

* This Prayer was deliver'd by Ann Gardiner (to a Friend
 mine) that Morning she went to Execution.

the Waters may flow out; even Floods of Tears, to wash my Conscience. My drooping Soul hath too long slept securely in Lord, awake it, tho' it be with Thunder, and let me rather shudder at thy Terrors than not feel my Sin. Thou sendest thy blessed Son to the broken hearted, but Lord, what will that avail me if my Soul be whole? Oh break it, that it may be capable of this healing Grace: And grant, I beseech thee, that having once tasted the Bitterness of Sin, I may fly from it as from the Face of a Serpent, and forth Fruits of Repentance in Amendment of Life, to the Honour and Glory of thy Grace, in Jesus Christ, our blessed Redeemer. Amen.

Reader, having finish'd the History of the converted Thief, I made such Remarks as I thought necessary for all such as shew their Repentance to a Death-Bed, I shou'd next proceed to give a Relation of the remarkable Conversions of— St. Mary Magdalen— The Three Thousand converted in Jerusalem— The Jailor mention'd, Acts 16. 30 — and of other remarkable Converts mention'd in the New Testament: But that I may make Room for other Projects that 'tis necessary thou'd come into this Volume, all the remaining Conversions mention'd in the New Testament, shall be reserv'd for my Second Volume of *Athenianism*. I shall, after these Scriptural Conversions are publish'd, proceed to a most distinct History of the Remarkable Conversions to be found amongst the Members of the Church, (as Dionysius the Areopagite, one of St. Paul's Auditors and Converts, Ignatius, Tertullian, Chrysostom, and other eminent Converts, both in Church and World) and from the Death of our Saviour down to this present Time: Amongst which Relations the Reader may expect (which was deliver'd to me by an eminent Hand) a very remarkable and full Account of the Conversion of Five Thousand and Nine Hundred East-Indians, in the Isle Formosa, by Means of Mr. Van der Meulen, a Dutch Minister: And seeing a General History of remarkable Conversions, &c. has never been attempted before; under this Work the more compleat, 'tis desir'd that such Letters and private Christians that han't yet sent to the Author a Narrative of such remarkable Converts as they have either met themselves, or met with in their reading, that they may now send it by the 20th of March next, to the Sword in the Street, near Fetter-Lane, directed for Mr. Dunton: Or, if any Convert himself shall send any Relation fit to be inserted in this Work, if he sets down the Time when, and the Person by whom he was converted, it shan't fail of a Place in this General History; and he's desir'd to be very particular in relating the Occasion and Manner of his Conversion; for nothing will be inserted in this Work but what is well attested.

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P R O J E C T X.*

The Parson's Son: Or, a Congratulatory Poem to the Ministers Children, on the ANNUAL and Splendid Feast, kept at Merchant-Taylors-Hall, December the 11th 1732. MDC LXXXII. Dedicated to the Stewards of the next Meeting of Clergymens Sons.

By JOHN DUNTON, Son, Grandson, and Great Grandson, to a CLERGYMAN.

The Second Edition, with Additions.

To my Honoured Friends and Brethren,
Stewards of the next Meeting of Clergymens Sons.

Honoured Brethren,

There is scarce any Dignity in Church or State, any Profession, Calling, or Rank, which some Clergyman's Son has not vacated the Reputation of — Mr. West, in his Sermon to the Clergy, has this Expression. "I might mention many Instances of your Bounty and Liberality, and recount the Number of your publick Acts of Charity, but I shou'd not pause in Silence that Generous Benefaction lately left by a Right Reverend Father * to this Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; the great Honour of Clergymens Sons, there was a Sum granted by Charles II. on purpose for erecting a Corporation for the Relief of Ministers Widows and Children) but the publick Good it will do will be a more lasting Memorial than any Corporation can be given it. So that we may say to those of the Clergy of God, (especially if they are such that have the Impudence as with WANT OF MANNERS) in the Words of Tertullian

* Dr. Turner, late Lord Bishop of Ely, who left Twelve hundred Pounds to it.

† Apol. c. 37.

tra omnia implevimus urbes, municipia, castra, decurias, senatum, forum: And this, as it confirms God's ancient promises of blessing the Seed of the Righteous, so it reminds us of his face by his kind Providence our Branches are spread so far, it comes us in all Places thro' which we pass, to leave some Footsteps of our virtuous Education and honourable Birth, and of the Principles instill'd into us by our religious Parents; to whose Memory we dedicate a better Monument, than the publick Fruits of their Education, and a Life answerable to their Instructions and Prayers. And for these Reasons the Birth and Education of Ministers Children may well be accounted honourable; and I yet account it the more honourable, as that ingenious Gentleman and eminent Divine, Mr. Timothy Rogers, is pleas'd to say, in the Sermon he preach'd at my Father's Funeral, "Mrs. Dunton was honour'd by having a Minister for her Father, as much as if he had been a LORD, tho' by the Simplicity of the Times, and the Simplicity of unthoughtful People, the Character of a Minister is thought lower than many others; and were we more great, or rich, we shou'd be more valu'd. But while we stink in the Nostrils of unserious Persons, we are unto God a sweet smelling Savour. To be the Ambassadors of Jesus in the Matter of our Glory; and if as such we are despis'd, we'll pay our Despisers, and wish them more Grace and Wit. I reckon it amongst the Felicities of my Life, to have been a Prophet's Son, nor wou'd I leave a Pulpit for a Throne: We reckon our selves as honourable in our Cloaks, as others in their furr'd Gowns, or in the long Robe. Happy was Mrs. Dunton in having a Minister, and such a Minister to her Father, and happy be in having such a Daughter, who (as he us'd to say) never displeas'd him in all his Life.

Again, my Honour'd Brethren and Friends, we shall do well to consider, (but more especially you that have the Honour of being chosen towards of the next Meeting of Clergymens Sons) that we claim a nearer Relation to the Church than others, and solemnly call our selves the Sons of the Church of England: And therefore we ought, since all Men, not only to be steadfast to her Communion, but to do every thing that tends to the Honour and Establishment of it. 'Tis plain, nothing can more conduce hereunto, than the good Works, and Charity, and Love, and Innocence of those that enter into her Gates: and accordingly let this be our Way of standing up in her Defence; and let us plead for our Communion by the Goodness of our Lives, and the Tenderness of our Hearts, and by walking suitably to the Scriptures, which we have had an early Acquaintance with.

For my further Thoughts of the Parsons Sons, I refer you to the Congratulatory Poem that was writ in the Year 1682. and publish'd the Day I made one of your Number at the Anniversary Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy, in the Church of St. Mary le-Bow, being Thursday, December the 7th, 1682.

I conclude with all due Respect to your Persons, and hearty Prayers to Almighty God, that your next friendly Meeting, both in Bow Church, and at the Annual Feast, may be attended with a Blessing to your selves and those distressed Widows and Orphans you so bountifully relieve, for that I am, (having the Honour to be one of your Number for three Generations, or more)

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Humble Servant,

Affectionate Brother,

And hearty Friend,

JOHN DUNTON

The Parson's Son: Or, a Congratulatory Poem to the Ministers Children, on the Annual Feast.

I.

THE SONS OF LEVI are no sooner come*,
But GAD† cries out, *Pray, good Sir, make us Room*
May none but Scholars wait on PARSONS SONS?
We never saw such Men! so justly priz'd!
Sure Parsons Sons are Mortals Angeliz'd!

II.

What Grace and Science shines in ev'ry Face!
Cry'd GAD, who thought 'twas HONOUR but to gaze.
Their very looks proclaim their Sacred Race!
Let's WONDER, and away—— Fools were we when
We thought that Parsons Children had been Men.

* To Bow-Church, where they first meet to hear a Sermon, then go in Procession to Merchant-Taylors-Hall; where all Clergymens Sons that had purchas'd Tickets, are treated with splendid Dinner.

† The Sons of Lay-men.

III.

The Mob (or Tribe of Gad) still wond'ring cry'd,
 Education! ——— had we been ally'd
 Parsons too, how bless'd had been our Fate!
 POLISHING had made us truly Great.

IV.

All Parsons Sons descend from sacred Race,
 Bishops Sons have such a shining Place,
 They're Sons of LORDS, and some are Sons of GRACE*. }
 Of the noblest of the sacred Gown†
 Friends from LEVI, is a Parson's Son.

V.

The Parsons Sons are Heaven's peculiar Care,
 And for our Bishops they were MITRED there.
 Men such who now fill the English Sees,
 Are truly pious, learned, grave, and wise;
 OTHERS IN GOD—— and none can higher rise. }

VI.

Relates, tho' made still by the Sovereign Choice,
 And recommended by the People's Voice;
 Religious Lives successfully they teach,
 Spring Patterns of the Lives they preach.

VII.

How great's the Honour to descend from these
 PARSON, tho' of low'r Degrees) }
 And feed their Flocks, and GUARD their Consciences?
 Thou'd the Romish Wolves again pursue,
 He won'd (with LONDON) put on Jack-Boots too,

VIII.

Then never fear the Church's Danger here,
 When Reverend Fathers can in Arms appear,
 And Men of God become the Men of War. }
 PARSON'S SON (if not o'th' Tacking Brood)
 He won'd defend his QUEEN thro' Seas of Blood.

The Title given to an Arch-bishop.

Dr. Tenison, the present Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

IX.

If 'tis thus GREAT to be a *Parson's Son*,
 Receive a bold unbidden Guest, among
 The least, the worst of all your Nobler Throng,
 Who for Admittance only dares to sue,
 Because kind Fate has made him one of you.

X.

When that wise King, whose young, but mighty Hand
 Bore the vast Scepter of the Sacred Land,
 When him and all his Glories Time shall rust,
 Then you shall be obscur'd with common Dust.

XI.

In vain the trembling *Atheist* would dethrone
 That Power, which for his Life he dares not own;
 Whilst grateful Heaven its Servants here does grace
 With such a worthy, such a generous Race.

XII.

In vain on Inspiration t'other doats,
 And Human Learning but a *need-not* votes;
 Whilst he the Prophets Sons so far may find
 Beyond the usual Stamp of Humane Kind.

XIII.

More madly *Rome* grants to the Sacred Life
 Dozens of Whores, but not one single Wife:
 Since from the holy Matrimonial Flame
 Of Priests, so great, so brave an Army came,

XIV.

The PARSON'S SON is ever nobly bred,
 And teaches MANNERS to the *Tribe of Gad*,
 (He that can bounce, and yet is scarcely fed.)
 Or if the LOON thinks he's most Wit and Sense,
 'Tis not his Manners, but his IMPUDENCE.

XV.

All here look pure like Truth, like Virtue fair,
 And all breath something more than common Air!
 Envy look round, and when thy Blood-shot Eye
 Can find no Spot, Envy look round and die.

XVI.

as for—YOU— let Plenty, Pleasuré bring,
 Veil you safe beneath her gentle Wing,
 From long happy Ages you remove,
 All your bright Fore-fathers meet above.

PROJECT XI. *

DAS:— *Or, the secret Narrative of Four
 Dissenting Parsons, [viz. Mr. J— L—
 Mr. J— C— Mr. D— C— and
 Mr. D— L—] who were lately silenc'd
 by their Congregations for Whoredom—
 Discover'd by two Women, that were Eye and
 Ear Witnesses to the Matter of Fact—
 To which is added Mr. L—'s Vindication,
 (or rather Confession) which he deliver'd
 privately to some of his Hearers— With a
 Letter to the Four Persons accus'd of Adul-
 tery, perswading them to make their Repent-
 ance as publick as their Crimes. Also an Ac-
 count of Mr. L—'s Excommunication, and
 the Manner of it.*

old ye have sinned against the Lord, and be sure
 your sin will find you out. Numb. 32. 23.

Therefore let him that thinketh he standeth take
 heed lest he fall. 1 Cor. 10. 12.

TO Person that has the Compassion and Charity of a Christi-
 an, can think it a Project attended with any Delight,
 Satisfaction, to expose the Whoredoms and secret Miscarriages
 of any Party of Men; much less his intimate Acquaintance:
 such were Mr. L— and Mr. C—, whose Adulter-
 ies are detected in the following Narrative.) It must be own'd,
 the Charity which our Religion has taught us, covers a multitude
 of sins, and shou'd make us willing to connive at, and bury in
 obscurity those Errors which are the necessary Consequences of Flesh
 and

and Blood: But when the Lewdness and Whoredoms of Men, (and which is yet worse, of some Ministers) are art to that Perfection as to out-face the Sun, and even exceed lief, when they are not contented to sin alone, but begin debauch others, (and even their own Hearers; as was Case of Mr. L—— and Mr. C——, mention'd in the following Narrative) and to sin on with that daring Profaness, their very Consciences are fear'd. I say, when Persons more especially Ministers, that shou'd set others a good ample) are arriv'd to this Height of Profaness, no Man has any Sense of such lewd Practices, and of so horrid a fanation of God's sacred Name, but must think himself under a very great Obligation (as far as in him lies) to detect abominable Lewdness; and he that does not, encourages at least approves of their scandalous Whoredoms; and that self is Apology enough for publishing this *Secret Narrative* those *Four Dissenting Parsons*, who were lately silenc'd by the Congregation's for *Whoredom*. It will seem strange, and all incredible, that those who administer the *Two Sacraments* *Baptism* and the *Lord's Supper*, shou'd at the same Time to live in *Adultery*, or any other known Sin: But as strange incredible as this seems, I suppose none will question the Probability of it, (and the Matter of Fact I shall prove at large the *Secret Narrative*) that considers the Case of *JUDAS*; for that Reason I have entitl'd this Project *JUDAS* for know, Reader, *JUDAS* was elected to be one of the Disciples, and dignify'd with the Highest of Callings, even be the *Apostle of Jesus Christ*. One who both under the Law and Gospel, had participated of those initiating Sacraments *Circumcision* and *Baptism*; as also of that which was for Confirmation, the *Passover*. Further, he was a Preacher of the Covenant of Grace, by Word as well as by Name, by as well as by Word; as appears by our Saviour's large Commission. He gave them Power (*viz.* his Twelve Disciples) *against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness*, (Mat. 10. 1.) and all manner of Diseases. The execution of this, the joynt Confession of the Twelve, and the Seventy Disciples, doth manifest, saying, *Lord, even the Devils are subject unto us, through thy name*, Luke 10. 17. Lo, *Judas* miraculously casting out Devils! Will it not be a Wonder, yea, and seem an Untruth, that this Saint (like the *Parsons* in the *Secret Narrative*) is become a Devil? I mean Tempter; No. Such a Faith to have such an End is but a falter; a flinted Faith wants Enlargement to continue. Faith in his Name we may do Miracles; but thro' Faith in his Blood, we and *Judas* only can be sav'd.

However, we see in the Case of *JUDAS*, (as I shall in my Letter to the *Four Parsons* accus'd of *Adultery*) that

scandalous Apostasie shou'd be as publickly stigmatiz'd —
 true, when a Minister of the Gospel, or any eminent Pro-
 of Religion, has been a *Drunkard*, or *Whoremonger*, if
 times have been wholly a Secret, the Reproof shou'd be
 left a Scandal shou'd be brought on Religion, by the
 ery of their daring Wickedness: But this is not the
 here; for there's scarce a Man or Woman in the
 Dominions, but has heard of the lewd Practices of
 — and Mr. C —, &c. and therefore the Publi-
 of this *Secret Narrative* is a Work both just and necessa-
 and what is warranted by the Rules of Scripture, Reason,
 the Example of the best Men.

Horneck tells us *, that "those amongst the *Primitive*
Christians that knew themselves guilty of a great Sin, durst
 appear in the Publick; and they that were fallen into
 notorious Errors, durst not so much prophane the Prayers
 the Church, as to appear there with the rest of the
 Assembly. So great was the Dread of God's Majesty in those
 Ages, that even a *Drunkard* or *Whoremonger* was afraid of
 God's Covenant in his Mouth, while he hated to be
 nam'd. 'Tis true, even among these *Christians* in the
 Ages, there were divers (like Mr. L —, Mr. C —,
 —, and Mr. C —) "that by their lewd
 Practices disgrac'd that noble Religion: But these were
 punish'd with very severe Discipline, and as long as they
 were in a State of Sin were not look'd upon as *Christians*,
 nor did any Christian converse with them. If they repent-
 ed, they were forc'd to make their Repentance publick.
 Mr. L — (and some of the rest in the *secret Nar-*
ative) is so far from, that he does all he can to conceal his
 crimes. But "these *Primitive Penitents* for some Years to-
 gether, were forc'd to give such Demonstration of their Re-
 pentance, that the Devil himself cou'd not but acknow-
 ledge the Sincerity of it; by weeping, and prostrating them-
 selves before God's People, and imploring the Assistance of
 the Saints; and by a Hundred such Austerities, they sought
 to be reconcil'd to God, and to his Church; which made
 the Fathers say, that the *Penitents* were no Scandal, but an
 ornament of the Church.

that you see, Reader, there's no need of making any
 apology for the publishing of this *Secret Narrative*; neither do
 we think that any honest Dissenter will be displeas'd at it; for you
 may plainly see by Dr. *Horneck's* Words, and the Example of the
 true *Christians*, that when the Professors of Piety have
 brought a publick Scandal on Religion by their *Whoredom* and

In his Letter to a Person of Quality, concerning the Heavenly
 of the *Primitive Christians*.

Drunk-

Drunkenness, they shou'd be publickly censur'd for it, in
 der to bring 'em to a *Publick Repentance* ; which is abso-
 necessary, where *Adultery* is publickly known, (as is the
 of the *Four Dissenting Parsons* in the *Secret Narrative* ;) and
 Mr *Baxter* of the same Opinion, that in such Cases, both
 Censure and Repentance shou'd be publick ; for in his T
 entitl'd,— *The Office of Christ's Ministers*— he there te
 “ Those Persons that are known to commit any gross and
 “ dalous Sin, shou'd first by private Reproof and Admo
 “ (unless where the Notoriousness and Heinousness
 “ Crime doth presently call for publick Reproof) be cal
 “ Repentance : And if they hear not the Reprovers, (as
 “ Case of most of the Persons in the *Secret Narrative*) “
 “ not reform, the Church must be told of it : And the
 “ is most convenient, that the Pastors be first acquainted
 “ the Case (to avoid Contention and Confusion) before
 “ brought into the publick Assembly : And to that End
 “ convenient that there be stated Meetings, where the P
 “ and some chosen Members of the Church (not as Officers
 “ the Deputies or Trustees of the rest) shou'd in their
 “ Capacities take Cognizance of such Offences ; that so
 “ ty and full Correspondence may be held between the
 “ and the Flock, and all things may be done advis'dly
 “ orderly. But if the Persons accus'd of *Whoredom*, or
 “ other Vice, by more private Means will not be brought
 “ necessary Repentance and Reformation, they must be p
 “ ly reprov'd and admonish'd, and call'd to Repentance
 “ opening of their Sin, and the Judgments of the Lord
 “ pleading with them those Gospel Mercies and Motives
 “ shou'd melt them into Contrition. And if the Success
 “ not appear, it is ordinarily meet that the Church
 “ joyn in Prayer for the Offender, that God wou'd give
 “ Repentance unto Life—— If after sufficient waiting
 “ the Use of these Means (as was done in the Case of
 “ L—— and Mr. C——) “ the Offender still remain
 “ penitent, it is the Duty of the Church to reject him
 “ of their Communion ; (as they have done by all Four
 “ tion'd in the *Secret Narrative*) “ wherein the Pastors must
 “ passionately declare his Offence, and his Impenitency
 “ the Judgments that God hath threatned to such, and
 “ Laws of Christ commanding the Church to put forth
 “ from among them : Which Sentence must be accom
 “ executed by the Pastors, in refusing him the Ord
 “ proper to the Church, and by the People, in avoiding
 “ miliarity and Communion with him, 'till he be restor'd
 “ his Repentance ; which I heartily wish Mr. L——
 “ rest of his fallen Brethren may all be : But they have all
 “ been such very *Judas's* to their Sacred Function, they

well to remember, if they are ever restor'd to their
Ministerial Office, it must be upon very sincere and publick
 instance of all the Adulteries of their whole Lives: And if
 thus publickly declare their Repentance, it is (as Mr. Baxter
 says) "the Pastor's Duty to declare such Penitents in the
 name of Christ to be pardon'd and absolv'd, and Ministerially
 give them this Mercy from the Lord, in Case their Repent-
 be sincere, and as publick as their Crimes: And if the
 Sinner were excommunicate, it is the Duty of the Pastor
 declare him again meet for the Communion of the Church,
 require the Church to receive him with Joy, as a return-
 Sinner, and not to reproach him with his Falls, but to
 give him, as Christ forgiveth him; all which they are
 bound to perform, and the Penitent with Joy to receive
 Absolution, and to return to the Communion of the
 Church, and to a more holy, careful, obedient Life——

Mr. L——, Mr. C——, and the rest of the fallen
 Men, have their Hearts so hardned that they have obli-
 vious that their Ears against every thing that may contribute
 to their Conviction, yet still it will be incumbent upon every
 Man to step in *betwixt the Living and the Dead*, and en-
 deavour to hinder the Contagion from spreading any further;
 that scandalous Lewdness that has been prov'd against Mr.

L——, Mr. J—— C——, Mr. D—— C——,
 Mr. D—— L——, if not timely, and throughly ex-
 posed and reform'd, will spread 'till it has corrupted the whole
 I don't mean of one Party more than another; for
 there have been *lewd Kings, lewd Dukes, lewd Priests, and lewd*
Members of all Perswasions: Which fair Confession makes it
 that this Narrative of the Four lewd Parsons is not publish'd
 with any Design to expose or scandalize the Body of Dissent-
 ers (who are generally very pious, and very modest) neither
 any Member of the Church of England think he stands
 in more secure from falling than the Four Dissenters mention'd in
 the following Narrative, that calls to Mind the lewd Conver-
 sion and Tragical Ends of Bishop *Atherton*, Dr. C——er, Mr.
 or that ever read the Book entitl'd, *The Century of scan-*
dalous Priests (Publish'd by an Order of the House of Commons,
 Year 1643.) which without multiplying any more In-
 stances, sufficiently proves there have been *Judas's* crept into all

So that you see, Reader, 'tis not this or that Party
 that are aim'd at in this Narrative, but only such (whe-
 ther they be Churchmen, Independents, Presbyterians, Anabaptists)
 who are discards by the modest and good Christian of all
 Perswasions. I expose, nor intend no Dissenter in the follow-
 ing

But such, and only such who do disgrace
 Their Cloaks and Pulpits with their Whoring Case.

I don't in these the Presbyterians blame,
 They were their Sorrow, not their Pulpit's Shame:
 I am not such a Knaves, or Rhiming Sor,
 To mark my own Religion with a Blot.
 My own! for Church and Presbyterians are the same
 Or if we differ, 'tis but just in Name.
 Our Church and Presbyterians sure might close,
 For meer indifferent Things have made them Foes?
 Indifferent Things can never warrant Blows†.
 Then 'tisn't the Self, but Lust I here deride,
 (No Presbyter; for Letchers are no Guide.)
 'Tis C—— and L—— that got a Wench with C
 That I expose; RAKES that are self-exil'd,
 They Independents left in being wild.
 'Tis bad, lewd Goats, thus to employ your Time;
 But to be taken, Letchers, there's the Crime.
 The Crime, to such as you who did not fear
 A wounded Conscience, but the Peoples Ear.
 The Crime, to such as you, who were so civil
 To stain your Cloaks, to please a lustful Devil.
 But Amorous Treason suits not (credit me)
 With Men in Years, or with Presbytery)
 (Or any that dislike our Letany.)

* "I will (says the ingenious Tutchin, in his Obser-
 " Vol. VI. Numb. 17.) venture to say thus much, That
 " Doctrines of the Reform'd Church of England are Pre-
 " rian; I mean the Doctrines in the Thirty Nine Articles
 " those few Articles of the Thirty Nine to which the Do-
 " cters do disagree, are Adiaphorus and indifferent in them-
 " not in Scripture made Terms of Communion, nor are
 " necessary to Salvation, but are Civil Articles, bearing
 " Sanction of the State: So that the Presbyterians and the
 " Churchmen have the same Faith, go in the same Way to
 " ven, oppose alike all the Enemies of the Faith, and
 " only concerning Rituals or Ceremonies in Religion,
 " like Accidents may abesse & adesse sine Interritu Subject
 " be, or not be, without the Destruction of the Pro-
 " Religion.

† Indifferent Things can never warrant Blows——
 the Preface to the Book of Common-prayer, 'tis their said,
 " particular Forms of Divine Worship, and the Rites and Cer-
 " appointed to be us'd in the publick Liturgy, being Things in
 " own Nature, indifferent and alterable, and so acknowledge
 " but reasonable, that upon weighty and important Consider-
 " according to the various Exigency of Times and Occasions
 " Changes and Alterations shou'd be made therein, as to those
 " in Place of Authority shou'd from Time to Time seem either
 " or expedient.

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But these Four Men had Flesh beneath their Gown,
They don't refine as Calvin wou'd ha' done.
That Saint to such a Purity was wrought,
He pray'd and fasted to a walking Thought,
He acted just as Presbyterians ought.

But L——, as if Red-hair had taught him Youth,
Debauch'd his Pulpit, and does ravish Truth;
He Whores with scarce one Hand, and ne'er a Tooth.

Is L—— a Letcher! Fye! Oh fye for Shame!

Lust in old Age is Vice I blush to name.

Youth is a sort of Nature's Warming-pan,
In Youth the Blood does boil, and wants a Fan:

But thou art past all Caterwalling, Man.

How dare you PREACH and Whore too, Aged Dust?

Why dost provoke the Ashes of thy Lust?

Where Time has snow'd, there Whoring's double curs'd:

All kind of Lust shou'd with Old Age expire;

Thy WARMTH returns, but 'tis so false a Fire,

It never reaches farther than Desire.

How madly does that Man his Hours employ,

That still desires, and never can enjoy!

That past the Act, is yet not past the Fault,

And damns himself in being letw'd in Thought.

But in all Churches will a JUDAS creep:

'Twas ever so; and who can safely sleep,

When very Shepherds dare debauch their Sheep?

assigning therefore to prove they can be no better than
JUDAS (let their Perswasion be what it will) that administer
Two Sacraments, [Baptism and the Lord's Supper,] whilst
live in the Act of Adultery, 'twill be necessary before I
set the Atheism of such Practices, that I prove the Four Dissent-
Parsons nam'd in the Secret Narrative, to be the very Men
going to say the Monst'ers) that have acted that Lewd-
they are charg'd with: And tho' MONSTER seems a
Name for a Human Creature, (much more for one that
preach'd the Gospel) yet when Clergymen are grown so
grand and prophane as to point to their very Pulpits (as I
prove Mr. L—— did) and cry out aloud— Look, there's
a Smoking Box— and can live according to such Levity, (I
in Drinking, Whoring, and all Uncleannefs) I shan't
be able to call such a Clergyman a Monster in the Church, and
thrust him out of it; for can they deserve any better Char-
acter, that are so hardned in Wickednefs as to give the Holy
ment with those very Hands that perhaps the same Hour,
the next Day, wou'd embrace a Harlot—— That there
such daring Sinners as these— that have thus administered the
sacrament with the same impure Hands with which they had

touch'd filthily a vile Harlot — that have kiss'd her with same Mouth by which Christ Sacramentally enter'd — have given their Heart to a Strumpet, which they ought to devote God — I say, that there are such Monsters as will appear by the following Narrative — Ob Monsters indeed! For it did not suffice Mr. L —, C —, and the rest of the Fallen Brethren, to do this (as Judas did but ONCE, TWICE, THRICE, but they did it ONCE) Judas did but ONCE receive the Lord in the Sacrament, peradventure he neither was Consecrated, (as Clergymen by their Ordination) nor had made a Vow of Continence, that administer the Sacrament are suppos'd to have done. Then judge, Reader, if Monster be too hard a Name for Goatish Men (or rather sensuál Brutes) that turn even Grace of God into wantonneß, and are worse than even himself; for by how much the higher and sacred the Sacrament is, by so much the more grievous is the Fall, and heinous Sin.

But these being such daring Impieties that few will be any Clergyman wou'd be guilty of, 'twill be therefore needful that I prove Mr. F — L —, Mr. F — C —, Mr. D — C —, and Mr. D — L —, guilty of such Lewdness as Brutes (cou'd they speak) wou'd even be guilty of: And this I shall do, by inserting here — Judas the secret Narrative of those Four Dissenting Parsons, (viz. F — L —, Mr. F — C —, Mr. D — C —, and Mr. D — L —) who were lately silenc'd by their Congregations for Whoredom, &c. as 'twas sent to me in the following Letter; Viz.

The Secret Narrative.

MR. DUNTON,

YOU have so convincingly prov'd the Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance, in your Remarks upon the Adult Life of W — late D — of D —, it has encouraged me to send you — A Secret Narrative of Four Dissenting Parsons (viz. Mr. F — L —, Mr. F — C —, Mr. D — C —, and Mr. D — L —) who were lately silenc'd by their Congregations for Whoredom.

Sir — I send you this Secret Narrative, with a Request that you wou'd write some Remarks upon it, and then publish both as a Warning to all who dare Heaven with such Hypocrisie, to administer the Two Sacraments [Baptism and the Lord's Supper] whilst they live in a known Sin. Your Remarks upon the late Remorse of the D — of D — [which you may call The Hazard of a Death-Bed-Repentance] has given great satisfaction to

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tion to all ingenious and serious People, and 'tis hop'd has
erted some lewd Persons of Quality that kept Misses, (to
Kandal of Religion, and their own Shame) and 'tis not
ed but your Remarks upon the *Secret Narrative* I have
sent you, will be as convincing and as generally useful as
former Remarks ; and to encourage you to the greater
ness in your exposing the *lewd Secrets* that are here de-
t, I do assure you I have sent you no Discoverjes in this
Narrative, but what are Matter of Fact.

er, First, being my self present when Mr. *F*—— *L*——
charg'd with several lewd Practices, you may rest assur'd
I'll neither impose upon you nor the Publick, in those Ac-
ts I shall give of his Whoredom.

you will have as little Reason to doubt the Matter of Fact
what of Mr. *F*—— *C*—— ; for what I discover of him
he confess'd to me at the *Bank Coffe-house* in *Grocers-Alley*.
I shou'd also acquaint you, that Part of this *Secret Narrative*
discover'd by Two Women (Mrs. *M*—— *E*—— and
Mid-servant, that was one of Mr. *C*——'s Hearers) that
Eye and Ear Witnesses to the Matter of Fact.

to the Charge against Mr. *D*—— *C*——, 'twas plain
er of Fact ; as Mr. *F*—— *F*—— (one of his Hearers)
d to his Face, before the Elders of his Congregation.

to what relates to Mr. *D*—— *L*——*n*, tho' he pri-
vately vindicated himself (which *Vindication* I have here enclos'd,
so great a Secret that few of his Hearers have yet seen it)
with the Whoredom he was charg'd with, yet a less discern-
Eye than yours will soon discover that his very *Vindication*
is a sort of *Confession* of the Adulteries he was charg'd with ;
ther is it any Breach of Charity to think Mr. *L*——*n*
y of Whoredom, when Three *London Ministers* (*viz.* Mr.
——, Mr. *N*——, and Mr. *R*——) thought good to
and him from further Preaching.

—— having given you this short Account of the Truth
the following Narrative, I now proceed to give as particu-
Account as I can of the Four Dissenting Parsons accus'd of
Whoredom ; who were Mr. *F*—— *L*——, Mr. *F*——
——, Mr. *D*—— *C*——, and Mr. *D*—— *L*——

Mr. *F*—— *L*—— was an *Independent Preacher* for ma-
Years, and was ever thought ('till of late) to be a very
learned and chaste Person.

Mr. *F*—— *L*—— had his Education in the City of
——, at Sir *E*—— *H*——'s. He was a Pastor of a
Church for some Time in *S*——, and was Chaplain at the
Time to the Lady *O*——. He was greatly esteem'd
in the Church and Family to which he belong'd ; but at
new Temptations bring out old Corruptions, for Mr.

L—— being in the Lady O——'s Family about Years, he feign'd himself sick; and the Lady O—— tender of him, she order'd her Woman (Mrs. M—— E—— by Name) to watch with him all Night: But Mr. L—— being sick of Lust more than of any other Distemper, in the Time of the Night he arose in his naked Shirt, and got Mrs. E—— in his Arms, forc'd her into the Bed to and soon after she prov'd with Child—— Mrs. E—— being thus debauch'd and ruin'd by Mr. L——, she grievously troubl'd in Mind about it, and the very next after Mr. L—— had thus debauch'd her, she attempt'd drown her self in the Horse-pond; but Mr. L—— her very melancholy ask'd her the Meaning of it: To she reply'd, *He had ruin'd her, Body and Soul, and she cou'd no longer.* Upon this Mr. L—— promis'd her Marriage, and told her he had made her that Promise, that she might not be disgrac'd by being with Child: But notwithstanding L—— had made Mrs. E—— this Promise of Marriage, he gave her Physick to make her miscarry; which *unlawful Action* was certainly Murder in the Sight of God; which dy'd Murder he added to his vile Whoredom, as if he thought he cou'd not be lewd or wicked enough: But the Physician L—— gave to Mrs. E—— not causing Abortion, but (in a most unnatural Manner) bruise'd her Body, in order to make her miscarry, and accordingly it took Effect there not always; for he had a Boy by her, who (as 'tis said) is now living, and in his Fourteenth Year.

After this Mrs. E—— left her Service, and coming to London Mr. L—— follow'd her thither, and meeting her at High-gate, he there lay with her all Night; to perswade this *New Debauch* he tells her they were Man and Wife by God, and that he wou'd provide for her; and accordingly got her a Service at Mr. C——'s at C——m, and to visit her often under the Name of her Cousin F—— Whilst Mrs. E—— liv'd in this House she stole from Master C—— several Goods, to support Mr. L—— Her Thefts being discover'd, she was turn'd out of Service, being examin'd, she confess'd that Mr. L—— had brought her to it, and that he had made Use of her Body for Years; but Mr. L—— being now marry'd to another man, she cou'd not (as she told her Master) keep his Company any longer; and therefore, that she might now discover her *lewd Practices*, she goes and declares her Mind to a Minister (Mrs. L——, a Minister's Daughter) who advis'd her to make his Whoredom known; and accordingly she went and discover'd it, first to his present Wife, and then to the People of his Congregation, affirming that he deserv'd to be punish'd for the Abuses she had receiv'd from him.

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Mr. E—— further declar'd that Mr. L—— did often
in an unnatural Manner; which misapplying the Pro-
phet (call it if you please) *Chymistry of Nature*, is what Di-
call *Potential Murder*. This unnatural Wast is a very
and grievous Sin, both against the Order of Nature,
stitution of God. It was the Sin of *Er* and *Onan*; for
unnatural Lust God slew 'em both, as we read, *Gen.*
10. and is a fair Warning to all such who sin against the
of Nature, or (like *Er*) use the Act of Generation for
only. But this unnatural Wast is a very heinous and
Sin, not so much because Mr. L—— acted against
as because he did it knowingly, frequently, with De-
light, and with Delight: And therefore it is but necessa-
ry he shou'd lay it much to Heart, and look upon himself
an *inordinate Lover of carnal Pleasure*, as one that hath in some
manner defiled his own Body, stain'd his Baptism, offended the
unhallowed and defecrated its Temple, and deserv'd to
be destroy'd. And that which further aggravates this unnatu-
ral Sin, is, There is a *Seminal Vital Virtue* which perisheth if
it be spilt: So that to do this, is to hinder the begetting
of a living Child; which is the first Degree of Murder that
is committed; and the next unto it is the marring Con-
ception when it is made, and causing of Abortion, both which
are natural Practices Mr. L—— was guilty of. Now such
Practices are noted in the Scripture as horrible Crimes, because
so many might commit them, and not know the Evil of
them. It is conceiv'd that *Onan* and his Brother *Er* before, was
in Evil thus far, that both of them satisfy'd their
Lust against the Order of Nature, and therefore the
Lord cut them off both alike, with sudden Vengeance, which
should be the Terror of those *Old Bachelors* who, in the Neg-
lect of Marriage, live in secret Impurity with themselves, and
hinder who in Marriage will satisfie their Lust, but hinder
the product of Children, which is the principal Use of the
marital Estate, and not for the meer gratifying their Con-
cupiscence. So that Mr. L—— is guilty of *Double Murder*; the
first gave Mrs. E—— Physick to cause Abortion, (which
was intentional Murder) and after that (to continue
his unlawful Pleasures) he invents the unnatural
Use of his own Nature, which is *Potential Murder*, as well as
the aggravated *Adultery* I have ever heard of, considering
his Promise of marrying Mrs. E——, before he had
a PIOUS (but unhappy) Woman that is now his Wife,
with whom he had a very considerable Fortune: And
in no small Aggravation of his lewd Practices, he con-
tinues these UNNATURAL WAYS OF ENJOYMENT
Time, on purpose to prevent Mrs. E——'s proving
Child. So that, that lewd, vile and abominable Book

call'd *The School of Venus*, seems to be a meer Novice to L—— for teaching and practising Diversity of Lewdne

But besides these *unnatural Practices*, Mr. L—— was tiable in the very Act of Adultery it self; for Mrs. E—— declar'd, that once in a Chamber in *Baldwin's Gardens* he been guilty of lewd and impotent Practices with her, for Two Hours together; which IMPOIENCY they at last concluded was a Judgment of God upon both of 'em.

I cou'd also give a particular Account of Mr. L—— great Familiarity with Mrs. G——n, (a marry'd Strumpet) and of his giving 50*l.* to put her Son out to 'Prentice; these are Practices so lewd and vile, I think my Pen too to describe 'em.

I cou'd also give a dismal, and very particular Account of his picking up a common Whore of the Town at the *Spaw*, so lately as the Second of *May* last. I cou'd also disclose the Names of the Three Witnesses that saw him drunk and prov'd he was naught with her; but (to avoid Prolixity) I shall omit these, and many more of his lewd Practices: I shall say what I've here briefly, but (I'm sure) truly affirm'd, many more deter others from the like Enormities, I shall think my Labour well bestow'd, in writing and sending to Mr. Dunton *Secret Narrative*—— However, I wou'd have all Independent take Warning by Mr. L—— how they slander such as come from 'em; but more especially that truly pious and learned Divine Mr. *Richard Baxter*, for I never knew any Man speak so injuriously and contemptibly of him as Mr. L—— wou'd do, (and that in his Pulpit; where I once heard him assert, he had POISON'D the Nation) but one Time or other had a Blot upon his Reputation.

Sir—— These lewd Practices, and many others, (too many to name) being prov'd upon Mr. L——, he was expelled out of a Church (as you'll hear anon) where he had near Hundred Pound *per Annum* for Preaching

Thus, Mr. Dunton, have I given you a brief Narrative of the *Secret Adulteries* of Mr. F—— L——, who professes to be like an Angel, but WALLOW'D in all sorts of Uncleanness, as if he believ'd neither God nor Devil; and indeed his preaching so well, and living so ill, will admit of no better Conclusion than this, that— Mr. L—— is an absolute Antichrist. And (Mr. Dunton) you'll own he deserves this, and a worse Character, when I have told you, he is so far from shewing any Signs of Repentance for those lewd Practices he is charged with, that he still lives in the Act of Adultery; for since he has been thus publicly charg'd by his Congregation for Whoredom, he absconded a while in H——stead; but is now Home again to his own House in R——-Makers-A——

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Mrs. M—— E—— (the Person that first accus'd
 of Whoredom) to come and give him a private Visit.
 E—— accordingly came, to see what Satisfaction he
 would make for debauching of her, and refusing to marry her :
 instead of repairing the Wrong he had done her, he sent for
 to tempt her again to Lewdness, which was thus discover'd ;
 His Servant El—— mistrusting his lewd Design, dog'd
 from one Room to another, and at last heard him say,
 Mrs. E—— don't expose me, pray don't expose me ; which
 urg'd with a World of Earnestness. L—— suspecting
 that he was over-heard, and watch'd by his Servant El——, he
 goes Mrs. E—— up Stairs ; and still fearing he was watch'd
 El——, he comes down Stairs again, and calling his Ser-
 vant to him, sends her out with Two Shillings to buy a Bottle
 of Wine ; and now thinking himself secure, he lays Mrs.
 —— down in the KITCHEN, where Dinner was then
 being, and there debauch'd her : And which shews him a
 hardened and harden'd Sinner, the KITCHEN he thus polluted
 the very Room where he and his People had kept many a
 Day of Prayer and Fasting. This late Discovery was made
 in this Manner, viz. The Maid seemingly went for the Wine
 which he sent her for, but El—— mistrusting her Master de-
 sign'd to be naught with E——, she comes softly back, and
 caught him in the very Act of Adultery, as she has since testi-
 fied, and was publickly prov'd before the Church. Mrs.
 —— is counted a sincere and humble Penitent, (which
 well deserve your serious Remarks) and therefore this last
 debauch was certainly a Force upon her, (or the strong Tempt-
 ation of many Guineas) which is no small Aggravation of
 L——'s Adultery, and proves him the lewdest of Men ;
 yet 'tis a great Question whether he's more govern'd by
 LUST than K——RY ; for you see by this *Secret Narrative*
 that as to LUST he's a meer GOAT, and what a K——VE
 is you'll easily guess, when I tell you that Mr. B——
 —— (a Gentleman of 600*l.* per Annum, and a Member of
 L——'s Church) left by Will 20*l.* to be distributed
 among four poor Ministers in Wales ; and they not having above
 a Year to live on, the Executors of the deceas'd Gentleman
 wrote a Letter to the poor Families to whom the 20*l.* was given,
 acquainting them with the Legacy that had been bequeath'd to
 them ; who thereupon waited for it a whole Year, with great
 patience, being in great Want for Subsistence : But the
 Money being left in Mr. L——'s Hands, he keeps the Money,
 and expends it upon his lewd Company.
 Upon the Discovery of this Fraud, and fresh Charge of
 Adultery, (testify'd against Mr. L—— by his Servant
 ——) the Elders of Mr. L——'s Church desir'd him
 to give them a Meeting, that he might clear himself of the

new Crimes that were laid to his Charge. Whereupon *S*———*n*, and *Mr. N*———*n* (Two of the Elders of *L*———'s Church, and Person's of great Integrity) gave a Meeting in *Holbourn*. Being all met at the Place appointed, *Mr. S*———*n*, and *Mr. N*———*n* desir'd *Mr. L*———*n* God had receiv'd him into his Favour, to declare to the Manifestation of God's Love, by Way of Repentance only for the former, but the latter Crimes. But tho' press'd him to a *publick Repentance*, and desir'd he would them a Meeting at his own House (where the Adultery committed that his Servant had charg'd him with) the might the better answer to his former and latter Charge. But his Answer was, "*I'll not come near your Bear-Garden Meetings, (Language something like that of calling Pulpit A Prattling-Box) but do you act as you please, and I as I please, and so farewell.*"

*An Account of the Excommunication of
J——L——, and the Manner of Excommunication, as practis'd in the Independent Churches.*

UPON this Answer of *Mr. L*——— to *Mr. S*———*n*, *Mr. N*———*n*, *Mr. L*———'s Church proceed to communicate him; and at the Time of his Excommunication there were present Seven Ministers, (*viz.* *Mr. B*———*C*———, *Mr. T*———, *Mr. F*———, *Mr. G*———*P*———, and *Mr. N*———) who all gave their Consent to the Excommunication, and *Mr. V*———*I* pronounc'd the sentence of Excommunication with Tears in his Eyes; for a sad Consideration, to cast out from all Communion in all Things, an ordain'd and eminent Preacher, and one who had long administer'd the Holy Sacraments, and that for a *K*———, a *whore-master*, and a *prophane and scandalous* and (which was yet worse) an impenitent harden'd Sinner. And for that Reason it was *Mr. V*———*I* pronounc'd the sentence of Excommunication with Tears in his Eyes, and a Concern upon his Spirit. And the pronouncing the sentence of Excommunication upon *Mr. L*——— might affect both the *Heart* and *Eyes* of that serious and humble *Mr. V*———*I*, when a learned Divine gives us this Definition of Excommunication; which to render the less dismal, I have put into *Latin*, in these Words, *viz.*

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Ecclesiæ sententia, præunte legitimâ cognitione, prolata in Dei
& auctoritate, quâ declaratur quispian ejusdem Ecclesiæ socius,
aliquo, vel contumaciâ Ecclesiam offenderit, & recipiscere ad
communionem Ecclesiæ recuset, ex Christi mandato justè exclusus ex
communione, sive ex Dei Ecclesiæ corpore.

Oratus contends very fiercely with *Calvin* and *Beza*, about
 communication, denying the Church any such Power. The
 Heathens had their publick Execrations, not rashly to be
 against any; as *Plutarch* witnesseth. The Jews had their
 Sorts of Excommunication, one heavier than another,
Niddui, *Cherem*, *Shamatha*, or *Maranatha*; which they de-
 as low as from *Henoch*, *Judg.* 14. Answerable to which, we
 Three Parts or Degrees of Church-censure :

- Viz. { 1. *Exortio & reditio.*
 2. *Suspensio & Exclusio.*
 3. *Excommunicatio.*

The End and Scope of which is, That the wicked may be
 reformed, Scandal remov'd, the Church and Ordinances kept
 unpolluted, Infection prevented, the Excommunicated Person
 amend'd, others warn'd, and God's
 judgments avoided.

The Church must be careful to avoid Rashness in Proceed-
 ing. *Plutarch* highly commends that *Athenian* Priest, that be-
 commanded by the People to curse *Alcibiades*, refus'd to do
 so. Whereas the Pope is said (Wasp-like) no sooner to be angry,
 but out comes a Sting, an Excommunication. And withal,
 he cast not out *Jonas*, whilst she keeps *Cham* in the Ark.
 Read *Mat.* 18. 15, 16, 17, &c. And, *1 Cor.* 5. 3, 4, 5, 7.
 And here, (Mr. *Dunton*) Mr. L——'s Excommunication
 has made a great Noise in the World, and is what few
 have a right Notion of, I will (as you are a moderate Churchman)
 gratifie your Curiosity as to relate to you

The Manner of Excommunication, as practis'd in the Independent
 Churches.

And here I must acquaint you,

1. That the Censures of the Church are appointed by Christ,
 for the preventing, removing, and healing of Offences in the
 Church; for the reclaiming and gaining of offending Brethren;
 for the deterring of others from the like Offences; for purging
 the Leaven, which may infect the whole Lump; for vindic-
 ating the Honour of Christ, and of his Church, and the holy
 Gospel; and for preventing of the Wrath of
 God that may justly fall upon the Church, if they shou'd
 break his Covenant, and the Seals thereof, to be prophand by
 malicious and obstinate Offenders.

2. If an Offence be *private* (one Brother offending another) the Offender is to go and acknowledge his Repentance for unto his offended Brother, who is then to forgive him; but if the Offender neglect, or refuse to do it, the Brother offended is to go and convince, and admonish him of it between themselves privately: If thereupon the Offender be brought to repent of his Offence, the Admonisher hath won his Brother; but if the Offender hear not his Brother, the Brother offended is to take with him one or two more, that in the Mouth of two or three Witnesses every Word may be establish'd; (whether the Word of Admonition, if the Offender receive it, or the Word of Complaint, if he refuse it) for if he refuse the offended Brother is by the Mouth of the Elders to tell the Church; and if he hear the Church, and declare the same penitent Confession, he is recover'd and gain'd; and if the Church discern him willing to hear, yet not fully convinc'd of his Offence, as in Case of Heresie, they are to dispence to a publick Admonition; which declaring the Offender to lie under the publick Offence of the Church, doth thereby withhold or suspend him from the holy Fellowship of the Lords Supper, 'till his Offence be remov'd by penitent Confession. If he still continue obstinate, they are to cast him out by communication.

3. But if the Offence be more *publick* at first, and of a more *heinous* and *criminal Nature*, to wit, such as are condemn'd by the Light of Nature; then the Church without such gradual Proceeding, is to cast out the Offender from their holy Communion, for the further mortifying of his Sin, and the healing of his Soul, in the Day of the Lord Jesus.

4. In dealing with an Offender, great Care is to be taken that we be neither over-strict or rigorous, nor too indulgent or remiss; our proceeding herein ought to be with a Spirit of Meekness, considering our selves, lest we also be tempted; that the best of us have need of much Forgiveness from the Lord. Yet the winning and healing of the Offenders being the End of these Endeavours, we must not daub with untemper'd Mortar, nor heal the Wounds of our Brethren slightly. On some have Compassion, others save with Fear.

5. While the Offender remains excommunicate, the Church is to refrain from all Member-like Communion with him in spiritual Things, and also from all familiar Communion with him in civil Things, farther than the Necessity of natural, domestical, or civil Relations do require; and are therefore to forbear to eat and drink with him, that he may be ashamed.

6. Excommunication being a spiritual Punishment, it doth not prejudice the Excommunicate in, nor deprive him of his *civil Rights*, and therefore toucheth not Princes, or Magistrates in Point of their civil Dignity or Authority. And, the communication

communicate being but as a Publican and a Heathen, Heathens being lawfully permitted to come to hear the Word in Church Assemblies; we acknowledge therefore the like Liberty of hearing the Word, may be permitted to Persons excommunicate, that is permitted unto Heathen. And because we are not without Hope of his Recovery, we are not to account him as an Enemy, but to admonish him as a Brother.

7. If the Lord sanctifie the Censure to the Offender, so as by the Grace of Christ, he doth testifie his Repentance, with humble Confession of his Sin, and judging of himself, giving glory unto God; the Church is then to forgive him, and to comfort him, and to restore him to the wonted Brotherly Communion, which formerly he enjoy'd with them.

8. The suffering of prophane or scandalous Livers to continue in Fellowship, and partake in the Sacrament, is doubtless a great sin in those that have Power in their Hands to redress it, and do it not. Nevertheless, in as much as Christ and his Apostles in their Times, and the Prophets and other godly Men in theirs, did lawfully partake of the Lord's commanded Ordinances in the Jewish Church, and neither taught nor practis'd Separation from the same, tho' unworthy ones were permitted therein; and in as much as the faithful in the Church of *Corinth*, wherein were many unworthy Persons and Practises, are never commanded to absent themselves from the Sacraments, because of the same; therefore the Godly, in like Cases, are not present-ly to separate.

9. As Separation from such a Church wherein prophane and scandalous Livers are tolerated, is not presently necessary; so for the Members thereof, otherwise worthy, hereupon to abstain from communicating with such a Church, in the Participation of the Sacraments, is unlawful. For, as it were unreasonable for an innocent Person to be punish'd for the Faults of others wherein he hath no Hand, and whereunto he gave no Consent; so is it more unreasonable, that a godly Man shou'd neglect Duty, and punish himself in not coming for his portion, in the Blessing of the Seals, as he ought, because others are suffer'd to come that ought not, especially considering that himself doth neither consent to their Sin, nor to their approaching to the Ordinance in their Sin, nor to the Neglect of others who shou'd put them away, and do not; but on the contrary, doth heartily mourn for these Things, and modestly and reasonably stir up others to do their Duty. If the Church cannot be reform'd, they may use their Liberty: But this all the Godly are bound unto, even every one to do his Endeavour, according to his Power and Place, that the unworthy may be truly proceeded against by the Church, to whom this Matter doth appertain.

Mr. Dunton—— Having faithfully discover'd to you the secret Adulteries of Mr. L——, and told you by whom, and in what Manner he was excommunicated for 'em,

The next *Dissenting Parson* that shall be detected in this *Secret Narrative*, is Mr. F—— C——, some Time Preacher *W——* in *Essex*.

Mr. C—— was an excellent Preacher, and much esteem'd by all that knew him, 'till a Temptation offer'd; which was a Gentlewoman's Servant, in this Manner.

The Servant too much indulging her carnal Desires, her Lewdness so much prevail'd over her, (notwithstanding she was join'd to Mr. C——'s Church) that at last she committed Fornication; and did it so frequently, she became the common Talk of the Youth of the Town where she liv'd; so that her lewd Actions brought a great Scandal on Religion. These lewd Practices coming at last to her Mistress's Ear, she reprov'd her severely for 'em, and on the next Sabbath-day after the Discovery, she writes a Letter to Mr. F—— C—— and sent it to him by her Servant, that he might also reprove her, and perswade her to a sober Life. The Servant not knowing what was in the Letter, (it containing, as she thought Business for her Mistress) after Dinner carry'd the Letter to Mr. C—— and coming to his House she found him in his Study, preparing the Sermon that he was to preach that Afternoon. Mr. C—— opening the Letter, and finding 'twas a Request to him to prove the Bearer for her lewd Practices, he shuts his Study Door and with much seeming Zeal at first chastiz'd the Gentlewoman's Servant for her Fornications, and ask'd her *How she that was a Professor of Religion, and receiv'd the Sacrament, durst be so wicked as to commit Whoredom?* adding, *She had better marry than burn*—— She answer'd him, *Sir, I do so long after a Husband that I cannot contain my self*—— To which Mr. C—— reply'd, *Alas poor Maid! I will provide a Husband for you, and in the mean Time you shall take such Physick as is proper for your Cure*. But this fine Promise was but a *Shoeing-horn*, to draw her the more easily to his lewd Embraces; for the Maid being handsome, the present Opportunity was such a strong Temptation to him, that he perswaded her to lie with him at that Time in the Closet; and presently after he had debauch'd her, he went and preach'd a Sermon to his Congregation. Not long after this Adulterous Act, he was found in the same Place at another Place; which this Servant that he debauch'd in the Closet hearing of, she told her Mistress 'twas no more than what Mr. C—— did with her in his Closet, at such a Time; which extremely surpriz'd the Gentlewoman, who suppos'd him to be a very religious Man: But upon this Discovery, she accus'd both her Pastor and her Servant before the Church; where the Servant confess'd the Fact, and did it in so plain a Manner, that

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Mr. C—— could not disown it. Whereupon they were excommunicated out of the Church in the Year 1707.

But the debauching of the Gentlewoman's Servant was not the Lewdness Mr. C—— was charg'd with; for (at the Time he was charg'd with the 'foremention'd Adultery) he also prov'd he tempted a very sufficient Man's Wife to Jeanness, who before that was a very loving and dutiful Wife; but she was no sooner intimate with Mr. C—— but quarrel'd with her Husband, and left his Bed for Mr. C——'s Company, with whom she liv'd in Adultery, 'till Mr. C——'s Wife discover'd their Adulterous Practices; upon that Discovery Mr. C—— left his Wife and Child, and she her Husband, and so both came to London, and took Lodgings in Holbourn, Mr. C——'s Harlot was declar'd of a Bastard Child, to the equal Scandal of both of

Mr. C——'s coming to London, he preach'd in Petticoat-lane for about Half a Year, 'till such Time his Harlot and he were discover'd, and then they forsook their Landlord and went to Lambeth; where he continu'd to preach to a very serious People 'till he got 50l. in their Debt, and then run away. All while Mr. C—— and his Harlot liv'd in Holbourn and at Lambeth, they pass'd for Man and Wife, tho' in Reality they were no better than Whore and Rogue, the real Wife of the one Husband of the other being now living at the Town of —— with several Children—— I charg'd Mr. C—— with these secret Whoredoms, at the Bank of England Coffee-house in Grocers-Alley, and he cou'd not deny but the Charge against him was true.

Mr. Dunton—— A Third Dissenting Parson whose Adulteries I detect in this Secret Narrative, is Mr. D—— C——, a Parson well known to your self, and to your worthy Friend George L—— kin, who was joyn'd to him several Years; and had he liv'd 'till Mr. C——'s Adulteries had been discover'd, wou'd have been extreemly troubl'd at his lewd Immunity.

Mr. D—— C—— was formerly an Independent Preacher, and Pastor of a Church in some Parts of R——shire, and was in such great Esteem for a while, that a Gentleman's Dowry of 300l. per Annum fell in Love with him and marry'd him.

Mr. D—— C—— was invited to come and settle in —— by the Baptists, who promis'd him if he wou'd turn to —— and settle amongst 'em, they wou'd double his Income: Whereupon he embrac'd their offer, and turn'd from the Independents to the Baptists, and was with them near Four Years; and 'till such Time he was found to lie with his Servant-maid.

This

This Adultery was prov'd upon him *not only once, but often*; was so displeasing to his pious Wife, that she turn'd the Maid away that her Husband had debauch'd: But notwithstanding he was prov'd guilty of these lewd Practices, upon his seeming Repentance his Congregation resolve to make further Trial of him; but Mr. D—— C—— grew still lewder lewder, and at last follow'd the Maid he debauch'd in his House, to a private Lodging, where he committed Adultery with her; and us'd also to make use of her often at the *F-Horse*, near *West-S——*; where he was found out, thereupon silenc'd from Preaching.

The next lewd Intrigue that Mr. D—— C—— concern'd in, was detected in this Manner; *Viz.* Mr. F—— (a Member of his Church) following Mr. C—— over *Tower-hill* one Night, about Nine of the Clock, afterwards saw him pick up one of the common Whores of the Town, carry'd her to the *Dark-H——* at B—— gate; where F—— F—— searching for 'em, he found 'em both in a private Room. Mr. F—— finding Mr. C—— in lewd Company, spoke to him to this Effect: *Sir, I am sorry to see these Actions by you that are a Minister of the Gospel; neither is this the first Time by many I can prove that you have guilty of lewd Practices; and therefore I fully resolve to disclose your Wickedness.* To these Words Mr. C—— reply'd, *I confess Sir, I am now in Drink, but I don't use to be so; therefore I beg your Pardon, and hope you'll conceal what you now seen amiss in me that's unbecoming a Minister of the Gospel.* But this Confession cou'd not bring Mr. F—— to conceal his Night-walking and Drunkenness; for Mr. F—— told these Secrets with his own Mouth, and went and testified Mr. C——'s Church what he had seen with his own Eyes. Whereupon he lost the Love of his People; and being silenc'd, he is now gone to live in the Country; where, as Adultery is publicly known, I heartily wish his Repentance for it may be as publick.

The Fourth and last *Dissenting Parson* whose Adulteries to detect in this *Secret Narrative*, is Mr. D—— L——. He was many Years a Pastor of a Church at B—— *New-E——*; which is a great Aggravation of his Adulteries; and they are still the more notorious and aggravated. Mr. L—— had been marry'd to two Wives, and had been bless'd with several Children by both of 'em. One of L——'s Wives dy'd at B—— ton, but his second came over with him to *England*: And which still further aggravates his running astray after lewd Women, his present is a very beautiful Woman, and very fruitful, Mr. L—— having had several Children by her; but tho' Mr. L——

enough to be her Father, (he being upwards of 60 Years)
seems she is not sufficient to satisfy his Inclinations; for
—n one Night pretending to walk for the Air, and
mediate, he picks up a common Whore in *Middle Moor-fields*,
(which shew'd the greater Impudence) very near to his
House. Having pick'd her up, he carries her (or she him)
the *General Bawdry-house* (I mean the *Musick-house*) in *Moor-*
and there was naught with her, (I can't say debauch'd
those common Harlots being generally the first Tempters)
prov'd by a Neighbour of his, who watch'd him all
while, and discover'd the Intrigue. 'Tis true, being
with this lewd Adventure he wholly deny'd it; but it was
prov'd against him; for which Whoredom he was
condemned by the Reverend Mr. N——, Mr. R——, and
C——, and has lain under the Suspension ever since.
and as Mr. L——n was prov'd guilty of picking up and
living of common Harlots, so I think none can question but
he both debauch'd and got his *New-E——* Servant with
all, that reads his *Vindication* of himself, as to that Matter;
his *VINDICATION* is rather a *CONFESSION* of the Fact
a *VINDICTION* of his Innocence, as will appear by this
of it, (which he deliver'd privately to some of his Hear-
and is here publish'd as a great Secrecy) viz.

Mr. D—— L——n's Vindication.

— L——n, do hereby declare and testify to all
Christians*, in the Presence of the Great and Everlasting God,
that I must one Day give an Account of all things I have done
in my Body, whether good or evil; That in those Accusations, con-
cerning me, which were laid before the Assembly of Ministers at
—Hall, since the 24th Day of September, 1705. I was
charg'd with speaking one uncivil Word, doing the least unseem-
ly thing, being in any suspected Place, or in Company at an unsea-
sonable Hour, with any Woman whatsoever: And I having the whole
that was given in against me in Writing, Word for Word, (so
that can neither be augmented or diminish'd) I do hereby challenge
any Person whatsoever, to prove that ever I was in any of those Re-
proaches charg'd before the Ministers: However, censorious People have
been ready to load me with such Reproaches as tend to the utter undoing
of myself and Wife, with a Blot and Stain upon my Posterity after
me, as to what concern'd the Servant that came over with my Fa-

Note. All the Christians he thus declar'd and testify'd to,
not above Ten or Twelve at most, he not Printing above
a Number of *Vindications*, as being afraid (I suppose) they
might be made publick.

mily

mily from New-E——, and was in a short Time after de
of a Child; as I can with a good Conscience, in the Sight of
assert my self to be as innocent in the Matter as any Person that sha
this Paper; so, I having her Oath taken before a Justice of the
positively deposing who was the Father of that Child, I do
challenge any Person upon Earth to prove me guilty of any thi
that Matter, but only imprudent Management, to which I was
by an over-earnest Desire to conceal it: In every Particular of
Affair, I do hereby declare my self able and ready to give Ch
Satisfaction to any that shall desire it.

These Things being undeniably true, the Ministers severe an
continued Dealing with me, (which hath spread the Offence an
good People to such a Degree, so as to impoverish and distress m
Family) will appear to be principally groundd upon their over-
enquiring into Thoughts, and unwary divulging what from Tena
of Conscience, in the Sight of God, was acknowledg'd unto
And how agreeable that is to the Rule of God and Christian C
I leave all good People to determine.

This Vindication of Mr. L——n seems to me (as I sa
fore) to be a sort of Confession (rather than a Vindication) o
Adulteries he is charg'd with; for tho' his New-E——
vant swore another to be the Father of that Child he is ch
with, yet Mr. L——n does not offer to depose upon
(for he knew his Guilt) that he had no Finger in the Pye
only appeals to the great Secrecy with which he act
Whoredom, and therefore 'tis he challenges any Person
Earth to prove him guilty of any thing in that Matter:
had he been WHOLLY innocent, those Three pious
learned Divines (Mr. N——, Mr. R——, and
C——) wou'd never (after a severe and long Trial o
to use his own Words in his Vindication) have suspended
from further Preaching: Neither can any Man be so v
Reason as to imagine he wou'd have shewn such an over-
Desire to conceal the Bastard that he was charg'd with,
been wholly innocent. So that his Vindication is no better
a plain Confession of his lewd Practices, and I believe
much an Adulterer as Mr. John L——, or Mr.
C——, or any others mention'd in this Secret Nar

Thus, Reader, I have given thee a short Abstract of the
Narrative of the Four Dissenting Parsons who were lately sil
their Congregations for Whoredom: And tho' this short Narra
full enough to shew how justly they were silenc'd, yet I
call it but a short Abstract of their secret Lewdness; for
bare Charge against John L—— fill'd near Ten She
Paper (as a Person told me it did, that heard it read
publick Meeting) how many Sheets of Paper must the C

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All the *Four Parsons* have made, had they been all published in this *Narrative*? But this *Abstract* (or *short secret Narrative*) is enough to shew they are all *Four* justly silenc'd; for as this *Narrative* is, it presents the Reader with some of the lowdest and blackest Crimes that have been discover'd in the Church, and that according to the *Confessions* of the *Four* accus'd, (as you'll hear anon) and according to the very *Testimonies* of those *Women* (but more especially *Two* of them) were *Partners* with them in their lewd Practices——

This *short secret Narrative* is publish'd for *Two* Reasons. To inform the World for what Reasons Mr. *F*——

——, Mr. *F*—— *C*——, Mr. *D*—— *C*——, Mr. *D*—— *L*—— were silenc'd by those Dissenting Ministers that consented to their Excommunication.

To clear up the Innocency of those Elders and Dissenting Ministers that had a Hand in their Excommunication, or to make it manifest that all their Proceedings against

—— *L*——, Mr. *F*—— *C*——, Mr. *C*——, and Mr. *D*—— *L*——, were neither unchristian, unjust, nor malicious, but such as were necessary to vindicate the Honour of Religion, and to bring the late Reverend Clergymen to a just Sense of their heinous Crimes.

That, Reader, thou art here desir'd to take Notice of Particulars, for the better understanding the Author in this *Narrative*.

That it is not his Intention in any wise to cast Reproach or Contempt upon any of the godly, able Ministers of the Church, for such he accounts worthy of double Honour, according to that, 1 Tim. 5. 17. whom to despise is to despise Jesus Christ, whose Messengers they are, sent out to proclaim the Word and Love of God to Sinners, that they may be turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God; whose Number and encrease, for the Glory of his Name,

prophane, lewd and scandalous Ministers, and such as upon them the Work of publick Ministers and Preachers, never sent of the Lord, nor allow'd or approv'd of Men, may way gifted and qualified for so glorious a Work, whose hearts are in darkness, whose confidence is in the flesh, whose God is the belly, who glory in their shame, who mind earthly things: which Number you shall find these *Four Painted Secret Sinners* detected in the *Secret Narrative*. These are the *Parsons*, or *Hypocritical Clergymen* mention'd and intended in the *Secret Narrative*, and no other; and who in their best make but a fair Shew in the Flesh, to accomplish their most pernicious Ends; which when obtain'd, their true Colours appear, to the great Scandal of Religion, and the dishonour of the Church and People of God.

The Second Particular is to let the Reader know, that the said *Secret Narrative* is the more dark and hard to be understood, because the Names of the Adulteresses discover'd in only stigmatiz'd by the initial Letters of their Names; and Reason was, because some of them seem to repent of their and Madneſs; and if their Repentance prove true, (as like that of Mr. F—— L——) their Names ſhould be conceal'd for ever by this Author, otherwiſe they may be with their Actions in due Time.

If you ask me who I mean by Mr. F—— L——, F—— C——, Mr. D—— C——, Mr. D—— L——, I answer, I mean nobody but thoſe *Four Judas's* that late tray'd and diſgrac'd their *Sacred Function*, by their hypocritical and ſew'd Conversation: But if the *Four Parsons* before be no ſuch Men whom this Character will fit, you may (if you pleaſe) take this *Secret Narrative* for a Romance; withal take Notice, I ſhall excuſe no Man (let him wear Gown or Cloak) whoſe Guilt makes him wince; and if F—— L——, Mr. F—— C——, Mr. D—— C——, and Mr. D—— L——, are ſuch as walk the ſtreets in the luſt of uncleaneſs, (2 Pet. 2. 10.) and without any Signs of Repentance, then they are the *Four Parsons* and detected in this Narrative; and whether they are or no, you'll be better inform'd, if you enquire of Mr. S—— *Leaden-hall-ſtreet*, of Mr. N—— in *Warwick-court*, or of my Friend who ſent me this *Secret Narrative*; and you'll be inform'd him at the *Sword in New-ſtreet*, or (which is full as good) there be aſſur'd, that there is not one Accuſation in this Narrative but what has been fully prov'd in thoſe *Four Congregations* to which thoſe *Four Judas's* (Mr. F—— L——, F—— C——, Mr. D—— C——, and Mr. D—— L——) did lately belong.

Reader, if you want any further Teſtimony of the Truth of this *Secret Narrative*, take it from the very Confessions of the Perſons accus'd.

And firſt, I heard Mr. L—— ſay with my own Ears, "That there was indeed ſome Truth in the Reports that had been ſpread of him; but (for he had no Stomach to the *Stool of Repentance*) he told me "his Failings were more than they were," and he thank'd God they (meaning the Congregation) "could do him no Hurt."

Mr. F—— C—— confeſs'd, at the *Bank-Coffee-house*, that the Charge againſt him was too true.

Mr. D—— C—— own'd to Mr. F—— F—— that he was drunk, (when he pick'd up the *Strumpet's Tower-bill*) and therefore beg'd him to conceal his Debauchery.

Mr. D—— L—— ſeems to own the Lewdneſs he is charg'd with, even at the ſame Time he ſmooths it over

he disperses (PRIVATELY) for a VINDICATION.

that you see, Reader, this *Secret Narrative* (for Substance) true, and so acknowledg'd— by the *Four Parsons* accus'd— the Congregations where the Fact was prov'd— by the Consent of the Two Servants that Mr. L—— and Mr. C—— publish'd. But if after all the Care I have taken to present the World with a *True Narrative*, any critical Reader should find a Mistake in it, (as to— Time— or Place— or to the Matter of Fact I can prove every Word of it) if he'll send his CORRECTIONS to the *Sword in the Street*, they shall be all publish'd in the Second Edition of the *Narrative*. In the mean Time, I assure the Reader I don't know of the least Mistake or Falshood in the whole Narrative, nor had Leave from the Person that sent it, to publish it with his Name at Length; but my worthy Friend assuring me he'd sent it a *true Narrative*, I thought that sufficient without extending his Name—— So that however incredible some Ages may seem, the Reader may look upon these *secret Discoveries* as a *True Narrative*; Tho' I had much rather they were a *Fiction*, than so many eminent Preachers should have dishonour'd their *Sacred Function* with Whoredom. But (alas!) the *Narrative* is all true, and is therefore a Warning to all who now think they stand, to take heed lest they fall; for God is not only just, but omniscient; and for that Reason, one Time or other their most secret Whoredoms will find them out, as they have done Mr. John L——, and the rest of his fallen Brethren: And indeed, considering Mrs. E—— charges him with the unlawful Use of her Body for Fifteen Years, 'tis a wonder to me his Whoredoms were so long conceal'd. But should I wonder that Mr. L—— and the rest of his Brethren, should gloss over their lewd and scandalous Lives with a Shew of Piety? for 'tis very certain, that the *Master of the Brethren, the old Serpent, the Liar from the Beginning*, could never have acted so much Mischief in the World, if he had always appear'd in his own Shape: Wherefore, that he may the better accomplish his Ends, he presents himself sometimes in the Shape of an Angel of Light, and so he deceiveth all his Angels or Ministers to appear. So the false Prophets of old, the Deceivers of this Age, and all Hypocrites, appear in Sheeps Cloathing, with a Form of Godliness, with the Word of the Lord in their Mouths; and altho' these Persons know nothing as they ought to know, yet they assume all Knowledge to themselves: And altho' they are possess'd by an evil Spirit, yet sometimes (like L—— and his fallen Brethren) they cry up a clean Conversation: And all this is because they would the more easily accomplish their corrupt Intent, beguile unstable Souls, and lead Captive silly Professors.

Nay, many of these are so much given up to believe Lye deceive, and be deceiv'd, that they are become pure in own Eyes: And as the Man that wou'd tell a Lye so often at last he believ'd it to be a Truth, so these Men, being Professors of Evil, believe themselves and their cursed Ways to be righteous; and that from a cursed Principle which they viz. *There is nothing Sin but what a Man thinks to be so.* This wise Man speaks of, Prov. 30. 11. *There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filth.* But such painted Sepulchres as these are discover'd by Time and Time; and this is the great Work of our blessed Saviour to discover and destroy the Works of the Devil, to take the counterfeit Painting and false Covering cast upon foul unclean Hearts, and to lay them open to publick View: certainly Jesus Christ will first or last bring every hidden Work to Light; the greatest Hypocrite (tho' as plausible cunning as *John L——*) must be discover'd at last, as was the prophane Person: And this Discovery is made of three Ways.

1. Sometimes by the terrible Pangs of a guilty and accursed Conscience, hastening and hurrying the Soul towards Damnation. In this Condition many times the most secret hidden Works of Darkness are brought to Light; and Men and Women (like Mrs. E—— mention'd in the *Secret Narrative*) vomit up their own Shame, and confess with Terror and Astonishment of Spirit, their former cursed and damnable Ways and Actions.

2. Sometimes by the falling out of those who have Brethren and Co-partners in Iniquity. Thus Mr. L—— and Mrs. E—— quarreling, his Adulteries are straitly discover'd. And this Way many Thieves are brought to Gallows, and unclean Persons to Shame.

3. Sometimes Hypocrites and Dissemblers, to regain lost Credit by a feign'd Repentance, lay open the Wicked Madnes and Folly of their own Hearts and Ways, and of their most secret and Bosom Lusts, and hidden Corruptions with Promises of a new Life, and never more to turn to Sin (Just thus did Mr. L—— act in his first Examination telling the Elders of his Church that *his Fall had been his last*) Yet having Eyes full of Adultery, and that cease from Sin, they return with the Dog to the Vomit, and the Sow that was washed to the former wallowing in the Mire: withstanding with the Whore mention'd, Prov. 30. they open their Mouths and say, they have done no wickedness. They sometimes speak purely, (like *John L——*) and yet lie filthily as he. They plead Liberty, yet are the Servants of Sin; as is sufficiently prov'd by the *Secret Narrative*, in their own Confessions and Accusations of each other do

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declare that their Destruction and Ruin is of themselves,
from the Ministers that silenc'd them, or the Elders that
pronounc'd their Sentence of Excommunication.

Now, Reader, having presented thee with a true Copy of the
Narrative of the Four Dissenting Parsons who were lately
by their Congregations for Whoredom, and prov'd thou art no
impos'd on in the secret Discoveries here made, I shall next
at the Request of my Friend that sent me the Secret Nar-
rative so far as to make some few Remarks upon it, and therein
shew what Four Judas's the Four fallen Brethren have
done to their sacred Function; and this will be best done in

*Letter to the Four Parsons accus'd of Adul-
tery, perswading them to make their Repent-
ance as publick as their Crimes.*

Gentlemen—— (I shan't say Reverend Gentlemen, 'till you
make your Repentance for those Adulteries detected in
your secret Narrative as publick as the Scandal you have given
your sacred Function by 'em) having been formerly acquaint-
ed with Two of your lewd Number, and heard the Character
of the other Two, having after we came acquainted been often
at you at your own Houses, in R———Makers- A———,
Little-Britain, and been favour'd my self with many Visits
to you, and having also heard you, and admir'd your extra-
ordinary Sermons; (I call 'em so, as I never heard you preach,
several Things drop'd from you that were awakening, new,
surprising) now, Gentlemen, for these Reasons I have
knowledge enough of you to enable me to make Remarks on
your Four Judas's as you are. Perhaps, considering our for-
mer Intimacy, you may take it amiss that I call you JUDAS;
your secret Adulteries being now detected give you no bet-
ter Character; for wou'd any Man that was not a very Judas,
administer (as you did) the Two Sacraments of Baptism
and the Lord's Supper, whilst they liv'd in that heinous Sin of
Adultery? Which being your Case, you have betray'd and
sland'ed your sacred Function, and are therefore properly call'd
Judas's. 'Tis true, you are not the only Clergymen that have
thus dar'd in Sin; for Bishop Asberton, Dr. C———er,
and several (and some few Clergymen of all Perswasions)
have fallen in this scandalous Manner, and dar'd, like you, to
administer the Two Sacraments whilst they liv'd in that heinous
Sin of Adultery: But is your Repentance as great as theirs?
Surely no! for you still conceal (which is next to defend)
your Whoredoms; but they, after their Uncleanness was once
detected, liv'd and dy'd as true Penitents ought.

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Gentlemen—— The Design therefore of this Letter perswade you to make your Repentance for your Adultery publick as your Crime—— or if you think it beneath to listen to a LAY-PREACHER, (and him one of the men that ever presum'd to advise Men of your sacred Function at least listen to the Advice given you by Bishop *Atherton* Mr. *Foulks*, for they were both Clergymen as well as you such as cou'd not die contented 'till they had forewarn'd (but more especially Clergymen) of the *Adulterous Snare* which they were taken, and out of which they escap'd on very Brink of Hell.

And therefore, to excite you *Four* to make your Repentance for your Adulteries as publick as *Atherton* and *Foulks* theirs, I'll here give you the remarkable History of those Penitents, as a fit Pattern for you to imitate.

First, Bishop *Atherton* (after he was condemn'd for B—— was so truly humble and penitent, he desir'd Dr. *Barnard* came often to visit him) to preach the Law to him, to aviate his Sins by the highest Circumstances, that he might be sensible of the Flames of Hell—— He enter'd in serious and special Consideration of all his Sins; in Thought, Word, and Deed, of Omission, or Commission against God or Man, which he drew out according to the several Commandments, of which they were Breaches, and for his Memory his Pen put all into one Inditement, wherein he might at any time as in a Glass, view the Face of his Soul. After this Draught, that he might be the more astonish'd, he went through them again with Marginal Aggravations, whereby they became exceeding sinful, by the Circumstances of Time when, where, and Person against whom, done against the Light of Knowledge, often Checks of Conscience, many seasonable admonitions in publick and private, notwithstanding the apparent Hand of God in several Crosses, special Mercies, unexpected Preservation. Then he consider'd his reproving and censuring others for the same Faults (which must needs be him altogether inexcusable, and further bind him over to damnation). His often Relapses after Vows in Sickness, receiving the Sacrament of the *Lord's Supper*, each of which Sins so often reiterated, added to the Heap. Upon this in the next Place did he make a Stand, in thinking what a miserable Condition he must needs be in, if he shou'd now die in his present state. A lost and undone Man for ever. He imagin'd with himself, as if he now saw the Day of Judgment set, heard the Trumpet sounding, the Voice crying, *Arise ye dead*; as he beheld the Graves opening, the Earth and Sea, like a great Goal, giving up the Prisoners, our Saviour upon the Throne in flaming Fire, both Judge and Witness, every Man's sin and his amongst the rest, reading before Men and Angels;

and a final Sentence pronouncing upon his Body
Hell accordingly with his wide Mouth enlarg'd to
him, those Spirits of Darkness ready to seize on him,

Thoughts and the like had their Work upon him in
Frights and Astonishments, but a Spirit of Contrition
Compunction he complain'd was far from him: How often
hear him yet crying out, *Oh! can you give me any Receipt
to work my Heart into Tears and Sorrow?* The Eye of his
Understanding he confess'd was sufficiently enlighten'd, his
Conscience smitten, but still his Heart and Affections were
dead. *All my Friends,* saith he, *as ashamed of me, have for-
saken me; but if God withdraw his Grace from me, what shall I do?*
He desir'd me to speak to any in the Town, whom
I might wou'd be compassionate of his Condition, to pray
for him; for which he thought there was more Cause than for
any other Sick person. And here, by his own Experience (what-
ever he had before utter'd) he utterly condemn'd that Do-
ctrine of *Free-will* naturally in Man to any saving Good, that
Man is in his own Power thus to kill himself, yet it is not
possible for him to make himself alive again. How firmly did he now believe
that Grace to be *the Gift of God*, that it is he that *worketh the
good will*? How happy did he apprehend those that had
true Hearts, tho' not bound up again with Comfort? and
unhappy such, whose harden'd Hearts cou'd not repent,
swimming in all Earthly Contents? And yet herein he
found a *Door of Hope*, that his dry Soul in Time shou'd be
water'd with this Dew of Heaven, in that God did not give
over with *Cain* unto Despair, but still he stuck to his first
Offering, that Mercy was attainable, his Sins pardonable.
He perceiv'd that he cou'd not grieve. To be altogether insensi-
ble is very opposite to the State of Grace, but to be sensible of
his Sinfulness proceeds from some already. The Sight and
Remembrance of Sin was some Pledge of a further Perfection, at least
that God had not given him over unto Death, as *Manoah's*
Wife said unto her Husband; *If the Lord were pleas'd to kill us,
he would not have shewn us thus much, nor told us such things as*

He was naturally he was not apt for Tears, but now he was a Man
of Tears; before given to Pride and Vain-glory, now so
humble, so thankful for the Counsel of the meanest Person, so
obedient to any Advice, so open in the abasing and condemning
himself to whomsoever came at him, his very Countenance was
changed. Nay, he did so abhor himself, that once a Thought
of his own Sin within him to have petition'd to have been beheaded,
which some Presidents he cou'd have produc'd he told
himself, by himself, with Indignation, *that he*
thought a Dog's Death was too good for him, and so judg'd himself

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to the last; which appear'd by this Particular, that he casting with himself where he might be bury'd, so as out of Remembrance, wish'd his Grave were in the Bottom of the Sea, where he had deserv'd to be *cast with a Mill about his Neck*, for that Offence and Scandal he had. The Church-yard he thought was too much Honour for And in Conclusion, lest his Friends being left to them shou'd have procur'd some better Place, he sent for the of St. John's, and the Verger of *Christ's Church*, [of which was once Prebend] to whom I was a Witness of his that they shou'd not suffer him to be bury'd in that Church or in any ordinary Place in the Church-yard, but appoint in the furthest Corner, where some Rubbish us'd to be and where none cou'd be remember'd ever to have been before, when with many Tears to them he condemn'd self, as unworthy of the Communion of the Dead, as not the Living. After this he related unto me in several courses, divers observable Passages in his former Life, since he came into the Castle, tending to the magnifying God's Justice and Mercy to him, some of which he left to Judgment, if the Knowledge of them might be useful to others.

The Disrespect and Neglect of his Mother since he came to his Ability, he acknowledg'd, according to the Fifth Commandment, to be just that *his Days should be shortned*.

His often wishing wou'd he were hang'd if this or that so, &c. (which in some Protestations fell out to be false) was not in the same Justice unobserv'd.

His once in Anger, and by way of Revenge, scolding his Mother, that he wou'd go hang himself on a common Gallows they rode by, with his Horse's Bridle: This, howsoever in his Youth, and not meaning it, yet he observ'd God's Justice in bringing him to it in Earnest.

Let these be Warnings to the Living in the like Cases, the reading of naughty Books, [of which he nam'd some, and that they were burn'd] viewing of immodest Pictures, frequent of Plays, Drunkenness, &c. were Causes and Enticements to these foul Facts: Let Men by this Example forbear them.

There were many more evident Signs of a true Charity in him, besides what I have related. His giving Satisfaction to any he had wrong'd, even in small Matters. His sending for some that were mean Persons, and asking them Forgiveness.

His Speech to me, not long before his leaving the Castle, is not to be omitted; *viz. It may be, saith he, if they bury me 'till Sunday, you will be desir'd to preach then, but I speak no good of me, only what may abate the Scandal, and be an useful Warning to others, he was willing to.*

After this we fell into many Heavenly Discourses concerning the State of the Soul separated from the Body, the Translation out of this World, the Happiness of Heaven, by what we shall be rid of, by what we shall be perfected in, the Communion we shall be admitted into, not only to the *Spirits of just* but to the Society of glorious Angels, concerning the mystical Vision in the Fruition of God's Presence, the Sight of the blessed Body of our Saviour, &c. in the Thought of which he was much ravish'd, and fell into a long continued Trance, from this Ground, that he shou'd have offended one who had prepar'd such inestimable Things for him, which he was thirsted to enjoy.

When the Time of his Execution drew nigh, and he heard the Noise of the People gathering; for a Quarter of an Hour, told me, his Heart began to quiver, and his natural Affection with Tears to yearn upon his Children, which he was pleas'd to find within him, considering that Grace, tho' it be supernatural, yet doth not dry up Nature. St. Peter, even going to Martyrdom, was led whither naturally he wou'd not. He complain'd that his former Comfort did abate in the Strength of the Spirit, whose Act it is only to open and shut, had reserved it for him, for that Place, and Time, where he shou'd have most need. Yet not long after he recover'd a great Degree of Chearfulness again, repeating the last Verse in the Psalm, (which he had us'd to read often) and saying, now the Sheriff shou'd be a welcome Messenger, and so continu'd. The few Things he had about him he then dispos'd of, as Tokens of Remembrance to his Friends; his Gloves, Staff, Bible, Books, about Seven or Eight of some pious Devotions, he gave and sent to divers with his Name inscrib'd: And the last Act, after he was pinion'd, was the giving me his Seal-off his Finger, with such affectionate Expressions, as it drew Tears from me in the now remembering it. More I might add, but thus much may suffice to declare his Repentance, and the Fruit of it, in the Castle before his Execution.

Now the Sheriff of the County [a Papist] was come to receive him, the two Sheriffs of the City with a great Company of Halberds to assist him. At *Christ's Church* [according to his Desire] toll'd his Passing-bell, the whole Town and Castle throng'd, as was never the like seen, that if there had not been a Coach allow'd him, it wou'd have been impossible to have gone thro'.

To relate his Speech at the Gallows it self, unless I cou'd remember exactly his own Expressions, wou'd be but a Wrong to him; for the Matter it was thus. His Entrance was somewhat to this Purpose.

Gentle-

Gentlemen, My first Salutation is, God bless you, and God bless you, and I desire you to pray the same for me; I am I think the last of my Profession that ever came hither to this shameful End, and pray God I may be the last: You are come hither to see a Convert turn'd into a Tragedy, a miserable Catastrophe of the Life and Actions of Man in this World, &c.

In Sum— He acknowledg'd the Justice of the Law of God as God's in condemning him, who, as he had not deserv'd, he desir'd not to live: And in Conclusion, ask'd me if I could remember any thing else was fit for him to declare, and would do it, who at that Instant, not calling to Mind any more, he desir'd the People to pray for him and with him, that God would magnifie his Mercy in forgiving so great a Sinner. Then reading three Psalms very apt for himself, 38th, 42d, 51st, he then desir'd them again to joyn with him in Prayer, that God would give him a further Assurance of Forgiveness of his Sins, by the inward Comforts of his Spirit, and assist him still against the Fear of Death in this his last Act. We all kneel'd down with him, but such a moving Prayer did I never hear, never was I compass'd about with Tears and Sobs in my Life; not bare weeping, but gush'd out of Tears, which flow'd from all that heard him: So did the very Papists, and some Priests I saw, who kneel'd down wept also. The Sum of it was a Confession, and Aggravation of his Sins, a begging of Mercy, that his Soul might be bathed in the Blood of Christ, a sealing of it to his Conscience by the Comfort of his Spirit, to forgive all that were his Enemies in this Business, to give them Repentance that had sinn'd with him, that his Penitence might be a Means to abate the Scandal, that he might be assist'd against the Assaults of Satan, Weakness of his corrupt Nature, in this last Act of Death; pray'd for a Blessing upon His Majesty and his Dominions, for his Wife and Children, and so commended his Soul to God with a Confidence of a happy Change presently.

Concerning his Burial he said, "It is usual indeed for those of my Profession to be bury'd in the Church, but I have been given Charge to the contrary; if they will bury me in Church-yard, it is more than I have deserv'd: For my Part I wou'd be contented it were in the Bottom of the Sea, where I might never be remember'd. And now (saith he) I have done, only give me Leave to be at some private Prayers with myself, wherein I shall desire you in your Thoughts to joyn with me, in praying God to assist me at this Instant, and kneel'd down for a little Space, as did the Company near him also: When he arose, he said chearfully, Now I am ready, and took Leave of them all that were near him, [whom he kneel'd Man by Man, taking them all by the Hands, with such Speeches as these; I dread not Death: God send us a happy Meeting in Heaven, I am but going before you. The whole Company wept about him]

and my self had most Cause at his last most affectionate expressions. Then he put off his Mourning Gown, Hat, and Cap, and call'd to his Man for his other Cap and Handkerchief. When he was setting Foot on the Ladder, he turn'd a smiling Countenance towards the Sheriff of the County who all this Time of his Prayers, and singing of Psalms, lay by on Horse-back with his Hat on his Head, giving no reverence at all] and said, *Master Sheriff, will you not take Leave of your Friends, when you shall never see them again? What, not Word from you all this while? God forgive you, and I do from my Heart, that Usage of yours, which might have distracted me, did not: I have pray'd for you even now.* And so went up the Ladder, who when he saw so many weeping, said again to them, *I thank God I dread not Death.*

He said to the Hangman, "Honest Friend, when thou art ready, tell me, and I will thee when I am ready, [to whom he gave some little Money he had about him] and pray'd the Hangman he might not be turn'd off 'till he spake again; and when he had pull'd the Cap over his Face, he said, *Now let my Soul depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared for me.* He commend'd his Soul to God, with divers the like Expressions, and not long after said, *Now I am ready,* and from that continu'd crying, *Have Mercy, have mercy, &c.* 'till he was turn'd off. When the Ladder stirring he put down his Hands, and laid down the Sides of his Caslock, and so stirr'd them not. Thus this his Penitential Christian Carriage, the Hearts of his Enemies were mov'd, such as hated him in his Life, now lov'd at his Death, and I believe these many Years there hath been any that left the World with so many Tears and Praises of the Beholders.

Thus far Dr. Barnard, who assisted Bishop Atherton every Day, from the Time of his Sentence to the Time of his Execution.

Now Mr. L—— (and you, the rest of the fallen Brethren) is your Repentance for your Adultery and Lewdness as publick as this? Your Uncleaness and Whoredoms are as great as publick; then shou'd not your Repentance be so too? Besides, Gentlemen, to move you to make your Repentance as publick as your Crimes, I wou'd further remind you that Bishop Atherton is not the only Instance of a Clergyman who has publickly declar'd his Abhorrence of his lewd Practises. Bishop Atherton is not the only Instance of a Clergyman that was declar'd of God that his Penitence for his Uncleaness might be a

Bishop Atherton was executed in Dublin for B——ry, 1640.

Means

Means to abate the Scandal: Nor is he the first Clergyman has caution'd Men in Holy Orders against turning Judas their sacred Functions. I say, Bishop *Arberton* is not the Instance of a Clergyman who has made his Penitence as lick as his Crime; (and therefore 'tis hop'd you will do so for Mr. *Robert Foulks*, late Minister of *Stanton-Lacy*, is an Adulterer and Murderer, (which Mr. *L——* is your whole publick Penitence you ought all Four to imitate; for his Book entitl'd, *The Confession, Letters, and last Words of Robert Foulks*, he cautions the Clergy against all Hypocrisie and *W*dom, in these Words; viz.

" There is (says Mr. *Foulks*) another Sort of Persons I
 " humbly presume to leave a Warning for: Nor that I
 " my self able to teach, or instruct their Understand
 " but the sad Circumstances of my present Condition en
 " rage my Hope, I may have a perswading Influence upon t
 " that what they know may be reduc'd to Practise. I ha
 " deed been such a Reproach unto them, (and the same T
 " may be said of you Four Dissenting Parsons that were
 " silenc'd, with respect to the rest of your Brethren) " t
 " may be afraid and asham'd to name them: Yet I know
 " Charity is such, that they will bear with me in this Libe
 " take, to speak and to be free in my Speech unto them.
 " You therefore that are the Pastors of the Flock of
 " which he hath purchas'd with his own Blood, feed that F
 " let your Light shine, and by most Exemplary Lives,
 " off the Blemish that I have brought on your most
 " Function. You throw mighty and insuperable Diffic
 " in your own Way, and too effectually obstruct the Succ
 " your own Endeavours, if you do otherwise. I have s
 " the Experiment too true, that loose living is fatal and
 " structive to the Ends of strict Preaching. The Minis
 " Employment being to demolish the strong Holds of S
 " who so takes Liberty to sin countermines himself; and in
 " of shaking, fortifies the Kingdom of the Devil. V
 " Effects can that Ambassador expect, when his Actions
 " contradict his Instructions? *Quomodo potest præses Ecclesiæ*
 " *ferre malum de medio, qui in delictum simile corrui?* With
 " Reason shall I dissuade another from that Dish I so hea
 " feed upon my self? which yet I often did, as if I wou'd o
 " a Monopoly of Sin, and engross it all to my self. The
 " this Inconvenience in it, That it greatly confines and stre
 " ens a Man's Zeal and Affection, so that in the Managen
 " of the Sword of the Spirit he cannot so heartily, and
 " that Vigour, fetch his Blow against Sin, and hew it al
 " Pieces. Tho' I acted my Part but too artificially, y
 " found my self under this Confinement: 'Tis not to kin
 " but to snuff the Light in your Understandings, that I

to St. Paul's Instructions, to *Timothy* and *Titus*: The one commands to be an Example to believers in his Conversation, the other in all Things to shew himself a Pattern of Works; and St. *Peter* exhorts the Elders to be Examples to the Flock: 'Tis the same Word in all three Places, *τύπος*, Metaphor from a Seal or Stamp to which the People are like Wax, and accordingly receive the Impression.

The Minister is the Peoples Looking-glass, by which they commonly dress themselves: Now if the Glass be false and counterfeit, how squalid and deform'd must their Attire be? Pardon me, I pray, that I thus presume to instruct you; the Satisfaction of my Desire for the Preservation of others from the destructive Paths wherein I walk'd, has transported me thus far. I will make but one Step more, and then we will stop for good and all; I go before to Judgment, and you must follow after. In the Levitical Law I find that the Weights and Measures of the Sanctuary double the common; and only the Sins of the Officers of the Sanctuary double the treble the like of common People. This is an easy Instance and Collection, from what we read of their expiatory Offering. (God preach this Doctrine to my Heart, and make it visible in my Practice.) If the Priest anointed sinn'd, his Offering and Expiation did not only exceed that of the vulgar, but even that of the Magistrate; nay, was to be equal to that of the whole Congregation. A deep Measure of Repentance, a greater Proportion of Sorrow is certainly requir'd of Consecrated Persons, supposing their Sins to be the same in all other Circumstances; the Dignity of their Employment gives their Impieties the deeper Dye, and will certainly aggravate their Punishment: *Grandis dignitas sacerdotum, sed & grandis ruina si peccant.* A Man of your Profession is sav'd with greater Difficulty than another; the Reason affrights me, let it awaken you: *Quia debet rationem reddere de propriis & alienis.* Labour therefore so to practice your own Preaching, as that you may both save your selves and those that hear you.

To that End, be not Earthly-minded, nor lifted up with a prosperous Condition; let not your Plenty become your Ruin, or puff you with Pride; make no Provision for your future; but by frequent Fasting and Prayer, (Duties by me much neglected) keep in Subjection the insolent Rebel, at least disarm and disable him as much as you can; otherwise he will employ you in the Service of Sin, and cause you to live under the Condemnation of the Devil. Remember me, tho' now so deplorable a Spectacle, yet was once, as I am likely to fall into this Condition as any about me.

Thus far have I discharg'd my Conscience, which also bears me Witness herein, that my only End is to glorify
"God,

254 *Repentance for Adultery shou'd be*

" God, and to place the Shame at the right Door, my I
 " not my Profession. I do again and again request and
 " jure all Persons who shall read these Papers, to heed
 " seriously, because they contain the last Warning of a
 " Man, a Man whom God has justly expos'd to public
 " proach for his high Crimes: In which I do not only ac
 " ledge the Righteousness of his Proceedings, but submit
 " and bless him for it; for I do confess my Conscience
 " dead asleep in Sin, that nothing less than this cou'd
 " awaken'd it out of its Lethargy and deep Security.
 " be his Name that has not suffer'd me, to sleep the Sle
 " Death, and tho' the Awakening may seem terrible, ye
 " infinitely more gentle than to have the first Awakening
 " Midst of everlasting Burnings, from which I hope
 " sav'd, by the Blood that speaks better Things than that
 " cent's which I have shed.

Thus Mr. Foulks (in his Advice to the Clergy) shew
 great Sin those of them are guilty of that dare (like
 L——) to give the Sacrament with Adulterous Hands
 in his *Dying Speech* (as if he thought he cou'd never make
 Repentance Publick enough for the Publick Scandal he
 brought on Religion) he further cautions all Clergymen
 ware of all Hypocritical Pretences to Religion in
 Words; viz.

Good Christian People,

I Intend not, and I hope you will not expect any long Discou
 this Time; but I have taken Care that my Confession, as
 (as I shall by and by answer to the God of Truth) you will find
 thing but the Truth, shall be publish'd more fully, and to your
 Advantage, than I cou'd possibly make it here. In a few Words
 fore,

You may in me see what Sin is, and what it will end in: You
 in me see the lamentable and irreparable Mischiefs of Uncleanness
 and Hypocrisie in particular; and what it is for one who is
 Member of Christ, to make himself the Member of a Harlot.
 is a Sin that seldom goes single and alone: It is the Mother-sin to
 dance more, and they more ugly and deform'd than it self:
 found it by sad and woful Experience. It led me to Lying, to
 and Execrations, to conceal and defend it: Nay, I went farther
 advise, contrive, and assist in what might procure Abortions;
 certainly, in the Sight of God was Murder in Intention. Not
 it there, but went forward to murder in Act and Execution
 which crying Sin I am come hither to satisfy the Law of Man,
 acknowledge the Justice of that Sentence.

Ob that all you may fear and tremble at God's holy and Judgments, which have overtaken me; and that they may take Warning to avoid the Snares of a Whorish Woman, and to keep the Marry'd Bed undefil'd.

of Hypocritical Pretences to Religion, of coming to the Sacrament while you live in those filthy Practices. Do not quench the Holy Spirit of God, nor stifle the Convictions of your Consciences, lest God leave you (as he did me) to work all wickedness with Greediness; and lest at last you be brought to this miserable Condition to which he has most justly brought me, to the most righteous Judgment I do submit. I forgive all the World, I desire to find Mercy at God's Hands, thro' Jesus Christ. I do desire you, by me to take Warning not to continue in Sin, for End it will find you out.

to my Sin, I have but Two Things to say: One I have Cause exactly to lament, and that is, the great Scandal I have thereby brought upon Religion, and the holy Function of the Ministry. The Disparagement which reflects on these, I look upon as the most Aggravation of my loose and licentious Life: Therefore I pray take up no Prejudices against them upon my Account: They are good, and grant no Licenses at all to such wicked and ungodly Lives as I have been guilty of.

the other I have some Reason to rejoyce in: 'Tis true, my Sin has brought the whole Nation to Judgment, for thro' Blood the Land is defiled; but this is my Comfort, that God by this Punishment makes manifest that Guilt, for the Judgment falls upon my own Pate; I hope, thro' the Mercy of God, and Merit of Christ, will prove no further than my Body. I desire all that hear me, to take Warning, not to continue in Sin, but betimes to cease to do evil, and learn to do well.

the Lord be with you all, and have Mercy upon my poor Soul; which I desire you to pray with me and for me, to the last Moment of my Life.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have shewn to you your own Adulterous Lives, in the MIRROR (or lewd Conversation) of Two penitent Clergymen, who were once as great Whoremongers as you; they were washed, but they were sanctified, 1 Cor. 6. 11. And therefore I have set these Two Penitents before you, to excite you to make your Repentance for your Adulteries as publick as I have made theirs; for all Divines are agreed in this, That Repentance for Adultery shou'd be as publick as the Crime. How else could the Scandal be as generally remov'd as spread? Then, you wou'd repair that Scandal you have brought on Religion, by your Adulterous Lives, down on your Knees (in the first place) to ask God to forgive your many and heinous Adulteries; and then divulge your Repentance for them both from the Pulpit and Press; but more especially repair the Damage you

256 A Word of Advice to the Lay-Dissenter

you have done to those poor deluded Women (Mrs. E——, D——, G——, R——) that were Partners with in your Uncleanness: For, 'till you make your Repentance as publicly known as your Adulteries have been, you can serve no better a Name than *JUDAS*; and you all see publick your Repentance ought to be, in the penitent amples of Bishop *Aiberton* and Mr. *Foulks*, who were once lewd and vile as you; but they were washed, they were sanctified. And if you all FOUR repent as publicly as they did, I think your Deaths will be as happy and joyful as theirs. Then go do likewise, Luke 10. 37. You have often told us Laymen in the Pulpit, that the confessing of Sin, in order to the forsaking of it, is not so much Matter of Shame and Reproach as committing of it. (*Diogenes* seeing a Lad sneaking out of a Bawdry-house, bid him hold up his Head, for he need not be ashamed of coming out, but of going in.) Then I dare ask you, wou'd you all FOUR but heartily and publickly confess and abhor your former Uncleanness, you wou'd find more Ease and Pleasure in so doing, than in all the Lewdness you ever acted: pray, Gentlemen, be not private, or reserv'd, in your Repentance, because you think the *Papists* (or prophane Persons) will make a Jest of you, and of your publick Repentance.

For, 1. Let not the *Papists* object those Scandals to the Church, that either *Aiberton*, *Foulks*, or any of you have brought on it, lest we return them such foul Stories from the *Holy See* which we have no Mind to raise. 'Tis true, *Aiberton*, *Foulks*, and the rest of the fallen Brethren, did ill; but either Churchmen or Dissenters teach Men so to do? (Mat. 19.) A Church ought not to be judg'd by the Lives of its Professors, but by the Doctrine profess'd. There was *JUDAS* amongst the Apostles, that hang'd himself, yet no Disparagement to the Apostleship when excluded, (*Aiberton*) and into his Office another chosen. The incestuous Person was no more a Scandal to the Church of *Corinth* when he was once put away from them; nay, their Zeal in his EXCOMMUNICATION tended much to their Honour, 2 Cor. 6. 15. Gentlemen, 'tis therefore hop'd the late Excommunication of Four such *Judas*'s as you have been to your sacred Function will clear it from any Blemish that may be cast upon it by *Papists*, or any prophane Persons.

And least of all thou'd those of your own Communion suffer such hateful Birds as to defile their own Nests, by imputing your Adulterous Practices to the whole Body of Dissenters. You see the penitent *Aiberton* and penitent *Foulks* made it their dying Request, that the Dishonour they had done to their sacred Function, might be bury'd with them.

Word of Advice to the Lay-Dissenters, how they shou'd behave themselves under that Scandal that has been brought on Religion by the late Falls of Mr. J—— L——, Mr. J—— C——, Mr. D—— C——, and Mr. D—— L——.

WHEN you that are pious and conscientious Dissenters, let not the Sin of your late Pastors make you prejudic'd against any others of the same Perswasion. *I have done? 1 Kings 24. 17.* And indeed the former sort in this Generation are wiser in this usually than the Children of Israel, *Luke 16. 8.* When the Sun is eclips'd every Man's eyes are upon it, but little do they observe it in his Glory. Let not one gross Offender in the Ministry (or Four, for that is the Number of the Fallen Brethren that were lately accus'd) he shall be ever gaz'd at; but they remember not the glorious Martyrs, and unblemish'd Preachers, who have shined in that Firmament also. That the Miscarriage of ONE (or FOUR) shou'd like a Cross Line be drawn over all the rest, is little Reason, less Justice, and least Religion of all in it. As you that are Dissenters, object not the lewd and Adulterous Lives of Mr. F—— L——, Mr. F—— C——, Mr. D—— C——, and Mr. D—— L——, to justify your Lewdness that you ever practis'd, or may hereafter be inclin'd to: Remember our Saviour's Distinction; for some, *they bid you do that observe, but do not after their works, 23. 3.* or of that of St. Paul; *Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, 1 Cor. 11. 1.*

As you that are *Lay-Dissenters* shou'd not be such hateful Men as to defile your own Nests, by imputing the Adulterous Practices of the Four silenc'd Pastors to the whole Body of Dissenters; neither shou'd you have the less Charity for the Church of England, because Bishop *Aiberton* was hang'd for Treason, or because Mr. *Foulks* did so far (*Judas-like*) betray his sacred Function, as to continue Preaching and Administring the Holy Sacrament whilst he liv'd in that vile Sin of Adultery, which (as you have heard from his own Mouth) brought him at last to commit Murder. I say it again: As you shou'd not be prejudic'd against the Members of your own Communion, because *Four Preaching Judas's* have been discover'd amongst the Dissenters, so neither shou'd you be prejudic'd against the Clergy of the Church of England, because Bishop *Aiberton* and Mr. *Foulks* did (*Judas-like*) betray their sacred

Function by lewd and unnatural Practices. 'Tis true, the nity of their Persons (one of 'em being a BISHOP) must sink their Offence the deeper; but we have great Reason to think the Shame of their Death occasion'd their spiritual And if God hath forgiven, and forgotten it in Heaven, shou'd we upbraid 'em with it here? *The clearest Moons have Spots.* The best Churches have had some such Stains. let the Blot of their Lives be wash'd out of your Memory by the many Tears at their Death. And so Gentlemen wel, (with this short Advice of St. Paul; *Let him that thinketh standeth take heed lest he fall*) that I may go on with my Address to your Four silenc'd Pastors, that they wou'd make their penitence as publick as their Whoredoms.

And here, Gentlemen, what shall I further urge, to bring you to a publick Repentance for your publick Whoredoms? For, if the Two Instances of those penitent Clergy (Bishop *Atherton* and Mr. *Foulks*) can't move you to a publick Repentance, what can? If the Example of such great Penitents can't affect you, or move you to a publick Repentance will you (for once) admit a Layman to preach to you upon great Hazard you run of being impenitent, under the Weight of those heinous Adulteries you are charg'd with? And if, Gentlemen, might *Dunton* be allow'd to preach, I will HOLD FORTH in a few Questions, with an Application, or Use of Reproof.

DUNTON'S SERMON to the Four Dissenting Parsons accus'd of Adultery

MR. F—— L——, my Sermon to you will be displeasing; for I am first to ask you, What, L——, cou'd you find no other Object to centre LUST upon, than the Lady O——'s Servant, who that Day might have been chaste and honest, had you not debauch'd her in her Lady's House, where your sole Business was to seduce and preach? How cou'd you, Mr. L——, that descended from holy Parents, and was early season'd with Principles of Virtue and Goodness, become (notwithstanding these PLANTIDOTES) a Debaucher of young Virgins? I repeat again — A Debaucher of young Virgins — For, as you were the first, so (considering her great Penitence) I verily think you were the only Person that ever debauch'd Mrs. E——. true, you mask'd your lewd Designs under the sacred Name of LOVE, (for did you not promise her Marriage when you seduced her? and did you not repeat that Promise, when she threaten'd to drown her self, to conceal her being

(?) when all this Pretence of Love was no better than LUST; or why else did you not marry her, to make her and your self honest? I know, Mr. L——, you are a learned Man, and were always an excellent Preacher; I much question whether you know what a heinous Sin you are guilty of, when you debauch'd such a young, chaste, and virtuous Virgin, as Mrs. E—— was ever accounted, 'till she drag'd her (for I can't say tempted her) into your Bed, at the Lady O——'s. But pray let me ask you, after Fifteen years spent in all kinds of Whoredom and sinful Dalliance with Mrs. E——, what have you got but Shame and Disgrace? and what has she got, by yielding to your lewd Embraces, but the Name of a Whore? (tho' as she's penitent, I shall not more upbraid her with that.) So that 'tis clear, Mr. L——, the debauching a young Virgin is the highest Injustice, as to this World, that can be done to her; not only without Repentance) it damns her Soul, but as it ruins her Reputation; and the Loss of Reputation (especially in young Virgins) is not only a Shame (if they shou'd be content to bear with that) but it is a real Loss and Hindrance of her Fortunes; and tho' it shou'd not be known, (as it often is) it is a great Injustice to the Man who shall marry such a Woman. Mr. L——, if you think little of this, you'll do well to consider how you'd take it, to marry another Man's Wife, and then do as you'd be done to. But I must further go FORTH so far as to tell you there is yet a greater Injustice in debauching a Virgin than I have yet nam'd: And that is to the Person her self; for she that is once debauch'd (as Mrs. E—— was, by your Promise of Marriage) is laid out to the Temptations of others, and when forsaken by her first Lover, seldom returns to her Virgin Modesty, but seeks for another; or is found by some other, and often goes on to common Whoredom; (as I shall prove in my Sermon to Mr. C——) which is in Justice chargeable upon her first Corrupter, and is a small Aggravation of his Sin in debauching of single Women; and if (as many believe) the Reason why *DIVES* delay the Conversion of his Brethren, was not Charity to their Brethren (for that is not found in Hell) but because his Punishments were increas'd to the same Degree that his evil Example spread upon Earth, by which we must suppose his Brethren, and nearest Acquaintance, to be chiefly infected; this (Mr. L——) will be a terrible Consideration to those who do corrupt others; but more especially young Virgins, which was your Sin: And so farewell (and repent) 'till I see you again in the Application of this Sermon.

— C —, I am now going to preach to you;
I shall first ask you, won't it Lewdness enough to debauch a
R F 2 Servant.

Servant, and one of your Hearers, (and that just as you going preach) but you must also tempt a very sufficient Man's Wife to Uncleanness; (for that's the Charge against you in *Secret Narrative*) and not only tempt her to Lewdness, but leave her Husband's Bed to live with you as Man and Wife (that is, as Whore and Rogue) in *Holbourn-Lambeth*, and other Places? Now Mr. C——, let me ask you this serious Question, (for I'll preach to you whether you'll hear me or not) en't your loving and debauching another Man's Wife a crime at once unjust and ridiculous? En't it to break open closures, whilst Way enough lies open? As if Water more pleasant out of a Friend's Cistern than one's own Fountain; or a snatch'd Mouthful from a Stranger's Spit more satisfactory than a wholesome Joint at one's own Table. But ever lewd and ridiculous such Amours were, after a few Addressees you so well (or rather so ill) succeeded, that a *Marry'd Strumpet* soon condescended to forget her honourable Title of a Wife, for that more Modish Phrase of a Mistress, and having now once pass'd the Bounds of Modesty, in accepting your lewd Embraces, scrupl'd not to proceed to the high Impudence, and (as the *Secret Narrative* tells us) abandon her Husband's Bed—— Now Mr. L——, what can I say to this vile, open, and daring Act of Adultery? Was it enough (as I said before) to debauch a Servant, and offend your Hearers, but you must add one Adultery to another? Wan't it Gratification enough to your lewd Desires, to encourage and harden a Servant Maid in her lewd Practices, (she was sent to you for good Advice) but you must after that commit Adultery with a marry'd Woman, and engross her so far as to get Children by her that call you Father? By these scandalous Whoredoms you have (*Judas-like*) betray'd and disgrac'd your sacred Function, and for ever blasted (both in Name and Issue) that marry'd Strumpet that deserted her Husband for your lewd Embraces. I suppose you're so harden'd in sin that you will scarce acknowledge you have done any Harm to your Partner in these Adulteries: However, I will take upon me to preach such Doctrine as this.

First, That Adultery, (tho' attended with less Aggravation than yours) is greatly mischievous to the Woman as well as the Man with whom the Sin is committed: For, first, it involves her in the same Guilt of Sin with the Adulterer. It is not Temptation that will acquit her from the Guilt of so flagrant a Commission: To be tempted is no Sin; but to yield to Temptation, to act the Thing tempted to, that is sinful. And indeed the Law of Fornication lay not against the Man alone, but against the Woman also; for it is expressly said, *Deut. 22. 28. 29. There shall be no Whore of the Daughters of the Children of Israel.* The Fornicator therefore cannot commit this Sin

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he must draw Sin by that Act upon another too, as well upon himself, and so aggravate still his own more, as not only sinn'd himself, but made another sin too, by consenting to and acting that Filthiness with him; in as much as he ought to be no consenting unto the Enticement of Sinners unto Wickedness, (*Prov. 1. 10.*) no partaking with Adulterers, (*Psal. 50. 18.*) no having Fellowship with the unfruitful works of Darknes, *Eph. 5. 11.* And after this Sin is committed, it brings upon her Shame; if a Maid, it robs her of Glory, which was her Virginity; if a Widow, it robs her of Honour, which was her Integrity. In *Levit. 19. 29.* it is said, *Do not prostitute thy daughter, to cause her to be a whore.* In the Text is read *prostitute*, in the Margin is *profane*. In the Laws, the Shame of the Fact lights on the Woman as well as the Man, who is to be a publick Spectacle to all Beholders, whether in Church or Market, as well as the Man. The very name of a Whore, which she gets unto her self thereby, hath much of Shamefulness and Reproach, Dishonour and Disgrace in it, as nothing can have more. No greater Filth can be thrown upon any, than what is comprehended in that name; worse cannot well be said of a Woman, than that she is a Whore; 'tis all Shame in one Word: And therefore Misconduct and Abundance he doth to a Woman that brings her under this Shame.

Secondly, It is mischievous to the Child that is (if any be) born by such sinful Copulation: For, how many Children so begotten, are by one Means or other stifled in their Mother's womb, and murder'd before they are born, or expell'd thence before the Time to bring forth, and so kill'd in their very birth!

Again, How many of them (to hide the Infamy and Shame of their Birth) are by the Hands of the very Mothers of them smother'd or drown'd, or otherwise destroy'd as soon as they are born! We need not go so far for Instance, as to the Pope's children, out of which Six Thousand murder'd Infants Skulls are taken. How seldom is there an Assize with us, wherein there are not some or other arraign'd for such Facts as these, Murders of Bastards!

Again, How many of them are, if not at first violently kill'd to Death, yet afterwards leisurely starv'd to Death, quite lost for want of looking after! Tho' some do, yet very many of them, live to be Men and Women. The Mother is ashamed of it, and tho' she hath not a Heart out to kill it, or hath no Mind to be hang'd for killing of it, yet she stifles it dead, and is wanting in affording it Means of Nourishment and Life: And the Father, as not being certain that it is his own (for she that is false with one may be so with another; and she that hath to do with her, can be assur'd that it is his

more than anothers) he hath no Affection for it, takes little Care for the Maintenance and Education of it, and so it thrives and comes to good.

The Sight of it is the Remembrance of its Parents Sin, a Renewal of the Shame, and therefore they ordinarily neither that Love to it, nor Care of it, that Parents have ought to have to, and for the Fruit of their Bodies: So wanting the Effects of that Love and Care, it comes and dwindles away until it die.

And lastly, What Care soever be taken to preserve Life, and provide it of Estate, yet the Baseness of its Birth, such a Blot to its Name, such a Stain to its Honour, such a Disgrace to its Person, as it is never able to wipe off. It is disgracefully spoken of upon every Occasion; and especially in any Quarrel shall be sure to hear it self call'd by the ignominious Names. The By-blows even of Kings and Princes seldom have their Names in Chronicles transmitted to posterity, but with a Brand of the Infamy of their Birth set upon them, being remember'd as the base Sons of such or such a Prince. So mischievous in Point of Life, Estate, and Honour is this Sin of Fornication to the Child of the Fornicator.

All this Infamy do bare Fornicators (that's Persons whores in a single State) bring on their spurious Issue; an Adulterous Issue (which was your Case) they are in *Double Bastards*; I mean doubly infamous, by reason of aggravated Whoredom of those that begot 'em.

Now Mr. C——, these are some of the COME-UPPANCES OF WHORING, and getting Children (that as you marry'd to other Persons) you have scarce a Right to, and you have got 'em. But I won't enlarge upon the Scandal of having Adulterous Children; for I suppose such Preaching is not very pleasant to *Conjugal Whoremasters*, and so I will dismiss you a few Minutes, to preach to that lewd (tho' very ingenious) Man Mr. D—— C——.

Mr. D—— C——, I have heard you preach many excellent Sermons, and I hope (tho' I am but a *Lay-Preacher*) you'll condescend to hear one Sermon of mine. I shan't trouble it to so large a Congregation as you were wont to preach to *Brewers-Hall*, but only to your self: And here, Sir, I ask you, (for I shall preach by way of *Query*) how strange is your Whoredoms aggravated (were it possible) above the Whoredoms committed by your fallen Brethren? How greatly more so, not only against Light and Knowledge, but the Conscience of your own Conscience? For, wasn't it you that remonstrated against the Lewdness committed at *Bartholomew-Fair*? and did you not fore publish'd a Poem you entitle *Smithfield-Gate*?

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that so highly commended Col. S——ry*, for Patience,
city, and ev'ry Christian Virtue? Wan't it you that ap-
pleed the same Gentleman for joyning himself to a Church
Christ in the City of London? Nay, that did (seemingly)
so high in your Love to the Blessed Jesus, as to publish +
VERAL CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES. This,
C——, is what you have preach'd, and writ, to reform
Age, and against Lewdness. Then what a Self-condemned
more-monger must you be, that after having (seemingly)
commended Chastity by serious Books, excellent Preaching,
pious Life, shou'd yet your self become A CAST-AWAY,
that not only by frequently debauching your own Servant,
in your own Houle, and at the Horse in S——field)
by picking up common Strumpets; little considering that
common Whore (or NIGHT-WALKER) is one that lives
wilest and lewdest of all Strumpets, 'till at last being half
with the POX, Nature sinks her, and then she's thrown
an Hospital, too abominable to be touch'd with any thing
a Pair of Tongs, or a Fescue: And now, (being in the
WD'RING TUB) if she has Time, she usually wants a
art for Repentance. Then seriously consider, Mr. C——,
BRIMSTONE VERMIN 'twas that you pick'd up and
y'd to the Dark-H—— at B——gate; for 'twas (as
J—— prov'd to your Face) a NIGHT-WALKER, a
etch who by her very Profession does extinguish the natural
dety of her Sex, and debases the Humane Nature below
of Beasts, by strolling in the Streets to prostitute her self
the first who (like David C——) will accept of her lewd and
ous Proffer. Was this fit Company for a *Dissenting Parson*
be seen with in a private Room? Oh fye! fye! Mr.
——, how durst you be so LEWD and DRUNK, (for the
you own'd to Mr. J——) as to pick up and carefs
Brimstone Harlot, a common Whore, a Night-walker, betwixt
and unreasonable Brutes, there is no Difference, except
the BRUTES are the modest and more reasonable of the
; for they act but according to the Dictates of Nature,
which they ne'er transgress; but (Mr. C——) such vile
stitutes as you pick'd up upon Tower-hill, are so scandalously
and wicked, that they have neither the Restraints of
ine, nor Humane Laws, nor of Conscience, nor Reason
them; and therefore as your Sins (and Mr. J——)
re found you out, in picking up such Cattle, let the divul-
g of it in this Sermon be a Warning to you how you
EAT any more Night-walkers, either at the Dark-H——,
at the F——Horse—— Pray Sir excuse me that I presume

In the ELEGY you writ on his Death.

In a Book you call, The Old Man's L——cy.

to preach to a Man of your Wit and Parts, against TREATING of common Whores, for 'tis an EXPENSIVE SIN, I shall prove in my APPLICATION to this Sermon) that are but too well acquainted with; for we are told in the *Second Narrative*, this was not the first Time by many, that you were guilty of lewd Practices; for can any think that a common Whore, who does as 'twere *earn her Bread* by her impudic Tricks, and neither loves, nor knows the Cully she picks, will drudge for nothing? 'Tis true, in divers Parts of the City there are certain WENCHES OF LOVE, that out of Curiosity, prostitute themselves to Travellers which have no money: But, Mr. C——, you can never persuade me, of such Prostitutes as you pick'd up upon *Tower-hill* are so churlish as the *China Wench*; for common Strumpets whore for Bread, and as vile and lewd as they are, I believe the great Prostitutes in *London* never yet reckon'd her Whoredom a Work of Charity; and therefore, Mr. C——, I must tell you (take the Reproof as you please) whilst you lavish your Money away in TREATING of common Harlots, to pay your Preaching is but to encourage Whoredom, and that of a viler Sort, for the Scripture calls such Beastly Creatures as you pick'd up upon *Tower-hill*, by the Names of *Dogs* and *Swine*, because of their Likeness of Temper and Practice; 'tis not doubted, (and therefore have a Care of being found again in such lewd Company, lest we shou'd hear of you next Morning in the *Poultry Counter*) but those who are entrusted with the Government of this City, will take effectual Methods to cleanse our Streets from these *Daughters of Satan*, and with that Caution I conclude my Sermon to David C——, hoping to meet you again (and the rest of your lewd Brethren in the APPLICATION of this Sermon with such a Reproof as may convince you all, that *Repentance for Adultery should be as publick as the Crime*).

And now Mr. D—— L———n, I am come in the Place to preach (in a few *Queries*) to you, even to you that so harden'd and shameless, as to pick up a Woman near your own Door, and so mad and rampant (in your OLD AGE) to debauch even your own Servant. (I mean that young Woman you brought with you from *New-E——*) 'Tis true, you publish'd a *Vindication* against this Charge of Whoredom that exhibited against you at *A———Hall*; but that *Vindication* (as I prov'd before) was a sort of *Confession* of the Bastard Child that you had (at least) a Share in: Then with what Grandeur L———n, (for you are old enough to be your Servant's FATHER, instead of her SPARK) cou'd you pretend to Innocence? for wan't you dog'd to the great *Barndry-House* in *Moor fields*, and there naught with a common Whore?

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can't it as fairly prov'd, that you and your *New-E*——
 went so long glutted your selves with stolen Waters, 'till her
 at last began to be full of 'em? (I mean, 'till she was
 Child.) So that now (according to the sacred Oracles)
Pleasures of Sin being but for a Moment, they are succeeded
 bitterness in the latter End. Mr. *L*———, you may well
 you are wholly ruin'd; but you know in your own Con-
 science, that utter undoing of your self and Wife that you
 complain of is the Fruit of your own Whoredom; which has
 such a *Blot* and *Stain* upon your good Name, (to use your
 Words in your *Vindication*) as all the Water between this
New-E——— can't wash out; and yet you have the Face
 rather *Impudence*) to assert your Innocence in the Sight of
 all. But that I might either PREACH, or argue you into a
 publick Repenrance for your *publick Adulteries*, let me ask you,
 what way were they first discover'd, you have been so diligent
 to hide and defend them? Whether was it any private Quar-
 rel, or falling out between you and your *New E*——— Ser-
 vant that did first detect you? or was it a fastidious Humour
 to be rid of her, after your wanton Appetite was cloy'd and
 tired? or was it a covetous Design, to avoid the Charge of
 maintaining her longer, and defraying the Expences of her
 living in? or did the Terrors of the Almighty so wound the
 heart of your Harlot, that she detected your Adultery to ease
 her Conscience? But however 'twas with your Whorish Ser-
 vant, 'tis clear by your *Vindication*, you are, instead of being
 brought into Repenrance, fear'd into Hardness of Heart. So
 now (as often the Justice of Providence orders Things)
 you are given up, by a Withdrawment of restraining Grace,
 to commit one Sin, as a Punishment for another; for is not
 your over-earnest Desire to conceal your Bastard, a clear Proof
 you chuse rather to live impenitent than (PUBLICKLY) to
 confess your Adulteries, in Order to forsake 'em? But re-
 member, tho' your Servant (to conceal you Adultery) has de-
 ceiv'd another was the Father of that Child, (which had at least
 Nose and Leg of your own begetting) yet let not this
 SINGLE lull you asleep, or hinder your PUBLICK RE-
 PENTANCE, for you know not how soon your Strumpet may
 be by you (as *E*——— did by *L*———) and lay the Father
 at the right Door; for there's no Faith in Sin, and she that will
 conceal your Bastard to Day for a Sum of Money, will dis-
 cover it to Morrow for a greater: However, take this for a
 warning, *There's no trusting to the kind Words of those Whorish Women*
 who have but an Interest and Inclination to deceive you; especially
 when the GREAT BELLY is conceal'd under the Mask of an
 innocent Simplicity, which I take to be your Case. (For, don't
 say in your *Vindication*, I challenge any Person upon Earth to
 prove me guilty of any thing in that Matter, but only imprudent
 Manage-

Management; to which I was hurry'd by an over-earnest Design to conceal the Bastard?) So that 'tis very probable, in a little we may see the Cheater cheated; and I wish all Traders in the Flesh may be so serv'd. However, Deodat, we see by Vindication there's no Whoredom so vile and scandalous, but a harden'd Sinner will dare to conceal it, under the Mask of Innocence—Mr. L—— I wou'd PREACH a whole Day on this Subject, had I any Hopes to awaken your Conscience: your Vindication shews you have no Mind to come to Conscience: However, to deter you from future Whoring, remember this; "Where Women have a Hand in the Cheat, Frauds (in concealing of Bastards) are cover'd o'er with various Pretences, and as cunning a Man as your self is not so easily impos'd on as a Woodcock or a Jack-daw. Surely Sir, when you debauch'd your Maid, you neither thought of the Sin or Ruin that attends such Adulterous Practices: if a Woman that's a KEPT WHORE (which was the Case of your New-E——— Servant) finds you are a CULLY in the end, and will be often impos'd upon by her, then she has a Thousand little wheedling Tricks and Artifices to decoy you. Sometimes she's breeding forsooth, and then sure you cannot be so barbarous to your own Flesh and Blood, but you will take some Care of the young one! Besides, she wants Night-Gown and Damask for Clouts, and a Thousand other Necessaries: a Lying-in-Woman: And if you make her a Present that she don't like, why then sure she's as handsom and young as any, and such a one's Miss, who has 200l. for a Lying-in, and you think that she'll be put off with your nasty shabby Fifties or Fifty Guineas? No, truly, she rather thinks that as she stands between you and her, you ought to cut off the End of your Estate, and settle a good Part of it upon her for Life, and then let the Child Heir it afterwards; and perhaps all this too may be only WHORE-CRAFT and Pretences: so she must be forc'd (to bring off her self) to sham a Misanthrope, and that your Cruelty and Hard-heartedness in settling your Estate upon her, and answering her Demands, has been the Cause of it, and will at last force her to throw herself away (as Mrs. E——— wou'd ha' done in the Pond). Well, but if you lov'd her as well as she loves you, you cou'd not be so barbarous to deny her any thing.

But, Sir, I need not PREACH to you longer upon this Head; for I suppose you know by a dear-bought Experience that the Tricks and Devices of a Kept Miss are not to be paralleld by any thing but their Ingratitude and Inhumanity. There indeed they exceed themselves; nothing in Nature being so perfectly Brutish and cruel as one of these kind Creatures: The very Moment you stop your Hand they grow insolent; and when they find they have entirely

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Business, and turn'd you a grazing, (as was the Case of John L——) who so ready as that very *SYREN* that has your Estate, to revile and scorn you? and you are no less Buffoon now than you were her Property formerly.

Mr. L——n, I might enlarge upon this Head, and shew you the Folly and Ruin that attends Adulterous Offices, (but more especially that of making a Miss of a Sermon) but I shall stop here, to make Way for a short APPLICATION to this Sermon, and so dismiss you.

Thus, Gentlemen, have I distinctly preach'd to you all: And seeing the SCANDALOUS WHOREDOMS you have been charg'd with in the *Secret Narrative* call for a hearty publick Repentance, to excite you to it, I shall conclude my Query-Sermon with a short Application, or few MOTIVES to chaste Life; for tho' 'tis plain by the foregoing Queries you have all Four (*Judas*-like) betray'd and disgrac'd your Function, yet seeing no Uncleaness is too great Pardon, where the Whoremonger truly repents, I shall (in Application to these Queries) conclude my Sermon with a personal Address to you all Four.

And here, Gentlemen, first, learn from the publick Scandal you have brought upon Religion, and your good Names, the great Hazard all run, both of Temporal and Eternal Ruin, without a speedy and hearty Repentance. One wou'd think, Gentlemen, that but one of these Considerations shou'd be enough to awaken the most stupify'd Whoremonger amongst you, (ay, even John L—— himself, who is to have the Ascendant of you all in Lewdness) from Sensuality. It is it, Ob you Brutish Adulterers, inconsiderate and unwise! who so eagerly pursue in your unlawful Loves and irregular Pleasures, but certain Ruin, Destruction, and Damnation; impair your Estates with Profuseness, stigmatizing your Names with Shame, wasting your Bodies with Consumptions, filling your Bones with Rottenness, entailing loathsome Diseases on your selves and Posterity, dulling your Wits, clouding your Intellectuals, effeminating your Minds, and everlastingly shipwrecking your Souls. Leave off then these British Momentary Delights, and reaking fulsome Pleasures, before those which are pure, satisfactory, and eternal: Trifle not with your noblest Passions on low, sordid, scandalous Objects, but fix them on intellectual Beauties: Let Virtue be your Mistress, and make her regulate all your Affections, so shall you find uninterrupted Joys, the Life-breathing Sweets of an innocent and still encreasing Pleasure, which admits neither Change nor Satiecy, which hath no secondary Checks in the Height of Fruition, nor any Sting in the Tail; but is much delighted in after Reflection as the present, and is never mix'd with Bitterness in the latter End.

The ways of Religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace, Prov. 3. 17. But, Gentlemen, if the Consideration

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ration of the Pleasure and satisfying Delight there is in a chaste won't restrain you from Whoredom, yet at least let the Shamefulness, the Toilsomeness, and the Expensiveness of Whoredom, be Motives to you to make your Repentance for your Adulteries as publick as Crime, that you may not only fly and abhor the Company of Harlots but not dare to look on a Woman so as to lust after her, as know that our Saviour tells you, that He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed Adultery with her already in heart. And therefore (that I may here so touch your Conscience to reform your Lives) I shall in the Application to the foregoing Queries, a little enlarge upon these Motives.

And, Gentlemen, my first Motive to press you to abstain from Whoredom is — The Shamefulness of it — Things that are honest, pure, and lovely, and of good Report, virtuous and Praise-worthy, those are Things for Christians to think to have their Minds and Hearts upon, *Phil. 4. 8.* But Things that are dishonest, Things that are shameful, and of evil Report, these Christians shou'd with the greatest Care that can be avoid. And indeed, if we consider this Sin of Whoredom in every Circumstance of it, it is a very shameful Sin.

1. The Actors of it are ashamed to be seen in it, and therefore chuse Darkness and Secrecie to act it in: In the twilight of the evening, in the black and dark night, as the wise Man observes, *Prov. 7. 9.* Whence this, and the like Sins are call'd the Sins of darkness, *Eph. 5. 11.* done in secret, in private and secret Chambers; (whence Chambering and Wantonness go well together, *Rom. 13. 13.*) or other Places of Conveniency for Privacy and Secrecie, as furthest remov'd from Observation and discovery: Which, why need it be, if it were a Thing of honesty, if it were not a shameful Thing?

2. The Parts and Members of the Body wherewith the Sin is acted, are Things which were a Shame to see or name. Whence the Greeks call them *aischia*, and the Latins, *pudenda*, shameful Things; Things which People that have any sense of Modesty in them, are ashamed to look upon. *Shem. 9. 22, &c.* When the Father so lay, that his Nakedness appeared, he took a Garment and laid it upon their Shoulders, and he turned backward and cover'd it, without seeing of it; and for the Modesty of theirs got their Father's Blessing; when as *Cham*, for his Immodesty, looking upon it, had his Father's Curse, *Gen. 9. 22, &c.* Throughout the whole Scripture those Parts are never found mention'd by Name, but by some other more discreet Way of Expression. Neither amongst the Heathens were the People of Modesty have any of those Words in their Mouths.

3. The Act it self, wherein this Sin is committed, is very shameful, as that it cannot be mention'd in greatest Privacy without Shame; and therefore the Apostle speaks of it as

not to be named among Saints, Eph. 5. 3. and saith, *It is not to speak of those things*, v. 12. And well he might, as being a Thing fitter for Brutes, as Dogs and Bitches, to delight in, rather than for Men. Whence St. Hierome * calls the Acts of Fornication, *Caninas Nuptias*, the Nuptial Weddings, or Marriages of Dogs.

And if the Act it self cannot be nam'd without Shame, how can we needs think the Commission of it? How can they not only their Faces outwardly, but their Hearts inwardly, burn and glow within them, whilst they are acting so shameful a Thing? A Thing that can neither be seen, nor spoken, nor heard by others, who are no way guilty of it, without being at it.

The Temporal Punishment consequent to this Act, is a shameful Punishment. Among the *Grecians*, in many Places of the East, as *Camerarius* observes, the Punishment for Fornicators was, That the Fornicator shou'd have his Beard chop'd off with an Ax, and so to be sent away; which to him was a Mark of Shame. Amongst us, the Punishment is for Offenders in that they stand in the Places of most publick Notice (the Church, or the Time of Divine Service, or some Market-Town in the Time of the greatest Concourse of People) with a white Sheet upon them, to be a publick Spectacle for all People to see, and gaze upon, and so to be the Town or Country's Shame, to be every one's Scoff and Scorn; a Thing greatly shameful to those that have any Remains in them either of Reason or good Nature: But I must tell you, Gentlemen, were we Members of the Church of *England*, the Church wou'd have the more Reason to be satisfy'd with your Repentance, if you meekly and publicly submitted to those *Habits* and *Rites* of Penitence, which she, in Conformity to the ancient Times, requires you; of all which (and they were very many) our Church (because many of the rest were abus'd by the *Popish* Church, when they thought fit to make Penitence a Sacrament) thought fit generally to retain but Two: That of the White Sheet, and Wand, with which her Penitents are enjoyn'd (for the Crimes require it) to appear; and where they do not, the Church Liberty even to dispense with them.

And if they had requir'd you *All Four* to have appear'd in such like Linnen Garb, I know no Reason why any of you shou'd have wav'd it on that Account; a coarse square Sheet, without being fashion'd or trimm'd, being much of Kin to the white Sheet, which antiently Penitents appear'd in, as many Figures witness.

And for the Whiteness, in particular, of the Vest, I am persuaded to believe, it might owe it self to the Conformity, which

the Design of *publick Penitence* bears to that of *Baptism*, being (as the Evangelists call it) the *Baptism of repentance* for forgiveness of sins, Mark 1. 4. Luke 3. 3. and that a Profession of Repentance, in order to the same End, the restoring penitents, who had notoriously broken their Baptismal Vow.

This Digression (if it be so to be accounted) on this Occasion I thought fit to make, in order, if not to the Satisfaction yet to the stopping the Mouth of those who (that they discourage the Practice of *publick Penitence*, so useful for Souls of Penitents themselves, and so conducive to the Glory of Christianity) have, in this last Age, endeavour'd to censure it; and I hope, it may not prove altogether unsuccessfull to the End intended.

Now all these Things laid together, the Shamefulness of Sin appears to be very great; and the Consideration of it may be one other weighty Motive to abstain from the Commission of it.

Gentlemen, My Second Motive to press you to abstain from Whoredom, shall be *the Toilsomeness of it*—— Christian call'd to Liberty and Freedom; and the greatest Liberty the World consists in Virtue and Piety: For, the more virtuous and pious, the more free from Sin and Wickedness; the more free from that Servant to which, is the greatest Slavery in the World: Tyranny like to that where Sin reigns. But as all Sin in general is tyrannous, and so the serving of it Slavery; so all Sin in particular is very tyrannical, and the serving of it very Drudgery: The Slave to that Tyrant is never at Rest, no not so as in the Night. How doth it busie the Head with Thoughts of Thoughts about the obtaining of its Desire? What Contrivances, what Arts, what Stratagems, what Tricks, what Policies, what Ways, what Means doth it devise to compass the frame for the compassing of its End?

What Watchings must there be of the Inamorates, for opportunity to open their Minds, and discover their Passions? What soliciting, courting, Compliments, with the Paramour, to woo and win her to a Compliance with them in their Delights? What promising, what vowing, what swearing of Love to the attempted Mistress, when there is no more of Love in the Heart to her, but a Brutish, unruly, longing Desire to satisfy Lust only?

What a Waiting must there be? What Attendance many times be given before their Suit can have its Accomplishment, if they have to do with a Person that is proud and or covetous and cunning? who for pleasing of her Honour or for the advancing of her Gain, will exercise them with a Thousand Delays, and keep them in Hand with Various Shifts and Put-offs, as tedious and wearisome as those which go to Law; this Evening, or that Morning;

noon, or that Midnight must be waited for, and attended
and over and over, and all to no Purpose, thro' some ac-
cidental or contriv'd Disappointment.

Who, who is able to endure such Drudgery as this! One
as a Harlot going in her Gaiety to the Theatre, wept to
think what Pains the Wicked took to go to Hell, whereas him-
self took not near that Pains to get to Heaven.

Who, with considering Persons, cannot but be very weighty
to keep them from going into, or turn them back from going
into so troublesome a Way, so toilsome a Travel, so wearisome
a Drudgery, in the Service of so base a Lust.

Gentlemen, My Third Motive to press you to abstain from
Whoredoms, shall be the *Expensiveness of this Sin*—— A Man
that be a Whoremaster at a small Charge (as I observ'd in my
Sermon to Mr. L——n). He that drives that Trade had
better have a good Stock to set up withal; for he shall find it
a very Sin, a Sin that will waste him to the Bones, if he fol-
low it any thing hard; whereof we have infinite Examples in
all Times and Countries to assure us.

What a deal of Expence goes in the Price of Whoredoms,
especially where the Whore drives a Trade with their Bodies?
What the Harlot got by that Trade such an Estate as the City
would disdain'd not to become Heir unto. *Lais*, the Harlot
of *Paris*, had such a Rate for a Night's Lodging with her, as
all the great Estates were afraid to give: Ten Thousand
Livres (a great Sum, if it were but so many of our Groats)
for the demand of *Demosthenes* for the Pleasure of her Compa-
ny one Night, tho' he had the Wit not to buy Repentance,
at so dear a Rate. And no doubt but the Whore-
masters of our Days, pay dear enough in this Way for their
Pleasure and lewd Enjoyment.

What a great deal of Expence must go in Treatments, and
entertainments of the Whore? What in Plays and Revels,
and Banquets, Wine and Presents, to allure and oblige
her? What in Gifts and Bounties to those about her? What in
Expences on Pimps to procure her? What in Bribes
to *Strado's* for Opportunities of Access to her, and for Secre-
tarys to converse with her? The Hand is never out of the Purse
for fetching out one Expence or other in Things of
this Nature.

What a great deal again goes in high Diet, provokative
Drugs, Confectionary Philtres, and all manner of Incentives
to Incendiariness unto Lust? What again in Charges for Cure
of the French Diseases gotten by those Ways of Filthiness?
What (to name no more) must go in Fees, by way of
commutation, to buy off that shameful Punishment, which by
Law is to pass on those who are guilty in this kind, where
the Fault is known, and the Offender prosecuted?

How

How many fair Estates do we see daily melted and mould away to nothing by these Means? Men of good Abundance of fine Lands, are in a small Time brought to Poverty and Beggary by this Way! He that is now rich, may in a short Space whore away all he hath, and be brought, like the Prodigal in the Gospel, to be glad to eat Husks with the Swine. Hunger, if he knew how to get them: So vastly, so expensive a Sin this is.

Now, Gentlemen, this Consideration to Persons that have any thing of Wit or Understanding, may be a very proper MOTIVE to restrain them from following so base Ways of Life. When they shall consider how expensive those Ways are, and at what Rate they must buy Repentance, they will not but think these are no Ways for them to go on in, if they design to ruin and undo themselves for ever.

Now, Gentlemen, if these THREE MOTIVES won't prevail upon you to forsake your unclean Practices, yet (that the Application to this Sermon may, if possible, prove effectual to persuade you to a chaste Life) let me entreat you to consider of, and meditate upon what is behind—Let the last Verse come into your Thoughts, when you are under any Temptation to Sin, and especially to the Sin of Uncleanliness of any sort; and the Thought of them will be mightily conducive towards your Preservation from that, or any other Sin. What are they? Why they are Four; *Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell*; and the serious Thought of any one of these, is enough to give a Stop to the Course of any Sinner, (but more especially Clergymen) in the Height of his most eager Pursuit of his Carriere to sin.

Fornicator, Adulterer, unclean Person of any sort, *Death* is behind. Thou canst not live for ever here, thou must die, and thou may'st thou knowest not how soon, even in the very Act of Uncleanliness thou may'st expire, and be cut off; and, O how dismal wou'd thy Condition be, if that should fall thee! What can befall a Man more woful and dreadful than to be catch'd, and cut off by *Death* in the very Act of Sin? And yet how many have been so surpriz'd, and seized upon, taken and carry'd away by *Death*! And what hath fallen any, may justly be fear'd by all. Gentlemen, then remember your End, and be afraid of such an End as thou shalt be cut off at once both for Sin, and in Sin; and this will conduce to a making you fearful to commit this or any other Sin.

But, Secondly, not *Death* only, but *Judgment* also is behind. Thou Adulterer, Fornicator, unclean Person, thou must not only die, but be judg'd too for thy Filthiness and Uncleanliness after *Death*: For, *Whoremongers and Adulterers God will*

13. 4. Death will not so hit thee as to make an End of thee; it will but seize on thee like a Serjeant, and imprison thee until the general Goal-delivery, at the End of the World, when it will bring thee forth to Trial, and so, and in such manner as it found thee, it will bring thee forth to the great Tribunal, and present thee to be judg'd by the great God and righteous Judge of Quick and Dead, in the Sight of Men and Angels. Who wou'd not tremble, and be amaz'd to think of that he shou'd be brought forth, and made appear in such Assembly as will be at that great Assize at the End of the World, in that Condition that he is in, when he is in the Act of Lewdness, and in all the Circumstances of his Filthiness? (Gentlemen) think of it, that in such Condition you may be brought into that Assembly, and cannot possibly be assur'd, that in that Condition you shall be brought into it: And this Thought, if well ruminated upon, may be highly considerable to the prevailing with you to *flee Whoredom*.

Thirdly, There's *Heaven* behind. And, Oh, what I said, when I said Heaven! Why, I said a Place, and a Place of Pleasure, Joy, Glory, and Happiness, beyond all the World hath, or ever had, or was so much as said, or thought, fancy'd, or imagin'd by any Man in it: As it is written in 1 Cor. 2. 9. *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.* The Poet's *Elysian Fields*, the Garden of *Alaodine*, the Paradise of *Mahomet*, are, yea, the *Eden* God in this World was nothing to it. The Sum of it is full enjoyment of highest Blessedness, without Interruption or diminution, to all Eternity, But who is this for? Why, for the Godly, and amongst them, for those that possess their Right unto Sanctification, and in Honour, that defile not themselves with Women: For, *neither Fornicators, nor Adulterers, nor Effeminate Persons, nor Abusers of themselves with Men, shall inherit the Kingdom of God*, 1 Cor. 6. 9, 10. Therefore think of this, when at any Time you are tempted to Uncleaness, and say, Shall I, for the Love of a *Whore*, a *Street-walker*, a *common Strumpet*, lose my Heaven? lose my Happiness? Can the Pleasure of all the Beauties in the World (and the Enjoyment of them all) countervail the Loss of Heaven? Is not one Day's Fruition of Heaven's Joys, beyond all that, yea, a Life spent in Brutish Pleasures? Gentlemen, would but remember, and shew your selves Men, and act according to right Reason, you wou'd conclude Heaven too dear to be forfeited upon so silly a consideration as the Pleasure which Brutes have one with another; and so wou'd by this Consideration, be mightily fortify'd against the Temptations which you may be assaulted with to Uncleaness, and enabled to abstain from all the Sins of the Flesh, and to *flee Whoredom*.

Lastly, There is *Hell* behind. Oh, what is that! What Place and State of perfect Misery, where is an utter Destruction of all Comfort, and an exquisite Infliction of bitter Torment; where is *weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth*, where the *Worm dieth not, and the Fire is not quenched*; where the Damn'd are implung'd into a Lake of Fire and Brimstone that burneth to Eternity, for ever living in the Extreme of the most dolorous and tormenting Pains. And who are turn'd into this? Why, the Wicked, and amongst them the *Fornicators, Adulterers*, and such like Defilers of the Image of God, and Members of Christ, and Temple of the Holy Spirit. There in that Lake that burns with Fire and Brimstone their Part set out to be. (*Rev. 21. 7.*) And this shall they receive at God's Hand for their Wickedness, that they shall lie down in Sorrow, and burn in the Sparks of their own kindling for ever more. Now, Gentlemen, certainly if this were well thought of, and consider'd by any Man that was under Temptation to Uncleanness, he wou'd never be so far overcome with the Lust, as to commit the Sin. What? shall I go to Hell for Whore? Have I a Mind to be damn'd for a Doxy? Shall I plunge my self into Fire and Brimstone, there to lie and burn, and roar to all Eternity, for the little, short, Pleasure, which is had in the Embraces of a Strumpet? Gentlemen, at any Time when you come under the Temptations of Lust, call to Mind, and meditate a while upon these all the other Three last Things, *Death, and Judgment, and Heaven*, and you will (by God's Grace) be so wrought upon by that Meditation and Consideration, that you will both shun the Acts, and detest the Thought of any such thing, and be free from all Appearance of that Evil—— But, Gentlemen, these *Motives* won't prevail upon you to abstain from Whoredoms.

In the last Place, Consider and meditate upon the Promise of Christ: There is Argument in all to perswade to Continence and Chastity.

It was a Life of *Purity* that Christ led; there was no least Unchastity either acted, syllabled, or imagined, said, or thought by him. And his Life is that great Example which we are to copy out in our Conversation. *He that abideth in him, ought himself to walk as he walked.* Therefore you are at any Time under Temptation to the contrary, thus say with, and to your selves, And is this to be Partaker of Christ's Holiness? Is this to be conformable to Christ's Pattern? Did he ever any thing of, or like to this kind of acting? Was he either a Desflowerer of Maids, or a Corrupter of Widows, or an Actor of, or a Tempter to Uncleanness? Where did he any thing of his gallanting it to Ladies? or so much as a serious courting, or be-complimenting of Women? To see then how unsuitable such acting is unto the Conversation

and how disagreeing with his Purity all manner of Whoredoms is, may be one good Consideration to restrain you from all Impurity, and to perswade to retain your Chastity.

Gentlemen, There is but One Thing more that I know of, requisite to give you for a Direction, and that is *Prayer*. Oh, what will not that do! It hath a kind of Omnipotency in it; it can do any thing, even with God himself; cannot, because he will not resist it. Fervent and *effectual* Prayer, Oh, it *availeth much*! as St. James tells us, *C. 5. V. 16.* This Means therefore betake your selves for Preservation of Chastity, and for Protection against Temptation to Impurity. 'Tis our Saviour's own Direction, *Watch and pray, ye enter not into temptation*, Mat. 26. 11. Nothing so forcible for the overcoming of this Temptation, as *Prayer*. Surely, there was any Man foild with it, that us'd this Weapon against it, and did not first forsake his Weapon, and give over Defence. Whatever therefore else ye do, be sure to betake your self to Prayer. Prayer will interest, and concern God himself in your Preservation, and engage his Omnipotency in your Quarrel: It will obtain Grace to subdue Lust, Strength to withstand Satan, Constancy to continue chaste, and in one Word, Conquest in, and over every Temptation. To this therefore betake your selves, and doubt not of Success in every Encounter. He was never finally overcome by Lust, who continu'd praying sincerely.

And now, Gentlemen, having given you several Motives and Directions to preserve you from falling into the Sin of Whoredoms, I must now leave you to the Trial of them; and my Reason is, That God wou'd so bring these Motives and Directions into your Minds, and so encline your Hearts to the Use of them, and so bless your Endeavours in their Use, that they may prove as so many powerful Antidotes against Lust, Remedies against Uncleanness, and effectual Preservation against Whoredom. So shall God have Glory, so shall you have Profit, and I shall have the End I propounded to me in this *Application to my Query-Sermon*: Or, if I can't persuade you all on a sudden to be thus religious, and thus chaste,

however, let me perswade you, as you value the Health and Soundness of your Bodies, as well as that of your virtuous and innocent Wives, ne'er to meddle again (or so much as look on) those common Whores that we call NIGHT-WALKERS; and I do in a most particular Manner exhort you to this, as I perceive a Love to Variety of Women has been so the Vice of you *All Four*, that you have been all guilty of picking up meer Prostitutes; for the *Secret Narrative* declares,

—s pick'd up a common Whore near the London Spaw—

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That Mr. C——y pick'd up another on Tower-hill—— That L——n pick'd up another in Moor-fields—— And if C——k did not pick up common Whores, yet he has so Tang of that rambling Fancy, that he first debauch'd a Woman, and then a marry'd Woman, and I suppose a common Whore, had she fell in his Way, had been the same Tation.

Gentlemen, I wou'd now *preach in earnest*, being content that Part of my Sermon which I call *Application*: Then let me ask you, en't the CATTLE I have here describ'd pure Company for Men of your *Holy Function* to run themselves For, besides the Scandal of picking up common Whores, there's no small Danger to your very Persons; for you are no sooner enter'd their lewd Apartments, but there's a strong Party of Rogues and Bullies below, if you shou'd not comply with insolent Demands, or scruple to pay their extravagant Reeling, ready upon Occasion to hector and insult you, or rather than fail, to strip and murder you; and therefore that I now dismiss both you and your lewd Company together—I shall only add, I have so plainly laid open your Shameful Danger by Whoredom, (and more especially by picking up common Strumpets) that I hope you'll never again give much of your Reason as to hazard your selves into such a *rinth of Mischief* as attends *Night-walking*: No, Gentlemen, I hope this *Plain Sermon* will move you all to a speedy and full lick Repentance, and then I'm confident you never will enter a *Bawdry-house*! why 'tis the very Gate of Hell, an Inlet to Disgrace, Ruin, and Contempt, and a Whore (but more especially a *Night-walker*) more to be avoided by far than a Jail or a Pest-house, and in all Respects as loathsome as the one, and as contagious as the other. In a Word, (for my Goodness, and I shall quite tire you) A Whore (whether common or private) is a Vermin so ravenous and malicious, and withal so subtle and designing, so formally chaste, and hypocritical, so proud, and yet so mercenary, and above all, so infernally ill-natur'd, that in the short Title of a WHORE, are comprehended all the Vices, Follies, and Impertinencies of her Sex—— And therefore—— (and with those Words I shall conclude the first and last Sermon I ever preach'd) *Go and sin no more.*

Thus, Gentlemen, I have follow'd you thro' a long and dirty Way; and if the *secret Narrative* of your vicious Lives, or *Dunton's Queries* do but bring you to a full view of your Whoredoms, and to a publick Repentance for them, I have my End in this *Bold Sermon*, in which I have first and then more generally preach'd to you all Four; and

not preach'd according to Art, (for I am no Clergyman, tho' educated with that Design to my Fifteenth Year) yet if Repentance makes the APPLICATION, 'twill be the Sermon you ever heard; and tho' whilst you live in Whoredom your Prayers will avail nothing, (for *the prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord*, Prov. 28. 9.) yet if this Sermon is bless'd so far as to make you chaste, I hope then I'll put up a Prayer for John Dunton, and think him your best friend, as he durst tell you the Truth: But whether this Secret Service, and Sermon, touch your Conscience or no, yet sure they give a sufficient Reason for calling these Sheets—— or a Detection of such lewd Clergymen as have betray'd and abus'd their sacred Function, by administering the Holy Sacrament with Adulterous Hands——

Which being your Case, you were all Four silenc'd for Whoredom, after you had eminent Preachers for many Years) I shall conclude this Sermon (or Tenth Project, which I call *JUDAS*) with shewing, That your administering the Holy Sacrament whilst you liv'd in the Act of Adultery, was daring the Judgments of God Almighty. How far your betraying and disgracing your sacred Function in this scandalous Manner, is a parallel Case to that of Judas.

What great Encouragements you have to repent of your Whoredom (for having search'd your Wound to the Quick, I wou'd give you a healing Plaster) from the Example of Holy David, who was a Penitent, and obtain'd Pardon after he had been guilty both of Whoredom and Adultery.

And lastly—— I shall conclude my Letter with a few Remarks on the extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E——, (the young Woman John L—— debauch'd) who being a Partner with him for many Years, and now got clear of the Devil's Fetters, will be a fit Example for your Imitation: And with those Remarks I shall kindly bid you farewell, 'till we meet in Heaven; as we one Day shall, if we sincerely (and publickly, where the Case requires) repent of all our Sins.

And here, Gentlemen, I am first to shew—— That your administering the Holy Sacrament whilst you liv'd in the Act of Adultery was daring the Judgments of God Almighty—— It must be confess'd, God has (as a Token of his Infinite Bounty) given Ministers Commission to administer the Holy Sacrament of Life to Infants, (or to such as are of riper Years, and able to answer for themselves) and has also given them Commission to administer to the Sons of Men the Sacrament of his Body and Blood, the Divine Catholicon, or Cure for ALL the Diseases which are in the World of our Souls; but with this Condition, that he who (like Judas) administers these holy Mysteries unworthily, instead of being heal'd, shall increase his Malady, work it up to a dangerous Crysis, if he administer a desperate Paroxysm, which affords no Hope, (either in the Minister that gives it, or to him that receives it) but a fearful Ex-

petition of Judgment to come — Cyprian tells us Two remarkable Stories, that “one coming to the Holy Sacrament
 “he liv’d in the Act of Adultery, after the Minister had
 “him the Bread, and he going to eat it, it stuck in his Throat
 “*Gladium sibi sumens non cibum*, saith he, he receiv’d his
 “instead of Bread: The other came and took the Bread
 “his Hand, and when he went to eat it there was no
 “but Ashes in his Hand.

Mr. Foulks (whose publick Repentance I recommended
 fore to your Imitation) was so very sensible of the Scandal
 Danger of administering the Holy Sacrament, whilst he liv’d
 the Act of Adultery, that he tells us (in his *Narrative*) that
 “by many repeated Acts of Adultery he was arriv’d at last
 “a Habit in sinning, (his Conscience being so fear’d and
 “feeling at last, that he added Murder to Adultery) yet
 “he, *I was never so daring in Sin, but at the Sacrament*
 “*Fears wou’d arise*; and the Consideration of the Exemplary
 “punition of Nadab and Abihu, whereby they became Monuments
 “Divine Vengeance, in the very Place where they committed
 “Sin, wou’d sometimes arrest my Confidence, and fill me with
 “prebensions lest some like Judicial Proceeding shou’d be serv’d
 “me also, for DARING to present my false Fires upon God’s Altar
 “which engag’d me in some short-liv’d Restraints, that seldom
 “ceeded two or three Days. By these Arts (says Mr. Foulks)
 “me a House without a Foundation, I procur’d to my self some
 “Quiet, and so deceiv’d myself as well as others.

If then — he that gives the Holy Sacrament of Christ’s
 Body and Blood, and he that receives it unworthily
 both Judas’s, (that is, have both a Hand in the Death of
 Christ) how have you all Four dar’d the Judgments of God
 living in that scandalous Sin of Adultery, whilst you ad-
 minister’d the Holy Sacrament?

Thus — you have all Four re-acted the Part of
 Judas, by daring the Judgments of God; and I can’t
 tremble at the Thought of your eating and drinking your
 Damnation, and of trampling under Foot the Blood of the New
 Testament.

We usually hate and detest the fawning Treachery of
 that betray’d our Saviour, the black Suggestions of the
 Priests that did impeach him, the rude Carriage of the Pharisees
 that did abusively insult over him; we abhor those poisonous
 Tongues that revil’d him, and those bloody Hands
 smote him. How then, cou’d you reflect on those Sinners
 which were represented to your People, (when
 administer’d to them the Holy Sacrament) without ex-
 Displeasure against those Sins of theirs which were the
 Cause of Christ’s Death? For, alas! the Jews were but the
 Instruments of his Passion; the long Train of our Iniquities

chief, the real Actors of that direful Tragedy. He was
 led for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. He
 delivered for our offences, and became a curse for us: That is,
 we, who by our Sins did impeach, did adjudge, did
 give him to Death.

Was our Obscenity which besmear'd his glorious Face with
 filth, and our prophane Oaths, Curfing, and Blasphemy,
 the false Witnesses that forg'd the black Indictment
 against his sacred Person.

Was our Wantonness that expos'd him naked; and our
 Drunkenness that gave him Vinegar and Gall to

Was the Virulency of our Tongues which was the Spear that
 pierc'd his precious Side, and our deep Sleep of Sin made him
 easy to the Ghost.

Gentlemen, you are all Four of you Men of *Eminent Sense*
Learning, and know these to be great Truths; then how
 could you administer the Holy Sacrament, and not hate such
 as I have here nam'd, which were the perfidious Betrayers
 of your dearest Friend? Shou'd you not utterly detest those un-
 lawful Slanders, who have abus'd the Lord of Righteousness?
 Shou'd you not for ever abhor those barbarous Murderers that
 have slain your own Brother?

I remember, 'tis recorded in ancient Story*, that when
 Cicero was in a Funeral Oration Rhetorically copious in per-
 suading the Romans to revenge the Death of *Cæsar*, he expatiates
 on the great Excellency of the Person, shews that he was
 crown'd with Valour, Wisdom, and Industry; recounts his
 many Victories, shews his Conduct, and the several Stratagems
 he made use of, decyphers the vast Kindness he had for that
 flourishing City, and how he had attested it by *Ample Legacies* to
 his Death, as well as by his *Courage* and *Resolution* whilst he
 liv'd; and that after all this, he shou'd be barbarously mur-
 der'd by his own Senators, was a Crime so heinous, that the
 Romans themselves stood amaz'd at the Horribleness of the Fact.
 All this they hear, tho' with a Mixture of Wrath and Pity,
 with somewhat of Patience. But when he shews them the
 bloody Vestment, and in it the Holes and the Blood which were
 occasion'd by those murdering Instruments; when they see the
 purple chang'd into *Scarlet*, and read the Violence of his En-
 emies by the Number of his Wounds which they see in his Gar-
 ment; this adds Wings to their passionate Resentment, and
 carries forward their inflam'd Indignation; they presently snatch
 Instruments of Revenge out of his own Funeral Pile, and de-
 stroy, if not the Persons, the Habitations of the Murderers.

* Hist. Imper. Rom. à Pedro Mexia. Vit. Jul. Cæs.

† Vid. Testamentum Cæsaris in Pedro Mexia.

Now, Gentlemen, to bring this to our selves, we may haply hear or read the *Passion* of our Saviour elegantly pher'd, and have the Greatness of his Sufferings, and Vastness of his Love, describ'd to us with all the Flourish of Rhetorick, and not be much transported at the Discourse: can we in the *Blessed Sacrament* (when administer'd with Zeal and Affection that Mr. L——s wou'd often give) see his Wounds gaping, his Blood pouring forth, and his Body broken in Pieces, without Indignation against our selves who were the direful Actors of this Scene? No, sure, Gentlemen, (whatever you might do, that by many repeated Acts of Adultery have sear'd your Consciences) if we have any Regard for our dying Lord, or any Respect for a crucify'd Redeemer, if we have any Regard to the Sufferings of a beloved Friend, or any Kindness for our greatest Benefactor, unless we do to re-act Judas's Part, and to crucifie afresh the Lord of Heb. 6. 6. Unless, whilst we boast our selves Christians, we design to practise and espouse the Manner of the Pharisees. Briefly, unless all our Pretences to Religion and Christianity be (like yours) but Ceremony and Complement, we shall be such a Spectacle as this, be stricken with Hatred of our selves, and a full Purpose to decline them for the Time to come.

But if we do not proceed thus far, there will however be our receiving be one Step made towards a new Life; Let the Debauchees of the Age disregard the Methods of Salvation, and put the evil Day never so far from them, yet if upon any Account (be it political, or other) they appear at the *Wedding of the Lamb*, they dare not appear without something of a Wedding Garment, some more than ordinary Preparation for this *Great Interview*; there will be at least some few Prayers and faint Resolutions, some superficial Repentance, or Ahab-like Humiliation, ("At the Sacrament," says Mr. Foulks, "some Fears will arise if Men live in a known Sin,") and who knows but those small Beginnings may, like the Cloud of *Elijah*, over spread the whole Man? Who knows, but this *Almost-Convert* may find so much Pleasure and inward Comfort from this Interval of Impiety, as may occasion a Perverse Perseverance; for indeed these SHORT LIV'D RESTRAINTS (as Mr. Foulks tells you) do usually continue for some Days, after they have receiv'd; for the most stout-hearted Sinner cannot so far conquer his Fears, as to rush from the *Lord's Table* into a Brothel-house, or to remove from the *Cup of Blessing* to the *Cup of Devils*: No Man (except Mr. Foulks) is such an ACCOMPLISH'D SINNER as to resolve when he hath a View of his *Crucify'd Saviour*, that he will by his Sins and Impieties re-crucifie that Lord of Life. No! most Men (except such Judas's as you Four) will have good Resolutions at such a Time as this; or at least there will accompany

this Piece-meal Preparation, this Advantage, (tho' none of your fear'd Consciences) that it will in some Measure bring us to a Recollection of our selves, and for some little stop the Carriere of our Sins, which is always the first of Repentance, except in such harden'd Sinners as you; by administering the Holy Sacrament whilst you live in Sin, dare even God himself to strike you dead, with the Eucharistical Bread in your Hand. And in this you are more HARDEN'D than even Judas himself; for Judas, after he had betray'd his Lord, (not being able to endure the Remorse of Conscience) he seeks them that had engag'd him in this damnable Action, and confessing that he had sinn'd in betraying his Master, he offers them the Money receiv'd. His CONFESSION appears sincere, being accompany'd with SORROW, and with the RESTITUTION of the Price given for his TREASON: And as a further Sign of his great Repentance, he goes to a Tree and hangs himself, and so finishes his Answerably to the Hypocrisie and Thefts with which he had spent the latter Part of his Time——— Judas SEEMS to be the Part of a Penitent, by confessing and abhorring his Sin; but, Gentlemen, 'tis seen, (by the *Secret Narrative*) that repeated Adulteries have so HARDEN'D your Hearts, that neither confess nor forsake 'em, and even dare the Judgments of God so far, as to administer the Sacrament whilst you live in a known Sin. So that in some Sense JUDAS was a better Christian than either F—— L——s, F——, D—— C——, or D—— L——n, for not being able to bear the Stings of his own Conscience, (after having ONCE betray'd his Lord) goes and hangs himself; but you have OFTEN crucify'd the Blessed Jesus, by administering the Sacrament with Adulterous Hands, and which is worse, have given the Sacrament to those very Women you afterwards debauch'd. (of which Mrs. E—— and C—— are Two late Instances.) You have sinn'd in all that FEAR and DREAD that Mr. Foulks and others had, that gave the Sacrament whilst they liv'd in Adultery, and are become so matchless in daring of God's Judgment, that you have not only out-sinn'd Judas, but all Fear and Dread of a present, or future Judgment: So that in many respects you are worse than Judas, and in many others you are exactly Parallel——— Gentlemen, if you shou'd be dissatisfied that I so often call you Judas in this Letter, I must only tell ye, I can in Justice and Conscience give you no other Character; as will further appear, by shewing how far your betraying and disgracing your sacred Function in this manner, is a parallel Case to that of Judas. That my Task in the next Place is to compare the Treason of Judas and yours together, which I shall here attempt; and for

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for no other Reason, but to perswade you to a sincere speedy Repentance; which if it be sincere, you'll make publick as that *Scandal* has been which you have brought your selves and Families by your lewd Practices.

Gentlemen, the comparing the TREASON of *Judas* yours together, will be best perform'd by making REMA upon *Judas's* betraying and selling his Master, JES CHRIST.

And therefore, that I may *Armenianize* this *Judas* Project shall here answer this nice Question, "How far a Clergy that scandalizes his sacred Function, (by administering "Holy Sacrament whilst he lives in the Act of Adultery) "imitate the TREASON of *Judas*."

This Question will be best answer'd by observing to you Jesus being CRUCIFYD, there was no Remedy for the faithful Apostle; he becomes sensible of the Enormity of Crime; and being seiz'd by a *Violent Remorse*, he goes finds those with whom he had made the detestable Bargain solving to restore them their Money. This Repentance (observ'd before) was well begun, for to the publick Confession of his Sin, and the Regret to be guilty, he adds that of *union*; (which is a greater Sign of Repentance than *L——*, or his fallen Brethren, have yet shewn) but let the Priests, who wou'd not interest themselves in his Repentance, instead of WEEPING, like *St. Peter*, and expecting Resurrection of his Master, he goes and hangs himself Bowels bursting thro' his Side. This Action of Despair terrible in all its Circumstances, and merits our most serious Thoughts; for as it is necessary to have a true Idea of perfect Repentance, according to the Gospel, so the Example of perfect Penitence, and the Despair of great Sinners, ought to be present in our Memories, to the End that if the first be severe, the last may vanquish our Weakness, and commend to practice. At the falling of a Star no one is concerned if the SUN, or MOON eclipse, all run to behold it Ignorant, as astonish'd, and the Learned, to make Observations. An Apostle in the Heaven of the Church, is a whose Eclipse ought to be seriously consider'd. Jesus had rais'd *Judas* to the *Apostleship*, by a wise Providence, knowing from the Beginning, that he was to betray him; he wou'd make the Ages to come, adore his profound Judgment by his ELECTION, which was equal to that of the other Apostles. The MINISTERS of the Church therefore ought to take great Care that they do not imitate the Treason of *Judas*, (by administering the Holy Sacrament whilst they are in a known Sin) for they may learn by the Fall and Treason of *Judas*, that their VOCATION cannot secure them, they have not always a respectful Fear, as not knowing if

they shall be found worthy of Hate or Love, being the oblig'd to work out their Salvation *with fear and trembling*, in much as the Salvation of others is committed to their charge, with the Care of Things that are holy and divine; the more Talents they have been entrusted with, the more dangerous will be their Fall. The Change is great in them, for they pass from *Sheep* to *Shepherds*, and ought to be the more extraordinary Care not to be seduc'd by *Avarice*, *Lecheneß*, *Whoredom*, or by the Pleasures of the World. For some Time was an Apostle, and yet—— (like *himself*) is he corrupted, to become a Traitor to his Master and Master: And Gentlemen, (sure I am) your daring to administer the Holy Sacrament whilst you liv'd in Adultery, fully to imitate the Treason of *Judas*; for what is living in known Sin, but a re-crucifying (with *Judas*) the Blessed Christ? And, which is no small Aggravation of your Treason, durst commit it at the same Time and Place where you would remember his dying Love; for does not our Saviour expressly say, *This do in remembrance of me*; and that *as often as ye drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's Death*, &c. come.

Thus, Gentlemen, 'tis plain that your scandalizing your Office and Function, (by administering the Holy Sacrament whilst liv'd in Adultery) was to imitate the Treason of *Judas*; *Judas* being a Companion with the Apostles, also shews us the present State of the Church, where the Wicked will be all mingl'd with the Good, (of which, you Four are a scandalous Instance) nor shou'd we complain that we live with the unrighteous, seeing that amongst the first Twelve Members of the Church of God, there was an Apostate, who Three Years was suffer'd with the ELEVEN, who receiv'd Favours from his Lord, who was honour'd with his familiar Conversation, and to whom was communicated the Power to work Miracles, who was present at the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament, and who receiv'd it with the rest.

These Graces are extraordinary, yet we do not find that the Son of God, who from the Beginning knew that *Judas* was to betray him, that he treated him the worse; nor do we read, by the least Word he ever reproach'd his Treachery 'till his Executioner, from whence he was going to execute it. To what Degrees he fell into this Sin, is not easie; for when he was elect'd, he was good, and there is Appearance, that some Time he preserv'd his Goodness; which obliges a Father to say, that *in Christianity he did not consider the Beginning, but the End* *; that St. PAUL had began ill, but well; and that *JUDAS* began well, but finish'd with

Treason. The Devil not having immediately possess'd him was for some Time one of the Directors of the Empire of Jesus Christ; he was sent like the others, to preach the Kingdom of God, and before he excluded himself, he pronounced the Absolution of Sinners.

Thus *Judas* being abandon'd to his wicked Inclination becomes a perfect Thief, an impudent Murderer, a Censurer of the Actions of our Lord, an Unbeliever, and last a Traitor. The Devil attacking his Heart, where it is most open, and most weak, he never proposes to him either Pleasures, or Honours, or the first Rank in the College of the Apostles, but drawing him first to small Thefts, and at last to more considerable. He had (like *John L*——) Cunning enough to hide it for some Time, it being discover'd with his Treason. Our Lord Jesus seems to indict him, when he saith to his Apostles, *that there was one amongst them did not believe*; this unhappy Apostle believing that was by the Help of the Devil, that his Master had wrought all his Miracles; and many holy Fathers alledge, that was for that Reason, that he gave Notice to them to take him in the Garden, and to conduct him with great Security, fearing that by some Trick of Magick he might escape. In Effect, had he believ'd him the very Son of God, he cou'd never have betray'd him, and by a *Kiss*, which to add an Ourage to his Cruelty, and by the greatest Mark of Friendship (like your administering the Holy Sacrament when you liv'd in the Act of Adultery) committed his execrable Treason, for which (being greatly troubl'd for what he had done) he goes and hangs himself; and, Gentlemen, I hear pray that YOU FOUR who have been prov'd Hypocrites like *Judas's* in the *Secret Narrative*, don't end your Lives in the same scandalous Manner; for except you repent as publickly as you have scandaliz'd your sacred Function, 'tis a Judgment you may all expect for your lewd and Hypocritical Practices. For, 'tis worth our Notice, the Devil does not strangle *Judas* but he hangs himself; for he cou'd not have a more infamous Executioner, nor cou'd he perish by more detestable Hands than his own. The Enemy of Penitence, that saw St. Peter wash himself in his Tears, after having deny'd his Master, fear'd that *Judas*, who had sold him, wou'd be recover'd by the same Remedy, and that perhaps he might obtain Remission of his Sins as did his Companion; for the Prevention of which having fill'd his Heart with the Fear of the Judgment of God, he leaves him in the DESPAIR of not obtaining his Pardon, and in that unsupportable Torment, he tempts him to finish his Life by a CORD.

And thus, Gentlemen, the Devil permitted you all (like *Judas-like*) to accompany the Son of God, to partake in

a parallel Case to that of Judas. 285

Myſteries, and to do ſome good Works, (for L———
charitable, C———y a Peace-maker, and the reſt had di-
miſhing Virtues) but by little and little he debauch'd your
ſences, and corrupted your Innocence: But, Gentlemen, I
you will all learn by the Deſpair of *Judas*, to hope in the
of God; for as wicked and lewd as you have all been,
Offences are not below the Clemency of our Judge: No
is incurable to this Doctor: We cannot ſin beyond the
of God; wherefore we muſt not deſpair, but if we
becauſe we have ſinn'd, let us be comforted, becauſe God
initely good and merciful. Let us take heed not to be-
our Lord; but when he is betray'd, let us take more
not to deſpair like *Judas*. He that had pardon'd St.
TER, he that had given his Paradice to a THIEF, he that
pray'd for his EXECUTIONERS, wou'd without Queſti-
have pardon'd this *Unfaithful Apoſtle*, if he had repented
him, as well as before the *Jews*, and had not pronounc'd
executed his Sentence himſelf.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have ſhewn *How far a Clergyman that
utilizes his ſacred Function (by adminiſtring the Holy Sacrament
lives in the Act of Adultery) imitates the TREASON of
Judas*—— And tho' (as was prov'd by the *Secret Narrative*)
has been your CASE, yet if you have any Regard either to
Reputations or Souls, let *Judas's* Deſpair be your
of Hope, that you may profit by the Example of his
miserable Life, and more miserable Death.

And this brings me in the Third Place, to ſhew——
the great Encouragement you have to repent of your Whore-
dom, (for, having ſearch'd your Wound to the Quick, I wou'd
give you a healing Plaiſter) from the Example of holy David,
who was a true Penitent, and obtain'd Pardon, after he had been
guilty of Murder and Adultery—— And here, Gentlemen,
let your Encouragement to Repentance in a better Light, I
will firſt obſerve, that holy David, from a Shepherd was made
King, and the King of his own People; he had been de-
ſerted from all the Treason of *Saul*, and was become the Ter-
ror of his Enemies, the Arbitrator of his Neighbours, and
the Love of his Subjects, his Court was ſplendid, his Palace
magnificent, his Treasures infinite, all the Riches of a vaſt
Kingdom are his, with Liberty to take as many Wives as he
pleaſes; and notwithstanding, as if all that he poſſeſs'd were
not ſufficient to content him, he takes the Wife of his moſt
faithful Subject; and to the End that he might poſſeſs her in
greater Assurance, he cauſes her Husband to be ſlain in a Com-
bat; ſo guilty was his Love, and ſo cruel, that he was not
content to take away his Honour, but with it he takes away
his Life. Thus from Adultery he paſſes to commit a moſt ex-
traordinary Murder. Other Lovers ſhed Tears, but he Blood:

They

They are satisfy'd to CORNUTE the Husbands, but he solves his Death ; which was thus occasion'd.

Whilst *David* suffers himself to be surpriz'd at Home shameful Passion, he sees *Bersheba* as she was bathing ; and immediately so inflam'd, that to extinguish the Fire he commits Two Crimes, and without disputing the Conquest Chastity of his Heart submitted to the *Curiosity* of his Eyes, that in his Youth strangl'd Lions, in the Strength of his was overcome by a WOMAN : The Conqueror of *Goliath* the Trophy of *Bersheba* : The Deliverer of the People *Israel* was become their Scandal : He that sung the Praise of God upon his Harp, sings the Praises of his Mistress, sighs for the Charms of her Beauty : This admirable Doer that exhorted his People to Piety and Virtue, is fallen a detestable Example : The Man after God's own Heart is become the Servant of the Devil. *David* never remember'd that he knew the Design of the Letter that *Uria* carry'd ; he thought yet less of the Punishment that his Justice cou'd send ; he was at Distance all Imagination that cou'd hinder the Enjoyment of his Mistress, or that might mingle the least Bitterness with his Satisfaction. He was guilty, first to commit *Adultery*, then *Murder* ; but he was yet more, not to repent— Yet he did at last ; which shou'd be an Encouragement to you Four to repent of your vile Whoredoms : *David* was a true Penitent, and obtain'd Pardon after he had been guilty both of Murder and Adultery too. They that had been so long after his own Heart, cou'd not become the Object of his Aversion ; his Faithfulness past remitted his first Crime, and he rather chose to make him an Example of Penitence, to all Ages, than of Despair.

But, Gentlemen, tho' *David's* being pardon'd his Murder and Adultery is an Encouragement to you to repent of your Whoredoms, yet you'll do well to remember, that he publish'd his Crime with publick Repentance (which is your Duty, as your Adultery is publick) and by his Psalms he invited all Ages that were to come, as upon a Theatre, where he presented the History of his detestable Lust, and of his sincere Repentance : It was not enough for him to weep, but he wash'd his Bed swim in Tears, and with Tears his Drink was mingled ; he cast off his Purple, and cloath'd himself in Sackcloth (as you wou'd do, were you truly penitent) and falling on his Face on the Ground, he sigh'd, lamented and pray'd. *David*, that by Human Law was exempt from Punishment, humbled himself ; (as you must do, if you expect to be pardon'd as he was) but alas, Gentlemen, the Adultery you Four have been guilty of is a Crime that the Corruption of the Age has render'd but too common, and the Repentance that such who are guilty will make, is but very slight ; they cannot

Prophets of the Lord reprove their Disorders, but it must with Words that are chosen from the most delicate and most soft Language, and with the mildest Expressions, for Fear offending the Hearers. They do not eat Ashes instead of Bread, nor put on Sackcloth to correct their Flesh: If they are great, their Authority must excuse them from their Duty, and Piety were only to be practis'd by the Poor. If they are weak, they desire to be spar'd as weak; if they are accusom'd, they accuse the Strength of their Wickedness, as not being able to subdue their Passions, but they never say *they* have sinned. Few Men are for singing the Wickedness of their Sins, in Psalms of Penitence. They cannot resolve to confess to him that only can absolve us; it being but in their Humanity that they will submit, and therefore do all they can to hide those Sins that they ought to confess, tho' 'tis Contrary only that will bring them to a *Glorious Innocence*: For, as *Apostle* says, *He that repents is well near innocent*; and (Gentlemen) I think that Consideration alone (besides the Pardon of David's Adultery and Murder) is Encouragement to you Four to resolve on a speedy and publick Repentance, and that it may be genuine) remember that a true Repentance will enable you to suffer with Patience and Joy the Contempt of Men: For, if our Bodies are polluted, and our Crimes are multiplied, why shou'd we think it strange, that being applauded for those Virtues which in Effect we have not practis'd, if sometimes we are blam'd for those Vices of which we are not conscious?

When David was constrain'd to leave *Jerusalem*, for Fear of falling into the Power of *Absalom*, he was met by *Shimei*, who instead of mourning his Misfortune, and flattering him as his King, he reproach'd him, calling him *THE MAN OF BLOOD*; for the which one of his Captains wou'd have slain him, but this *Generous Penitent* tells him, that *God had commanded Shimei to reprove him*. It was then that he consider'd himself as a Sinner, submitting to the Punishment of Divine Justice, for the Death of *URIAH*, knowing that he ought to receive *Shimei's* Reproof with a Mildness equal to the Truth of the Reproach.

As soon as this holy King had drawn from the Bottom of his Heart that admirable Expression, *I have sinned*, *NATHAN* answered, *The Lord hath pardoned thee*—— Gentlemen, what Encouragement is this to you all Four to set on a speedy publick Repentance? for you wou'd all receive the same Pardon *David* did, if you wou'd all exercise the same Repentance.

To confess, there is little Hope at present that you shou'd imitate *David's* Repentance; for if that *Awakening and Exhortation Sermon* which was preach'd in Mr. *L——*'s Pulpit since

since his Adulteries have been discover'd, (on this Text, *O why hast thou made us to err from thy ways? and hardened hearts from thy fear? Return, for thy servants sake, the Tribethine Inheritance*, Isa. 63. 17.) wou'd not bring you to a SE of your Sins, 'tis much to be fear'd your Consciences are fear'd, or at least I have Reason to think Mr. L——'s or he cou'd never have been so void of all Christian Tenderness, as to leave one of his Flock in his greatest Distress, mean that Minute he was cast in a *Chancery Suit*, that was just his Ruin) without speaking one kind Word to him then, or without assisting him afterwards, (save with a Parcel of F I WORDS) when a small Sum wou'd have clear'd W—— of all Debts, and was a Kindness he might justly expect, as he had been the most ready and zealous Master to serve others in their Distress that I ever knew: But, L——, your Sin has found you out, for you that wou'd not give 20s. to one of your own Flock, are now expos'd giving 50l. to a W—— (as was hinted before in the *S Narrative*) — Surely, Gentlemen, such Whoredoms and Cruelty as this calls for publick Repentance? and I hope Pardon of *David's* Murder and Adultery will encourage you to be speedy in it: For, you see that *David* did not 'till he was upon the Brink of the Grave, before he confess'd that *he had sinned*. As soon as the Cloud withdrew before his Eyes, his Tongue was loosen'd, and he sincerely publicly repented, and weeps for his Murder and Adultery to the End of his Life. God, that had inspir'd in him Grace, design'd him for a Doctor, and a Model of Christian Penitence. Therefore, Gentlemen, 'tis not enough for you to admire, or to hearken to what he teaches, but you must also imitate and practise his remarkable Penitence, his sacred *his painful Contrition*, and his holy Sighs shou'd be your Law and your Law. The Image that he has drawn in the *Penitential Psalms* is wonderful, and what shou'd ENCOURAGE you Four to a speedy and publick Repentance: Or, if I have said enough to ENCOURAGE you to repent of your Whoredoms, from the Example of *David's* Pardon, then let me exhort you to Repentance from the Example of St. Peter who was *A Preacher of the Gospel*, (and so eminent, he converted Three Thousand at one Sermon) and yet was so far left to himself as to DENY his Lord with an Oath; but yet even Peter was pardon'd, that DENY'D his Saviour with *Cursing* and *Sweating* for tho' during that Act of denying Christ, he neither remembers his Duty, nor his Honour, nor his Lord, yet a GLANCE of the Bye of his Master shews him distinctly the least Circumstance of his Sin in denying him, and at the same Instant, enflames his Heart. So that by the Violence of his painful working, he is forc'd to leave the House where he

mitted his *Perjuries*, and resolves to purge his Crime by his *TEARS*, which were so bitter, and in so great Abundance, they drown'd his Unfaithfulness. Nature cou'd never have sh'd in any one so great a Quantity of Tears, had not he made a running Fountain of his Heart: Neither Age, Time, nor the Cares of the Government of the Church, ever stay, or diminish their Course. The Water that he made to flow out of the Rock follow'd the People into Houses, to furnish them with Drink: In the same Manner, wherever St. Peter went, his *TEARS* were his Companion, and his most delicious Drink: *His Bed swims in Tears*, David's; with them he steeps his *Bread*, and mingles his *Tears*, they enter into all his *Actions*, and he finds Cause to weep, in all the Objects that he considers—— If he looks up to *HEAVEN*, he weeps, because he has deny'd him that has given him the *Keys*—— If he considers the *SEA*, he weeps, because he has deny'd him that of a poor *Fisher* had made him the *PILOT* of his Church—— If he sees his *COMPANIONS*, he weeps, that having brav'd that he wou'd suffer for his Master, he cou'd not maintain the Voice of two Men—— If he warms himself he weeps, that heretofore by a Fire he had committed so execrable a *Perjury*—— When he is *Cold*, he weeps, that his Heart had been so frozen with Fear as to cause him to swear that he knew not his Lord—— When he enters into the House of any *High Priest*, he weeps, that at the House of *Caiphas* he had wanted Faith to the *Sovereign Bishop* of *Jews*—— The *Cock* never crow'd, (and he heard it every time that he wak'd in Prayer) but he struck his Breast, and shed his *Tears*—— And when his Master, after his Resurrection, was pleas'd to appear to him, he wept; but it was Joy as well as Grief, that he had deny'd him from whom he receiv'd so friendly a Visit. He thought that the *Light* that shined upon his Body, reproach'd the Blindness of his Heart: The more he was sensible of its Glory, the more he was affected, and hearing himself examin'd the Third Time, *If he lov'd*, the Repetition dissolv'd him into Tears—— and taking a secret and just Reproach for his Unfaithfulness, weeping answers, *Lord, thou knowest that I love thee*, John 21.

Now, Gentlemen, you that have deny'd the blessed Jesus a hundred Times more heinously than St. Peter, do you imitate his Repentance. He has consecrated your Bodies, and your Souls, and made you his *Temple*; yet instead of being grateful to your Benefactor, you have defiled his Temples—— You have debauch'd *Virgins*—— You have corrupted *Wives*—— You have encourag'd *Night-Walkers*—— You have declar'd your *Jealousy* to Christ's Purity—— You have renounc'd your *Pretensions* to Empire—— and have ren'er'd your selves Slaves to the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*.

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Then,

Then, Gentlemen, as you have all Four sinn'd with *David* (in his Adulteries) and with *Peter* in denying Christ, (for en your administering the Holy Sacrament whilst you liv'd Whoredom, a denying the Justice and Omniscience of Christ as sincerely and publickly repent with 'em; for consider seriously, Is a few Years Sadness to be compar'd to an Eternity unsufferable Torments? To weep sometimes, or to burn a ways, are not Two Things that we shou'd dispute with great Difficulty. What can you see, Gentlemen, (if you'd consider how you have scandaliz'd Religion, by your many Adulteries that shou'd not oblige you with penitent *David*, and weeping *Peter*, to melt into Tears?

Having but the least Grain of Faith, can you behold the Heavens and not weep, that you have lost so beautiful a Dwelling for a Brutish Pleasure?

Can you behold the Glory of the Sun, and not weep for the Darkness in which you are involv'd, by your Night-walking and secret Adulteries?

Can you observe the regular moving of the Stars, and not weep the Disorders of your Lives, by Drunkenness, and deserting your faithful Wives?

Can you cast your Eyes upon the Earth, and not weep for those Debaucheries which draw the Curse of God upon us?

Can you fix your Eyes upon the Beauty of your Bodies, and not weep, because you prefer it to the Immortal Beauty of your Souls?

The Thrones of Kings, and the Pomp of their Courts ought to make you weep, because you have renounc'd the Throne of the King of Kings, to be Slaves to a Whore.

Gentlemen, sure I am, if ever you become truly penitent for your lewd Practices, you will draw from these *Object Rivers of saving Tears, that will rejoyce the House of our Lord*. And as a further Encouragement to you all Four to Repent Earnest, (I mean as publickly as your Adulteries have been divulg'd) consider, after a little Time you shall reap the Fruit with Songs of Triumph and Gladness, remembering that our Saviour and our Judge saith, *Ever happy be those that rejoyce, and happy be those that mourn, for they shall be comforted, Mat.*

But remember, Gentlemen, that to Repent in Earnest, is to confess and WEEP the Lewdness of your Lives past, and not to expose your selves to any more Temptations——— May you all Four WEEP like penitent *David*, or like humble *Peter*, that having once deny'd his Saviour confesses it all his Life——— May you all Four be dispos'd (even) to die for Christ, (were you call'd to it) and to hope in his Mercy, which will bring you to that Height of Virtue from which you are fallen, and make you know that there is nothing so strengthening as Grace. *St. PETER* became so strong after his Combats

that he avow'd his Master before Nero, whom he had deny'd to Two Women Servants: And may you all Four be so truly happy as to hear these Words, *Thy Faith hath healed thee, go and sin no more.*

Thus, Gentlemen, having shewn you what Hope there is— of restoring of *Fallen Brethren*, (and of your selves in particular) from the Example of penitent *David* and weeping *Peter*— I shall conclude my Letter with a FEW REMARKS on the— *Extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E——*, (the young Woman *Mr. L——*'s debauch'd) who being a Partner with him in Lewdness for many Years, and now got clear of the Devil's Petters, will be— *A fit Pattern for your Imitation*—

So that Mrs. E——'s confessing and forsaking her Whoredom shall be the Fourth and last Argument to move you to a speedy and publick Repentance.

Gentlemen, you can't but own that E——'s was L——'s W—— for Fifteen Years, and one of your Fellow-sinners, (for 'tis largely prov'd in the *Secret Narrative*) but being now a sincere Convert, I think her deserting the Devil's Service (with so much Honour to Religion, and Satisfaction to her own Mind) is a great ENCOURAGEMENT to you all Four (but more especially to *John L——*) to be as publick in your Repentance as she has been—— We have a common Saying—— *Once a W—— and ever a W——* but we see the contrary in Mrs. E——, for she is so sincere in her Penitence, that she discover'd the Whoredoms of *John L——* to his whole Congregation, resolving to shame both him and her self, out of future Lewdness; and for that Reason Mrs. E—— is no longer a W—— (that lewd, vile Creature I describ'd before) but *A Returning Prodigal*—— *A true Penitent*—— and one that ought to be HIGHLY HONOUR'D, for preferring a chaste and holy Life to the Devil's Service. I say it again, that ought to be HIGHLY HONOUR'D; for 'tis often seen*, That such Eminent Penitents as Mrs. E——, after the Remission of their enormous Souls to Grace, have strangely excell'd all others in Piety, and out-shin'd those who were (in Comparison of them) unspotted and undefiled—— Then, Gentlemen, let me perswade you to imitate— *the extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E——* for she now declares, *She finds more Pleasure in a virtuous Life* (and so will you when you begin to think) *than in the most gainful Transgression*. She now considers, 'tis not all the Fine Things *Mr. L——*'s promis'd her, (in Case he had made good his Word; which he never did, nor intended) can restore that Peace of Conscience he rob'd her of, when he tempted her to live in a known Sin; and for that Reason

* As I prov'd in my History of strange Conversions, p. 71.

son she accuses both her self and Mr. L—— to the ELDER OF THIS CHURCH, that she might convince the World that she had rather live upon Bread and Water, than to beholden to any unlawful Way for a Livelyhood; and therefore, if he that repents of his Sin and forsakes it shall find Mercy, 'tis not doubted but Mrs. E——'s *Extraordinary Penitence* will save her Soul, and give her a fair Reputation for tho' Mr. L—— has again attempted to corrupt her Chastity, (for the *Secret Narrative* tells ye, "that Mr. L—— is so far from shewing any Signs of Repentance, that he invited Mrs. E—— to his House to tempt her again to Lewdness) but tho' he might force her, he'll ne'er be able to tempt her again from the Pleasures she finds in a virtuous Life. So that you see, Gentlemen, her extraordinary Penitence makes her a fit Pattern for your Imitation: But whether you think so or no, 'tis certain Mrs. E—— does; for she has been so sincere and publick in her Repentance, that she voluntarily told to Mr. L——'s Church, where, when, and with whom she had play'd the Whore: And seeing L—— durst not come to CONFRONT his Accuser, (for he was invited to it, but never appear'd) no Man can doubt but E—— Charge against him was true, nor do I wonder he durst not look E—— in the Face, in the publick Meeting, seeing she declares (in the *Secret Narrative*) "that he deserv'd to be hang'd for the Abuses she had receiv'd from him.

So that 'tis clear from Mrs. E——'s *Publick Repentance* that no Pleasure or Profit can bribe an accusing Conscience. When God touches the Heart, the *Guilty Sinner* is glad (in present Ease) to be his own Accuser, (as was Mrs. E—— Case). Then no Man can question her being a *true Penitent* for 'tis evident, both from her *Publick Confession*, (and from E——'s Silence in such Cases where 'twas not modest for her to speak) that she accus'd L—— purely to ease her Conscience, and to bring him to a Sense of his Whoredom.

Mrs. E—— being now a sincere Penitent, she is for dedicating her whole Time and Affections to God, and almost blushes at a lewd Thought; which shou'd be a prevailing Motive to other Virgins to despise the most specious Offers that tend to debauch 'em; for E—— preferring a chaste Life to her former Whoredoms, wou'd make any one think there was something more delightful in Religion, than in gratifying the Lusts of the Flesh: And, Gentlemen, wou'd you retire a little into your own Bosom, (*i. e.* imitate the penitent E——) you'd soon see your lewd Practices will end in the Ruin of your Health, and Estates, and (without Repentance) in the Loss of your Souls. You see Mrs. E—— (like a true Convert) chuses rather to live upon Bread and Water, than to live pleasantly with the further Loss of her Innocence——

So that she must needs be a fit Pattern for your Imitation; and being an extraordinary Penitent, I verily think she'll never more listen to the lewd Temptations of *John L——s*; for he is not only a true Convert, but a very sensible Woman, and knows we shou'd hold no Dispute against any Temptation to Uncleanness: To dispute with it is the Way to be overcome by it. Hear the Temptation but speak for it self, and before you are aware it insinuates it self into the Bosom of you, and it is in your Heart before you can think it got into your Head, with an unseen Fire, and sensible Power, it melts you into Softness, and dissolves you into yielding; and therefore the penitent *L——s* now gives it no Consideration, "She knows every Temptation she overcomes will be a shining Jewel in her Crown of Victory, and therefore won't come so near the Temptation as to parley with it, but runs away from it as *Joseph* did from his tempting Mistress; and in this Mrs. *E——* (tho' a frail Woman) is a fit Pattern for your Imitation, and ought to be had in Eternal Honour, for such Extraordinary Penitents, were they but known, wou'd be better rewarded for their Virtue than Whores are for their Lewdness; and therefore I perswade my self, that such a generous and pious People as she has made her Confession to, will (if they han't already) give her a Noble Reward. If any one deserves it, 'tis Mrs. *E——* for she is now so humble and penitent as to own her self the Slave of all those that call'd her their Mistress, that there was nothing so heavy as those Chains which a small Time since she had esteem'd as *Roses*; nothing so troublesome as those Days which she had believ'd the most quiet; nothing so bitter, nor so fading, as her Pleasures; nor nothing so false as her joys: Her Whorish Life being, since she was thus penitent, a shame to her self and Family, she now remembers, and publicly owns, that she was an Abomination to God, the Horror of the Angels, the Triumph of the Devil, the Instrument of his Malice, the Scandal to Religion, and the Aversion of all modest Women—— so that having all the Signs of a true Penitent, she is a fit Pattern for such lewd Persons to imitate, as have been Partners with her in the same Sin, and may you all Four as heartily and publicly weep for your Whoredoms as she has done; she now (like a true penitent) she lays aside those Nets in which she took the Hearts that belong'd to God, and not being able to restore the Thefts, she Consecrates those Eyes that help'd to make the Robberies, and at the same Instant wipes away the stains by a faithful Repentance: So that now she may say, as the Converted Whoremaster once did to a Harlot tempting him to Lewdness; What, don't you know me? 'tis I that you treated in such a Place, and at such a Time; Ay, says he, but *Ego sum ego*, I am not the same Man. So Mrs. *E——s* (being a sincere Penitent) is now no more what she was, being become

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the Miracle of Grace, the Example of Converts, the Consolation Sinners, and the Triumph of Divine Charity. She has but quit the lewd Embraces of *John L——s*, and she runs swift a Race in the Progress of sacred Love, that he whom she begins to love sees she hath loved much; and her Love to Christ and Abhorrence of her former Whoredom, is as sincere that of the penitent *Magdalen*.

Then, Gentlemen, if you will pretend to repent, do you Four examine the Picture I have here drawn of the penitent *E——* (lately one of your Partners in Lewdness) for I have said enough to convince you all, *she's a fit Pattern for your Imitation*: But alas, you are too much harden'd (at present) to write after this penitent Copy. You must have some little Time to unty these Chains, which you cannot break without Trouble, and which perhaps will dishonour some Strumpet other than that is interested in your Vice: But, Gentlemen, give me Leave to tell you, if you have any Respect for your Souls or your Reputations, you must not stay 'till your Bands are loose, you must break them at once. You design, perhaps, to repent to Morrow, and it may be that the Moment you are speaking is the last of your Lives. If such an Accident happen, what a sad to Morrow will that be, that brings you everlasting Damnation? where you will find no Yesterday, no to Morrow, but the very Day of unsupportable Torment which will never end: But Christ is not yet upon a TRIBUNAL, to condemn you, but at a SACRED TABLE, to give you the Nourishment of Divine Grace.

Then shake off your Chains, and repent in earnest, *E——* has done). imitate her extraordinary Penitence, and be as publick in it as she has been; for you see *Mary Magdalen* (as well as your Fellow-sinner) gives you an Example of publick Penitence, *she sighs, she languishes, she weeps, she washes Jesus Feet, she wipes them with the Hairs of her Head, and anoints them with precious Ointment.*

Thus, Gentlemen, you must blot out the Stains of your Souls by many Tears, you must mourn for your Whoredom both in private and publick, and don't in the least (like *John L——s*) mitigate, or conceal it.

The Woman taken in Adultery did not defend her Crime, saying that it happen'd by Human Weakness, or by the Violence of Temptation, or by the Strength of her Natural Inclination, the which she had not Power enough to command, or by the Importunity of her Lover, the which she cou'd not resist, nor by any Way that cou'd diminish it, she lets her Accusers speak without answering; by which Silence she owns she have merited the Punishment establish'd by the Law of Moses: she abash'd her Eyes, but it was by a shameful Repentance, and not by the Trouble to have been surpriz'd; she blushes,

is not so much that she is observ'd by the Multitude as an *Infamous Alahereß*, but that she has committed a Crime for the which she merited the *Scorn of God*: She does not ask Pardon, but she waits, expecting that her Sentence shou'd be pronounced.

Behold (Gentlemen) in this Woman *the perfect Model of a Penitent*; and as you have fallen into the same Sin, I hope you'll imitate *E——*'s Example so far as to write after this modest Copy, for you see in this Woman taken in *Adultery*, a *Christian Bashfulness*, which did not proceed from Custom, or Fashion, but from the Confusion she had for having offended her Creator.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, if you desire your Judge shou'd be merciful, you must no longer excuse your selves, or conceal your Adulteries, for in so doing you become more guilty, adding to your Crime Pride, Lying, and Impenitence, nor must you take it amiss when you are either publicly or privately reprov'd by your Christian Friends; nor must you think strange, if your respective Congregations to whom you confess your Whoredoms, if they severely rebuke you for it, altho' Jesus Christ did not to the Woman taken in *Adultery*, for the publick Shame she suffer'd gave him Satisfaction; nor was there Occasion to reproach her of an Action of which she was sensible; tho' perhaps not more than Mrs. *E——*, (one of your Fellow-sinners) for you all know *E——* is sincere and publick in her Repentance; and having WHITEN'D and REFIN'D her Reputation by that CLEANSING GRACE, we shou'd wrong her extremely if we shou'd so much as think her a *W——*. So that we must call her no more by that scandalous Name, she being become the Friend of him that cannot suffer the least Uncleanness; and as much is forgiven her, doubtless she loves much. You know 'tis said of that EXTRAORDINARY PENITENT, *Mary Magdalen*, that whilst her great Benefactor remain'd upon the Earth, she follow'd him, like a conquer'd Slave, proclaiming (PUBLICKLY) in every place, the Honour, Victory, and Triumph of her Master; and when all his Apostles left him, she follow'd him to *Calvary*, where seeing him suffer, she dy'd with him, not by the Hands of an Executioner, but by her Faithful Love, which pierc'd her Heart with a Mortal Wound: For, (as was said before) to whom much is forgiven they love much; and for the same Reason, were the Blessed Jesus now upon Earth, 'tis not doubted (by such as heard the publick Confessions of Mrs. *E——*) but (with *Weeping Magdalen*) she'd publicly wash the Feet of her GREAT BENEFACTOR with her penitent Tears, and as publicly declare her Repentance, for her Sins, which are many, are forgiven, (by her hearty and publick Repentance) for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little, Luke

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7. 47. And therefore, Gentlemen, do you all Four beg of God, that by his Infinite Mercy he wou'd blot out what he has written, and lying all down in the Dust, (like E—, penitent Magdalen, and the Woman taken in Adultery) cover your Heads with Ashes, to expiate that lewd Entertainment you have given to your Senses, and from this very Moment be as severe in returning to God as you have been indulgent in offending him; and when you shall hear those pleasing Words, *Go in peace* (which Christ utter'd to the Woman taken in Adultery) I do not condemn thee, but sin no more. Do you principally remember the last Precept that closes the Absolution— *But sin no more*—

In a Word, Beg of God this Night, before you sleep, that he wou'd take away all your vile and whorish Inclination, that you may all Four be not only sincere and publick, but Thorough Converts, to the End of your Lives.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have finish'd my Letter, persuading you all Four to make your Repentance as publick as your Crime— I was desir'd by that *Worthy Dissenter* that sent me the *Secret Narrative*, to make these REMARKS upon it; and if they either reform you, or please my FRIEND, I have my End in the writing of 'em— If I have been over-long in reproofing *Spiritual Persons*, let not the LAY-SINNERS suppose I have forgot 'em, for I wou'd long before this Time (had not the Silence convinc'd me of their hearty Repentance) have set the black Ingratitude and *secret Vices* of scandalous D— Ma'am F—, and Rhiming W—, in as clear a Light. I have set the *Four Dissenting Parsons* that were lately silent for Whoredom—

And thus, Gentlemen, I have done with the MOCK PARSONS; (I mean your selves) many Things I have omitted, (that were in the *Secret Narrative*) because I wou'd not be too tedious; and if in the REMARKS I have made upon it, I offend any, let it be their GLORY to pass it by; for my Design in this *Judas Project* was not to expole, but reform you, and I hope by the Pains I have taken in my REMARKS upon it, Truth will be manifest, and Falshood discover'd, that the Righteous Ways, and People of God may be justify'd, and the wicked Ways of unclean Persons condemn'd: Wherefore, I wish all that respect the Health of their Bodies, to take heed of Empericks and Mountebanks; so I advise all that respect the Health of their Souls, and Peace of their Spirits, to take heed of MOCK PARSONS, and counterfeit Preachers, who though they appear in Sheeps Cloathing, yet inwardly are ravenous Wolves; I mean such as make themselves Preachers, to get filthy Lucre for their Preaching; amongst which Number I put you Four Gentlemen, mention'd in the *Secret Narrative*, of whose (your living in Whoredom has so fear'd your Consciences) the

small Hopes of Repentance; but less of John L——s than any of the rest of the Fallen Brethren, for the Language of cutting down his Vines, defacing his Walks, and enclosing a SORRY FELLOW * to

make his Garden a sort of Wilderness, upon leaving his House and Meeting, is plainly this; That he never designs to repent—— And which

* For he cou'd be no better than a Sorry Fellow, that wou'd assist in quite ruining a most beautiful Garden, because he was told by L——s, He wou'd bear him harm; less.

Further shews him a Harden'd Wretch, since he left his House in this scandalous Manner, meeting with one of his Hock he ask'd him, "how all the Knaves did; (meaning his Congregation) to which (by their Leave) I will answer for them;

They are all well, since they have spew'd out that Judas that had made 'em sick at the very Heart: And as no Man can doubt their recovery, (as heard the Letters he sent to debauch E——s) he may assure himself, all the World (but more especially pious Men that he calls Knaves) will think him sick, (I mean rotten at Heart) 'till he repents as publickly as he is add'd to in this Letter—— And so, Gentlemen, FARE-

WELL, for that you may all Four become THE WONDERS OF FREE GRACE, (and as publick Penitents as you have been Adulterers) shall be the daily Prayer of

Your sincere Friend,

AND

Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The private Letters that past between Mr. L——s and Mrs. E——s, the young Woman he debauch'd—— With the Informations of several Persons of Credit proving the Truth of the Secret Narrative—— the Justice of the Remarks upon it—— the Necessity of L——'s making his Repentance publick as his Crime—— And the extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E——s.

The private Letters that past between Mr. L——s and the young Woman he debauch'd—— Being a Letter written by Mrs. E——s to her own Sister, and to Mrs. N——son, her Fellow-servant, whilst she liv'd at C——

Dear Friend,

I Receiv'd your Letter; where you say Mr. L—— deny'd what he own'd before me and you. He deny'd to you did not force me; but when I came to him and told him I could make Oath of that, Mr. L—— answer'd, that it was a Mistake: But he cannot deny before the Great God of Heaven, but that he forc'd me, and us'd me very barbarously several Times and Years in that Kind.

When Mr. L—— was coming for London, he ask'd me I wou'd discover him in this Matter; I answer'd, No. When he was not likely to come down, I wrote to him how unwilling his People were to part with him, and that I heard that he was going to be marry'd, and told him how ill he had done by me, and he answer'd in a Letter, *As for his People it was Condition between him and them; and as for his marrying there was nothing in it:* But to carry on his Design, *that he was mine,* I pray open your Truncks, and you will find a Letter of his. I will be in London very soon—— As for my coming to London, I am willing to come, to own the Truth; it's my Duty so to do.

M—— E——

Mr. L——s and the Woman he debauch'd. 299

Here follows a Copy of a Letter sent by Mr. L——s to Mrs. E——s, under Covert of one directed to Mrs. ———son, to give into her own Hands; but he subscrib'd not his Name to it. But the Letter plainly speaks from whom it came. It was dat'd Feb. 13. 1708. Which was several Years after he had took upon him the Office of Pastor to this Church*, (and some considerable Time after he was marry'd) and no Wonder profir'd no more under such a scandalous Ministry.

Mr. L——s's Letter to Mrs. E——s, whilst she liv'd in the Country, and he Pastor of a Church in London.

Mrs. M—— E——, Feb. 18. 1708.

Receiv'd a threatning Letter, I suppose from your Sister; I desire you to consider what will be the Effect: I shall be made both unserviceable to God and Man; many good People will be afflicted, and the World will rejoyce. This will no manner of Way turn to your Account—— If you will accept of Six Pounds a Year at present, it may be more in Time. I shall carefully pay you; which will be better to you than my sin. What is sent for you shall have, (*viz.* the Rings, &c.) more than their Value in Money. Let me have a Letter soon as you can: Leave it for me at Tom's Coffee-house, near St. Dunstons Church.

The Informations of several Persons of Credit, proving the Truth of the Secret Narrative, so far as it relates to Mr. John L——s.

May 23. 1709.

There was an Information given against Mr. J—— L—— by Mr. V——nes, who saw him pick up a common Strumpet; and the said V——nes going to the House opening the High-way, going up to Islington, (the House had for the time the Flower-pot) he there actually saw Mr. L—— carelessly pick up a common Strumpet that he had pick'd up.

The Church he was lately Pastor of in London.

Mr.

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Mr. Samuel B——— also inform'd the Elders of Mr. L—— Church, that he actually saw him pick up a lewd Woman, observing what pass'd between 'em, he went up to Mr. L—— and spoke to him thus—— “*Sir are not you asham'd, to be in your Coat, to keep Company with a Woman known to be a lewd woman Slut, and lean upon the Rails with her, and fall upon your Back and wallow in the Mire as you did?*”

There was also another Information against Mr. L—— by Mrs. N——— son, (Mrs. E———'s Fellow-servant who she liv'd at C——— am) proving the Truth of the Secret Narrative, so far as it relates to Mr. L———s; of which I find this following Account, as I find it in the large *Secret Narrative* that was read in Mr. L———'s Meeting, (of which I had Favour to obtain a Sight) and by comparing of it with the short *Secret Narrative* before inserted, I find my worthy Friend that sent me the *Secret Narrative*, kept most exactly to the Truth in all the Informations he had sent to me, as will further appear, by inserting here——— *A Copy of Mrs. N———'s Information against Mr. L———s*—— And I shall insert it in the same Words I find it in the large *Secret Narrative*; viz.

This Day (the 20th of June, 1709.) several of the Brethren viz. Brother C———k, Brother R———ds, Brother B———, Brother B———see, &c. when they had the following Relation from Mrs. N——— son; after which it was read to them, and by them to be the Truth, &c.

A COPY of Mrs. N———son's Information against Mr. L———.

ABout a Month after Mr. L——— was marry'd, I went to him my self, and meeting with him at his House the Morning, I ask'd him if his Name was not L———, never having seen him before) he said *Yes*—— at which Time I was under such a Concern, that I trembl'd, and cou'd hardly speak to him: But having recover'd my self, I told him I came from his Wife, M——— E———s. I being sent upon my Master's Errand, as was Nathan to David, *Thou art the Man*—— told him he had ravish'd Mrs. E———s; he said *she was a strange Woman, how cou'd she say he ravish'd her?* Upon this I swor'd, if he cou'd deny what I had charg'd him with, I would be so far from being her Friend, as that I shou'd be one of her greatest Enemies, if she cou'd take up such a Reproach against a Minister. At this he desir'd me to sit down, and tell to what I was oblig'd: Then I told him all the former Story, with their Circumstances, as before is related. He said, *he cou'd bless God*

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had sinn'd, he had seen the Corruption of his Nature, and the Operations of Satan, and the Sufficiency of Christ: Upon this, he entreated me not to discover it. I told him I did not think I could tell it to my own Husband: Upon this he promis'd me, that he would see a further Sign of his Repentance, and that he would satisfy me further, and that he would return her Rings and Trunk, and take Care to maintain her, as if she was his own Sister—— I told him she was greatly prejudic'd in her Eyes, and had great Weakness in her Limbs, and was render'd greatly unfit to get her married*.

Thus parting with him I waited a great while, as did Mrs. C——, for I thought there was some Sign of Repentance, and told it to Mr. C——man with a great deal of Joy; but hearing no more from him, but that he went to Mrs. E——, and sending for her to an Alehouse, he greatly press'd upon her not to discover what had pass'd between him and her; but she said she would not promise him, for that she had kept the Devil's Counsel and his long enough, and they had both deceiv'd her too long. At this he seem'd very much concern'd, and said she would hinder his living comfortably in the World: I told him he had greatly dishonour'd God, which was her greatest Concern. He desir'd they would take Care what they did, for he had lain under many Temptations, and thought to have been OP'UM. (All this was at a Place in Baldwin's Gardens.) After this we consider'd of it a great while, but we heard nothing from him, that I thought it proper to go with Mrs. C——my self. When she went I went with her; when we shew'd to Mr. L—— the Heads of what we told him before, when he again press'd us not to discover him. By this I thought to keep him in Awe, he telling her he would perform his former Promises to her: But as for the Rings he had pawn'd with his Watch to a Person that was gone away with them, being still under a great Concern of Mind, and seeing no sign of a real Change, he having promis'd her once and again, but nothing more, we thought it our Duty to go to Mr. C——man, and lay the Matter before him for Advice, who observ'd it a very difficult Case, but believ'd that in the Lord's Time he would bring the Truth to Light. About this Time Mrs. E——s frequented hearing Sermons, and was especially affected with one from these Words, [*Remember your Wife*]; at which Time it was impress'd upon her Mind, that she had not done her Duty. I was hereby put into a further Concern—— She desir'd me to go with her to Mr. C——ber's. I told her then that all her Faults would be discover'd.

Less cou'd scarce be expected by Mrs. E——s, she having to do with a Man that would pick up common Strumpets; but of that I was wholly ignorant.

cover'd.

cover'd. She reply'd that shou'd not hinder her, for her great *Pain* was that his Soul might be sav'd—— I desir'd her to consider whether there was not Revenge in the Case, and perswaded her to leave it to the Lord: But she said contrary to that, *she rather lov'd him than hated him*; but that it was the Salvation of his Soul she was mainly concern'd about. After the foregoing Passages I discoursing with Mrs. N——son, ask'd her if ever she observ'd Mr. L—— to have any Trouble of Spirit upon him. She answer'd, that he contrary to that *walk'd as one having a full Assurance*, &c.—— After this I inform'd Mr. N——son of the whole of what I knew; which she faithfully kept a Secret until it was brought to Light by other Ways, which was about a Month ago, upon an Information given of some other unbecoming Practices; which being enquir'd into appear'd so notorious, as it became a Grief to some of the Brethren. About this Time Mr. S——n * express'd that *something lay with Weight upon him*, as reported of Mr. L——: At which Mrs. N——son reply'd, *I wish I knew worse by him*. Upon which Mr. S——n observ'd that there was something whisper'd about, but none wou'd speak out the Truth. She desir'd him to go to Mr. C——man, where he might be inform'd; which the Elders did. When Mr. C——man gave them the Heads, and desir'd them to go to me for further Information, the Elders desir'd me to meet them at Mrs. N——son's; which I did, and declar'd the whole Matter of what I have now said, and look'd upon it as my Duty so to do, as not observing any Reformation in Mr. L——s, in one Respect or another, and never performing any of his Promises.

If now I have err'd in giving this Relation, which for Substance is true, I desire to be better inform'd, and would gladly be convinc'd of my Mistake.

And then Mrs. N——son concludes her Information saying, *All this Time, to my Knowledge, did Mr. L—— never charge Mrs. E——, that she had charg'd any thing wrong upon him; so cautious was Mrs. E—— of charging Mr. L—— wrongfully*.

Thus far Mrs. N——son, which Information is but a small Part of the large Secret Narrative, but is an exact Copy Part of it, without the Addition or Alteration of one Syllable, and (as I said before) does sufficiently prove—— *The Truth of the Secret Narrative—— The Justice of the Remarks on it—— The Necessity of L——'s making his Repentance publick as his Crime—— And the extraordinary Penitence of Mrs. E—— and that Mr. John L—— was the first and*

* One of Mr. L——'s Elders, and a Person of eminent Piety.

Tempter, and a most harden'd Sinner: 'Tis true, Mr. L——s, excuse his debauching and ruining Mrs. E——s, has asserted, *She put on a clean Shift and came to Bed to him* (his Room when he liv'd at the Lady O——'s being at some Distance from the House) to which Mrs. N——son reply'd*, *that he ought not to excuse himself, but he bumbled before the Lord, the true Grace made the Soul bumble.* But I think no Man can be so senseless as to think Mrs. E—— was the first Tempter, when the Information given by Mrs. N——son asserts, Mr. L——s pull'd her into his Bed, where he us'd her in such a Manner that she cou'd not speak. In this Time of staying he was call'd away, his Lodgings (where he abus'd her) being at some Distance from the House; but he had abus'd her so as he had much-a-do to get down the Stairs; *what was the Reason says Mrs. N——son is too immodest for me to express, but was occasion'd by his forcing of her* (and how inconsistent that is with her putting on a clean Shift and going to Bed to him, let the World judge.) No, 'tis plain he committed a RAPE upon her, and that Reason she declares in the Secret Narrative, *He deserv'd to be hang'd at Tyburn for the Wrong he had done to her: However, after this Ravishment (or Force upon her) he had the Impudence ('tis too soft a Word) to come to Breakfast in Madam ——'s Parlour, where Mrs. E——s attended on him, and pull'd her Straw-hat over her Eyes; but he turn'd it up, and look'd in her Face and laugh'd at her.* At this Time he was Pastor to a People, where she sat down with them: And it is to be observ'd, that the first Time he lay with her was on a Sunday Morning, having the Day before preach'd an excellent sermon on Eccles. 12. 1. *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.* A very little Time after this he took her into his Chamber, and by the Strength of his Arm that is *Lame*, held her and undress'd her Pin by Pin, and took and flung her to bed with him, telling her she was his own, and lay with her that Night—— After this she fell under great Trouble of spirit, upon the Account of that great Wickedness she had committed with him, at which Time she fell upon her Knees and promis'd to the Lord, rather than yield any more to such a Temptation, she wou'd destroy herself. So that I think no Man can doubt of Mrs. E——'s being an extraordinary Penitent, or that Mr. L——s was the sole Tempter, and that without a speedy and publick Repentance, he is within one Breath of Eternal Flames.

* At a Conference she had with Mr. L——s in Moorfields.

PROJECT XII.*

The Beggar mounted; or set a Fellow [of mean Birth, or Trade] on Horseback he ride to the Devil— Being a SATIRE on some Musbrome Gentlemen and Ladies (Dunton's Acquaintance) who being advanced from nothing to a Coach and Six, scarce know themselves, and despise their Friends.

SINCE first by Heaven's Decree, the World began,
 Good and ill Fortune has attended Man:
 The Chequer'd Scene with Black and White spread o'er,
 Here shews keen Want, and there superfluous Store;
 But 'fore I tell the Names, or shew the Evil
 Of Mounted Beggars riding to the Devil,
 I'll shew their RISE, and what a sort of *Phil*
 Those have that do their poorer Friends despise.
 Then here, my Muse, new Edge thy pointed Satyr,
 And do't by Questions— *ATHENIANIZE* the Matter.
 Then Snarling *Jack*, examine each Extream,
 The Rich Man and the Poor shall be thy Theam;
 Having been both, thou canst best judge of them:
 And thus by QUESTIONS I'll their *Rise* proclaim.

A rich (or mounted) Beggar, what is that?
 (He keeps his Coach and Six, and wou'd be great)
 But has the Upstart Goodness, or a Frame
 Distinct from others? or a better Name?
 Has he more Legs, more Arms, more Eyes, more Brains?
 Has he less Care, less Crosses, or less Pains?
 Was he created of a finer Clay?
 Not Midwiv'd into th' World the common Way?
 If no Distinctions of this Sort appear,
 But all Mankind the same Materials share,
 Where's the Distinction then 'twixt Rich and Poor?
 One hath enough, and t'other can't have more.
 Can Riches keep the Mounted Wretch from Death?
 Or can new Treasures purchase a new Breath?
 Can raging Fire, or Water do him Harm?
 Or can he walk uncloath'd and yet be warm?
 Can he subsist, or Nature be supply'd,
 If Providence the Fruits o'th' Earth deny'd,
 Altho' his Gold and Silver multiply'd?

Does Heaven extend its Love and Mercy more
To Mounted Beggars than to Starving Poor?
If not, why should the Beast take so much State,
Exalt himself and others under Rate?

'Tis senseless Ignorance that soothes his Pride,
And makes him laugh at all the World beside.

But when Excesses bring on Gour, or Stone,
All his vain Mirth and Musbrome State is gone;

Then to make any Truce with his Disease,

And purchase the least Interval of Ease,

He'd all his ill-got Golden Bags resign,

And at Health's Altar sacrifice his Coin:

And when he dies, for all he look'd so high,

He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.

To enumerate the several Sorts of Poor,

Wou'd be a Task as endless, as tell o'er

The tumbling Billows on the British Shore.

Some are born Poor, of these I shan't say much:

The Common Charity provides for such.

Others by vicious Courses are undone,

(By different Paths, to different Ends we run.)

Both these my Muse will purposely decline,

And to the Mounted Cit her self confine.

Now view this Mounted Beggar dress'd, to ride,

With all his Pages running by his Side!

His Coach and Six do so transport the ELF,

He knows no former Friend, nor scarce himself.

A Man of LOW BIRTH was a Cardinal made,

With many Respects to his Dignity paid;

And among the vast Tribe who with Homage adore,

There comes a Poor Man that had known him before,

Who heartily puts in his kind Salutation,

By Way of well-wishing, and Congratulation:

But my Lord in his Pontificalibus deck'd,

Took as an Affront the poor Fellow's Respect;

Deny'd he e'er knew him, and Sirrab, says he,

Pretend not to impudent Freedom with me:

I'd have you to know you're in my Jurisdiction,

And the next Time you prate thus I'll give you Correction.

The Fellow withdrawn, thus to mutter was heard,

How People are alter'd by being preferr'd?

My Friend here don't know me, but I wonder not,

For I more than believe he himself hath forgot.

(All Scoundrels that mount have the very same Evil)

A true Gentleman always is courteous and civil,

But, A Beggar on Horseback will ride to the Devil.

This *Mushrome Spark* perhaps was first a RAT *,
 A *Hackney Author*, or a Butcher's Brat,
 A Quack, a Taylor, or the Lord knows what:
 But being HORS'D, he's grown so proud an Evil,
 You'd swear, *A Beggar mounted* is the Devil:
 For, his old Friends that Minute he'll despise,
 Who did by Creeping, or Extortion rise.
A Beggar mounted rides a Knavish Rate,
 He rides from nothing to a vast Estate;
 But prostitutes his Conscience to be Great.

This *Mounted Cis* not only Truth denies,
 But solemnly calls God to vouch his Lyes;
 His Faith and Conscience he does pawn so fast,
 'Tis to be wonder'd how the Stock does last.
 As just is he that steals for his Relief,
 For what's a Tradesman but a licens'd Thief?
 But what of that? As long as he is rich,
 The Man is *Wise* and soars an honest Pitch.
 True Wit was priz'd as sacred heretofore,
 And held more precious than the shining Oar,
 But now 'tis downright Nonsense to be poor.

The vilest Fop, whom Nature did create
 For nothing but to cringe, to grin and prate,
 Fraught with more Fashion, Nonsense, Lyes, Grimace,
 Than e'er before were crowded into ASS,
 Let him appear, th' unnatural Brute's receiv'd;
 Not only lov'd, but which is worse, believ'd.
 Such Fops are MOUNTED, or I'd ask the Tools,
 Why shou'd a Wit (against *Apollo's* Rules)
 Take Pay for giving Fame to Knaves and Fools?
 Why shou'd that Art to Prostitution fall
 Inspir'd by Heav'n, be at a Coxcomb's Call?
 He's *Mounted*— But 'tis here we do behold
 One *Eminent* for nothing but his Gold:
 'Tis that which makes him Insolent and Bold.
 Who does not see Pride in our Nature lies,
 When what we ought to honour we despise?
 The Parents that did press us to the Breast,
 Must not appear, if they are meanly dress'd;
 Or if they do, their Visits must be brief,
 As if they lost their Senses with their Teeth.
 Some drive 'em from their Doors, (unnatural Race!)
 And wonder they'll come there to their Disgrace.
 'Tis true, this only is of *Upstarts* said,
 The *Mounted Ciss* you'll say, are better bred;

* By Rat is here meant an Insolvent Debtor.

But mark if in their Conduct you can find
 One Thought that's to *Humility* inclin'd :
 Their nearest Kin, reduc'd to Poverty,
 They loath to hear of, and they blush to see.
 Observe the *Cit* that is just come to Age,
 (His Mother dead that brought the Heritage;) }
 See in a Storm, when he does Coach the Streets,
 And his old Father overtakes, or meets,
 Dropping all o'er, and soak'd thro' to the Skin,
 Mark if the *Upstart* stops to take him in.
 In short, Men that do mount from Beggars Blood,
 By Consequence, are rather proud than good :
 Pride's Fountain-Head we may from Money bring,
 As nat'rally as Water from the Spring;
 Whether 'tis in the Heart, or in the Dress,
 'Tis Money makes it more, but never less:
 But when this Vice does on meer Beggars fall,
 'Tis then the most ridiculous of all;
 For he that *Mounts*, that late was bare of Pence,
 If to *Nobility* he makes Pretence,
 We may conclude to be as bare of Sense.

See you yond' Thing *, who looks as he wou'd cry,
I am a Lord! — A Mile e'er he comes nigh;
 And thinks to shew it by his being proud,
 His strutting as he goes, and talking loud;
 (Or *sb* — *I*-like scorning to speak a Word.) }
 Behold him well, you'll hardly find enough
 In the whole Man to make a Lacquey of;
 And for true Honour and Nobility
 His Groom and Coachman have as much as he.
 Such *Mounted Fops* have nothing else of Worth,
 But Place and Titles for to set them forth;
 Being just like Dwarfs dress'd up in Giant's Cloaths,
 Bigger he'd seem, the lesser still he shows:
 Or like small Statues on huge Bais set,
 Their Heights but only make them shew less Great.

Here ONE † with some Petition to his GRACE
 Submissive waits Six Hours for Access,
 And Ten to One his Aim at last may miss.
 Which made sam'd *Cowley* say, (who scorn'd to wait)
 "And if I'd curse the Beggar that I hate,
 Attendance and Dependance be his Fate.
 Thus *H* — — — mounted on a Whoring Evil,
 Forgets his mean Descent; yet is so civil,
 He rides *Three Quarters Speed* to meet the Devil.

* Mr. N — — — s. † ONE, viz. Your Humble Servant, the
 Author of this Satyr.

There a rich Miser *, striving to attain
To greater Wealth, and knows no End of Gain.
Never contented, he still aims at more,
Is ever heaping, and is ever poor.

He sprung from LUST, (that's was a Bastard born)
But being Mounted, all the World does scorn.

Here a lewd Cit † swells bloated up with Praise,
Which the vain, empty, fickle People raise :

He wou'd Reform us with TWO Whores at least ;
But when the Fox does preach beware the Geese,

For LUST and GRANDEUR is his Darling Vice :
Values himself upon't, and strait grows proud,

To be the PAGEANT of th' unthinking Crowd ;
But rose from Nothing, (was K — James's Man)

Tho' he late rid the Met — — — tan.

Why shou'd stiff V — — —, that thro' the gazing Rout
In Triumph rides, scorn ** his wife Friend on Foot ?

Who tho' he lowly bows with humble Grace,

The Mounted Beggar never turns his Face,

Nor answers his ingenious Friend again,

His Cravat-string so close has wedg'd his Chin.

But 'tis not State, nor Gold, nor gay Attire,

Can his wife Friend with Vanity inspire :

The learned Books and Sense he understands,

Makes him more rich than V — — — with his Lands.

He knows, tho' white and soft appears the Skin,

A rotten Carcass may be hid within :

* Sir R — — B — — . † Sir E — — — .

** Men ought by no Means to forget their meaner Friends, or to carry it proudly to one another, for we were all out of the same Stock and equal by Nature, tho' as to our States and Conditions therein there is a Disparity, yet it is no otherwise than Figures of the same Denomination set in different Places : One is a Unite, another a Ten, another an Hundred. We are all of us, whether high or low, descended from one common Parent : We are of the same Mould, and were all deriv'd from the Dust, and shall return unto the same again. We all owe our Being and Original to the God of us all ; in him the poor Man on Foot, as well as the Mounted Beggar, doth live and move, and hath his being. Hence may rationally be infer'd, that since we are thus equal by Nature, and receiv'd our Being from God, and the Preservation of that Being is daily given us of God, it is altogether unaccountable for any rich Man to wrong or slight another, and appears greatly evil and base, by Reason of that Consanguinity of Nature whereby all Men are link'd together in the Relation they stand each to other as Fellow-Creatures ; as being created by the same God, and as Fellow Brethren being preferr'd and maintain'd by the same Parental Care and Protection. This very Consideration had so great a

Tho' clog'd with Lacquies the gilt Coach does roll,
 The Butcher's Son within may be a Fool.
 Tho' V——: scour with Coach and Six abroad,
 He's but a Beggar swell'd into a Lord.
 What signifies an empty foolish Word?
 Saving your squeamish Presence, not a T——,
 'Tis Virtue stamps the shining Character,
 And adds a real Lustre to the STAR.
 But V——: en't all the Beggars got astride,
 That strut, and to the Devil mean to ride,
 There's D—— F——s, a Fop I meerly fed,
 (For 'twas my W——ball-Projects gave him Bread.)
 No sooner learnt the Art of Authorizing,
 (For 'tis to DUNTON that he owes his Rising)
 But on a Haugby Pegasus is mounted,
 And wou'd a very DRIDEN be accounted.
 Nay, the Welsh Know-post is so sawcy grown,
 He knows me not, that meerly drudg'd for JOHN,
 At Six per Sheet— (and once I made it Ten.)
 This Fop for sure deserves the Pedant's Rod,
 That mounts above a Condescending Nod!
 Or that is all— whereas were he but wise,
 He'd BOW at least to whom he ow'd his Rise:
 But if his MASTERS will not let him flatter,
 The Six per Sheet will fully prove the Matter.
 Such Hackney Fops (tho' Mounted) shou'd be civil,
 But judge if F——: en't riding to the Devil.

Influence upon Job, that in his Afflictions, we may see his Appeal from
 being committed Injury or Injustice, when he said, If I did despise
 the cause of my man-servant, or of my maid-servant, when
 they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth
 up? And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not
 he that made me in the womb make him? And did not one
 fashion us in the womb? We are made by the same God, but
 (when we are Mounted by Honour, or Riches) to forget and despise
 one another: Pathetick to this Purpose is that of St. Paul in the
 Acts; God that made the world, and all things therein, hath
 made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face
 of the earth, there is then very great reason that we should so
 carry our selves towards others, as we would desire from them,
 as much as we are all Partakers of the same Nature, joint Possessors
 of the same Earth; Branches sprouting out from one and the same
 stock. Then Mounted Beggar, as Solomon says, Go to the
 beasts, and they shall teach thee; for we see it plainly in Lions,
 Wolves, Bears, and the most ravenous and fierce Brutes, this Instinct
 of Nature, viz. that they devour not one another, but are always
 I may so express it) kind and courteous to one another.

Then thou'd I ever condescend agen
 To keep a Shop, or use another's Pen,
R—pass and *G—don* thou'd be all the Men,
 They're Men of Worth, and universal Sense,
 Ne'er writ for Money, trust the Sale for Pence,
 And have no-Match in Wit and Eloquence;
 And yet so LITTLE, they wou'd not be seen,
 They're only BIG in other Mens Esteem.
 Wou'd *F—*s but Copy from such *Humble* Men,
 I'd doat on *Learned Taffy* once agen.

But *F—*s being swell'd with Fame of writing well,
 And chosen *HACKNET* to *Athenian B—*,
 He'll ride the Devil, tho' it cost him Hell.

There's *C—* too, a proud and sawcy Prig,
 Who has— but ne'er deserv'd the Name of *Whig*,
 He did so WHORE and STEAL by 'Prentiship Intrigue:
 But being *Mounted* now on Fortune's Wheel,
 His Brains grow giddy 'till his Manners reel.

Nay, had the Impudence to rave and bounce,
 For that [by Praise] I satyriz'd him once.
 I did it, 'cause I thought his Penitence
 Had cleans'd his Soul, and giv'n him Excellence,
 (For I shall ever love a Man of Sense.)

But now I blush whene'er I meet the Fool,
 To see that HE, that's but a *Mounted Tool*,
 Shou'd turn his A— where he shou'd bend the Knee,
 To own how I NEW CAST his V—ny,
 'Till 'twas a MITE fit for the TREASURY.

The other *Mounted Beggars* I shou'd name,
 Are *B—*, *H—*, *L—*, and Col. *A—m's* Man
B— stole a Wife, and *H—* let match'd a CRONE*
 And for the rest, they rose like *Whittington*:
 Their Trades are poor, and Birth as mean as that,
 For *B—* was but a lowlie Butcher's Brat;
 And *H—* and *L—* have Blood not quite so great:
 But being COACH'D, are now so Lordly grown,
 Each struts and rides the Devil in his Turn,
 And quite forget that once we THREE were ONE.
 I have been *Rich*, and *Poor*, as is allow'd,
 (Ten Thousand Pound I had, or might have ow'd)
 But thought it still beneath me to be proud:
 For we do find that when the World began,
 One Common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man;
 Then was no Duke, no Lord, no gay Sedan,

* An old Woman; and I believe wou'd have taken a Palatine
 Bride, had she kept her Coach, *H—* being resolv'd so purchas
 Grandeur, tho' it cost him all the Comforts of Marriage.

One Paste of Flesh, in all Degrees bestow'd,
 And Kneaded up alike with moist'ning Blood:
 Thus born alike— from Virtue first began
 The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man.
 He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
 But that which made him *Noble*, made him *Good*.
 Mind that, ye *Mounted Beggars*, and bethink
 What 'tis you are, when you so *Strut* with Chink;
 For 'tis by all the Men of Sense allow'd,
 That he's a *Double Scoundrel* that is proud.
 He may be *HORS'D*, but 'tis a common Evil,
 To see such *Beggars* riding to the Devil.
 Then *Wealthy Cits*, if you wou'd us transcend,
 MOUNT above *Pride*, and *Nodding* to a Friend:
 Scrape when the meanest Insect bows to you,
 Careless *F—— D——*, as you were wont to do,
 When he was much the richer Man o'th' Two.
 You still are subject to the Pow'r of Chance,
 For Fortune can depress, and can advance.
 There's Sir *John S——* look'd once as *Big* as you,
 But riding Whores, as *Mounted Beggars* do,
 They flung the *Knight*, and left him in a Slough,
 His Nag was *Lust*, and yours senseless *Pride*;
 Back either, Sirs, you to the Devil ride,
 (Tho' *Pride* runs fastest, as hath oft been try'd.)
 Then Fops dismount, let not your Carcass swell,
 (Neither Sir *B——*, Sir *H——*, nor yet Sir *L——*) }
 For whilst you *Strut*, you're riding Post to Hell.
 If *Birth* and *Trade* will make us Fellows still,
 I'm much your *Betters*, and you know it well.
 My Trade is *Thinking*, you but deal in *Scuers*,
 And for my Birth 'tis *Highb**, compar'd with yours.
 I sprung from *LEVI*, (or the sacred Gown)
 The Chief of you is but a Butcher's Son.
 But what of that? I did not slight your *Birth*,
 I thought you *Good*, that made you *Great* enough:
 Nay, which is more, (and shews how kind you were)
 I once was chosen for your *TREASURER*†,
 Not that I think my self the better Man,
 For *Honour* springs from *Piety* alone.

* See my Poem entitl'd, The Parson's Son.

† Alluding to the ADDRESS that was presented to Sir Patience Ward, (Lord Mayor of London in the Year 1680.) by 30000 Apprentices, to whose Cash (for that publick Service) I was unanimously chosen *TREASURER*, and one of the Presenters of the said ADDRESS.

From Piety all shining Titles grow,
 'Tis that alone makes Kings and Nobles too :
 Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
 And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return.
 Then pray, *Dear Friends*, (for so we once did call)
 Dismount the Devil, and then out-ride us all :
 I mean, be *Humble*, were you ne'er so *Tall*.
 Don't proudly look that such as I shou'd d'off
 Our Hats, and make a Leg Twelve Furlongs off;
 Nor take Exception, ('cause you are preferr'd)
 That I don't cry— *Your Grace*, or else *My Lord* :
 (I can't forget *Dear Friend* was once the Word.)
 Besides, you'd look a Thousand Times more great,
 By your Neglect on't than by *keeping State*.
Humility is Honour's Pinacle,
 'Twou'd founder Satan, and he'd drop you all :
 'Tis Heaven on Earth— when *Pride has such a Fall*.
 The Devil is a proud and sawcy Don,
 E'en let him ride his *Fiery Stage* alone.
 I don't reflect that you do keep a Coach,
 For *Humble Grandeur* is no Man's Reproach ;
 Besides, your Income warrants Coach and Six.
 But they that keep a COACH shou'd Feast the Poor,
 And *Hug* their meaner Friends, as heretofore ;
 But that's a *Grandeur* which you have forbore.
 But Men of *Birth* and *Trade* that is but mean,
 Think that by *Strutting* they shall get Esteem ;
 Tho' 'tis the only Way to *lessen* them.
 Your *Gaudy Coaches* with the Fools may pass,
 Caught with meer Shew and vain Appearances.
 But we know how you from the Dunghil came,
 How mean your Birth, how low your Trade and Fame,
 From B——, H—— L——, to Col. A——m's Man.
 You *Mounted* first by lavish Feasting Bills,
 By creeping, canting, and meer tricking Wiles.
 " 'Tis certain, when w're born we must be fed,
 " And what won't starving Rascals do for Bread ?
 " But what can those Men urge in their Defence,
 " That roll in Wealth, and are endu'd with Sense ?
 " Yet lye, deceive, cheat, ravage, crush and grind,
 " As if they'd sworn to ruine Humane-kind.
 " *Villains !* whom Mercy's self won'd blush to save,
 " Or, tho' 'twere under *Tyburn*, grant a Grave,
 " For whom all Curses pass, and all to come
 " Here, and in Hell it self's too mild a Doom !
 " Yet they shall boast their *Birth*, and *High Descent*,
 " Which is, if possible, more impudent :

'Tis true, we own, as to their Station here,
 Some of 'em move in an *Illustrious Sphere*;
 (*Illustrious*, if they wou'd continue there.)
 But as no Man is Base-born that is good
 So Peers may be *Plebeians* understood,
 For Virtue 'twas that first distinguish'd Blood.
 He that betrays his Country, tho' the first
 In Pow'r is, in Degree of Vice the worst:
 If he then that's most virious is most base,
 Why shou'd a *Villain* talk of Noble Race?
 If by brave Deeds our Fathers got a Name,
 Have we by ill the same Pretence to Fame?
 Ah! no— their Glory but decries our Shame.
 And therefore, tho' your Wealth may gild your Evil,
 Till you disgorge your riding to the Devil.
 'Twere endless to set all the Fops astride,
 That being *Mounted*, to the Devil ride,
 In Coach and Six— or else by humble Pride;
 For Reader, know, such *Paradoxes* be,
 That some Men *Strut* by their Humility.
 There's other *Beggars Mount* by Confidence;
 They talk of *Manners*, but are void of Sense,
 Save just what rises from *Scotch Eloquence**:
 They *Rattle* when not worth scarce Thirty Pence.
 They're poor, yet *Strut*, and if you'd view the LOON,
 Read o'er my Poem call'd— *The Parson's Son*.
 Wou'd not that Noble Coxcomb raise our Mirth,
 That thinks his Laziness declares his Birth,
 Joyn'd with a Resolution, ne'er to get
 Out of a Mercenary Rascal's Debt?
 Of all the Blockheads that debase their Kind,
 No Wretch more vile and scandalous we find,
 Than he that for Respect and Honour looks,
 Yet over Head and Ears in Tradesmens Books.
 Not that we shou'd despise the Man that's poor;
 But these look bigger, as their Wants grow more.
 If Quality can stoop so very low,
 What is't it may not condescend to do?
 Dissolv'd in Idleness, he grows a Drone,
 And neither eats, or drinks, or wears his own;
 But sponges on the Labours of the Poor,
 Who trusting them, make but their Wants the more.
 Their Servants Wages, if they ever pay,
 I warn the lucky Wretch to make no Stay,
 Let him go off with Money while he may;

* Alluding to a Book entitl'd, Scotch Eloquence.

"For Quality has long the Trick profess'd,
 "To bilk the Yearly Hireling with the rest.

Besides these *Horsemen*, there are *Beggars* which
 Ride to the Devil to make their Children rich.
 Whence rose that common Speech, and growing Evil,
Happy the Child whose Father went to th' Devil?

"'Twas Nature's Crime, who sometimes is in Hast,

"For when a *Fool* is form'd the works too fast,

"And letting but the grosser Substance pass,

"Shuts out the Mind, that shou'd inform the Mass;

"At the next Trial, the her Bungling mends,

"And thither too, of Right, th' Estate descends.

"The Birth-right *Esau's* Folly did refuse;

"What he deserv'd not, *Jacob* did not lose.

"But if 'tis fit *Fools* shou'd be begg'd at all,

"Of all Sorts, we shou'd spare the *Natural*;

"The *Scrapping Coxcomb* shou'd the Person be,

"That's so of Choice, not of Necessity.

"The Friendship of the Rich we may implore,

"And shall attain it— if we are not poor;

"They feast, invite, and pamper one another,

"But spare not one Thought on a starving Brother.

"Yet some will give, but 'tis to get Applause,

"Or patch up many *Avaricious Flaws*;

"A specious Veil they draw, but who's not blind

"May see the sneaking, grudging Churl behind.

"But dismal will the *Flaming Prospect* shew,

"When Hell, and full Damnation come in View;

"In vain he'll then his Crimes and Folly mourn,

"The deeper plung'd for thinking of Return.

"Then will he feel, and feeling rue, how vain

"He was to trust in curs'd ill-gotten Gain.

"These Lines (which I expect he'll laugh at here)

"Will then a sad, a dreadful Truth appear:

"Then he will wish (Ah wretched Wish! too late)

"He had believ'd, or fear'd a future State.

O *Industry*! thou Child of true Content,
 Who'd not be needy, to be innocent?

What makes the haughty Merchant cross the Main,

The Lawyer any Villain's Cause maintain,

Those indefatigable Slaves of Gain?

For know, each Term for Hire great pleading Boys

Let out their Tongues to jangling, Strife, and Noise.

All is for Money, for to make 'em Great,

To buy a Lordship, or some Country Seat.

Who wou'd not be the poor Man nam'd before,
 Than these with an ill Conscience, and their Store?

But, as the Man that's civil ne'er will hit
The lucky Vein that constitutes a Wit;
So he that's honest cannot wealthy grow
By the bare Method of continuing so.
Whatever then the *Mounted Churl* may say,
All great Estates are got another Way.

O *Honesty*! thou lasting Peace of Mind,
Thou Radiant Jewel which but few will find!
All over bright thou liest to charm the Eye,
But (wretched Men!) we wink, and pass thee by.
Give me but that, ye Pow'rs, I ask no more,
To Muck-worms leave the Riches they adore;
No surer Guard I'll e'er desire to keep
Me safe, nor softer *Opium* for my Sleep:
Serene my Hours, like them my Conscience free,
Which no proud *Mounted Beggar* e'er can be,
No griping, scraping, hard, assiduous Slave,
No wealthy Fool, or over-reaching Knave,
Tho' he is lighted by the Sun of Pleasure,
And can lie Basking on his Banks of Treasure,
He's but a *Mounted Beggar* got astride
Upon his Bags, and does the Devil ride.

Nor are the Men all that do *Mount and France*,
Till they lose all their Honour in the Dance,
For Women do dress *Cap-a-pee* and ride
Unto the Devil both in Lust and Pride.
Who'd think, at Ten a Clock it shou'd be said,
That Madam C——nd's soaking in her Bed?
When, to repair the sensible Decay
That Twelve Hours hearty Sleep has took away,
Dish after Dish, for Chocolate she calls;
(She must be often rain'd that often falls.)
That strong-back'd Liquor hoops her in the Chine,
No other *Nectar* she'll allow Divine.

This *Mounted D——s* is a very Beast,
She will be drunk Six Times a Week at least.
She rose by Pride and Lust, but Brandy most,
And rid the Devil at a Monarch's Cost.
The Harlot's Pleasure too may turn to Pain,
One cruel *Flux* lies up a Twelve-months Gain;
But *Flux on Flux* makes not her Lewdness less,
Nor the lewd Beau less eager to possess;
Till por'd all o'er, embracing one another,
They but change *Hells* at last, from that to t'other.
I wou'd not judge— for Grace is *Infinite*,
(*John L——s* Sin has not exceeded that.)
But where do Misses ride, that St——ns hire?
If not to live and *FLUX* in endless Fire.

Vain Sex! at once both foolish and unjust,
 To think they need Provocatives to Lust.
 Were all their Lives to be one Nuptial Night,
 Their Stock wou'd never be exhausted quite;
 Then, on their Natural Fund they might rely,
 And not so lavishly take in Supply.

Name but a Kitchen to nice Madam S———
 She cries, *O filthy!* What shou'd I do there?
 Not thinking, that the more she knows, the less,
 By Consequence, she's blam'd for Foolishness.
 Her Offices she never comes into,
 Or scarce knows one from t'other, if she do;
 Full of her self, she nothing else can see;
 Tho' Mother, yet her Pocket-glass shall be
 Look'd into oftner than her Nursery.
 Mark, in this Town, if there's not many a one
 That hugs her Monkey oftner than her Son,
 (And, Truth, we scarce know which is most her own.)

Yet in all Women this I do aver,
 Their Lust will fail, but Pride will never stir.
 So that both Sexes often mix in Evil,
 And when so Mounted, ride both to the Devil.

Having brought the Mounted Beggars to their Inn,
 Where Hell's the Sign, and Dev'l Chamberlin,
 (And ev'ry Drawer is a flaming Fiend)

The Man of Honour—next I will describe,
 See how he Mounts, and which Way he does Ride.

(It is to Heav'n, by that he's dignify'd.)

But since my Muse has gallop'd long in Verse,
 This pious Hero I'll describe in Prose;

That Pegasus may have a little Rest,

For he has rid a dirty Way in Quest

Of Mounted Fops, that are—*The Devil's Jest!*

PROJECT XIII. *

The MAN OF HONOUR, or TRUE GENTLEMAN, riding Post to Heaven.

HAVING shewn how many Ways the *Beggar Mounted* rides to the Devil, I shall here describe his Reverse, *The Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*; and you'll find by the Character I shall give of him, (which shall be only a short Abridgment, or rather Improvement of *Ellis's Brave Gentleman*) that the *Mounted Beggar* don't ride faster to Hell than the *True Gentleman* rides Post to Heaven.

Reader, being here to give you a Character of the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, you might very justly expect to meet with something truly like the Subject, High, and Noble. He is indeed too sacred a Thing to be touch'd by so common a Pen; every Slip whereof can be deem'd no less than a Profanation of his Worth, who is the liveliest Image which God has left us of himself, upon any of his Creatures.

However, seeing where there is so venerable an Excellency, as all Encomiums may be thought Folly and Presumption, so can Silence be judg'd no less a Sacrilege: Seeing we use to offer unto Heaven, not so much what we owe, as what we may, I think it much better becomes me to say that little I can, than not nothing; and to tell you, if not what the Gentleman is, yet at least so much of his Greatness, as falls to my Share to understand. I had much rather be censur'd for committing such a pious Error, than be condemn'd for the wilful Omission of so necessary a Duty. I dare not suspect the Gentleman's Goodness to be of a less Extent than my Ignorance; and therefore I doubt not but he can pardon as often as I thro' Weakness shall offend. Where I err, let him think it was the Brightness of my Subject which dazl'd the Eyes, and occasion'd me to stumble. Where my Expressions fall low and flat, I do beg of him that he wou'd impute it to that Reverence which I bear unto his Virtues, which commands my Pen to keep its Distance. — But to come to the Character.

The *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, is one that is as much more, as the false one is less, than what to most he seems to be. One who is always so far from being an Hypocrite, that he had rather appear in the Eyes of others just nothing, than not be every thing which is indeed truly virtuous and noble. He is a Man whom that most wise King, he best resembles, has fitted with a Character. *A Man of an excellent Spirit.*

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Spirit. This is he whose brave and noble Soul soars high above the ordinary Reach of Mankind, that seems to be a distinct Species of himself. He scorns so much the Vices of the World; that he will hardly stoop to a Virtue which is not Heroick; or if he do, it is by his good Improvement of it to make it so. He esteems to whom all Honour seems cheap, which is not the Reward of Virtue; and he had much rather want a Name, than not deserve it.—— So that 'tis evident, as the proud *Magnificent Beggar* is always riding Post to Hell, so the *True Gentleman* is always riding Post to Heaven.

The *Man of Honour* is indeed a Person truly Great, because truly Good; his Honour is of too excellent a Nature to suppose'd the Creature of any thing besides his own Virtues and those Virtues too eminent to be esteem'd less than the most refined Actions of so great a Soul. He is no less the Glory of Mankind, than Man the Glory of the whole sublunary Creation. One that wou'd every way deservedly be accounted more than what is Humane, were not one Part of him mortal: However, it is his first Care and Endeavour to make that Mortal Part of him such as may make it appear to the World, how great an Excellency may be the Companion of so much Frailty.

Till he may be so happy as to enjoy the Heaven he is riding Post to, he does what he can to be an Heaven to himself, and by his extraordinary Pains so beautifies his Soul with all *Celestial Accomplishments*, that he needs only die to be in Heaven, and seems to want nothing of those glorious Spirits which dwell there, but only to be without a Body, and as high as they.

He looks upon himself whilst in this World as no more than a *Probationer* in the School of Honour, and makes it his Business so to behave himself at present, that he may be sure of an Admission into that true Honour (when the Day comes) which will be as certain and durable, as true and great; well knowing that the only Way to be Lord of many things, is to be faithful in those few wherewith he is now entrusted.

His Soul is so truly Great and Capacious, that nothing but Heaven and Eternity can fill it: So Nobly High are all his Thoughts, that he is ever riding Post for an Heavenly Crown. So active and mounting his holy Ambition, that it disdains to perch longer than a breathing Space, upon the most exalted Spire of all sublunary Glories. He is so thoroughly sensible of the *Celestial* Nature of his Soul, that (did he not think it a great Part of his Happiness, to suffer any Kind of Miserie or Submission to God) he cou'd not think his Life less than one continu'd Torment; and so long a Detention here upon the Earth a meer Restraint and Confinement from all Comfort and Ease.

As for the Blessings of this World, he looks upon them, as the Child shou'd do upon his Farthings, or Counters, for Things

things; indulg'd him for the Recreation, not the Business of his Soul. Yet (such a good Huswife is Virtue) he resists all small Advantage to himself, from these subordinate Enjoyments; which by their frequent Cousenages perswade them more to be in Love with what's both more precious and more useful. Knowing that his Mansion is prepar'd in Heaven, he can deem the World no better than the handsome Frontispiece to that most glorious Building; where he beholds a great many more flattering Objects, and pretty Curiosities, both of Art and Nature; but all's no more than an earnest and kind Invitation to him to enter in, and possess those unspeakably excellent Mansions, which things so dimly shadow'd out unto his Eye; these well dress'd Dainties which he enjoys here, he dares but taste a little, to prepare him an Appetite; he intends to feast himself when he has reach'd Heaven.

To give you the Sum of what I think of him in the General; He is every way so much more than a Man, that he is no less in all Things than himself. One whose rare Excellencies are such as would make us believe his Breeding had been amongst the Angels in another World, rather than amongst Gentlemen here in this, and that he were only lent us a while, as a universal Pattern for Mankind to imitate; and to let us see how much of Heaven (if we will receive it) may dwell upon Earth. He is so refin'd from all Mixture of our coarser Elements, that if he were absolutely spiritualiz'd before his Time; if ever we were proud of any thing, it was of being the Conqueror of Sin, and all other Vices. Tho' the *Mounted Beggar* forgets and scorns his meaner Friends, the *Man of Honour*, or *True Gentleman*, scorns, and is ashamed of nothing but Sin. He lives in the World as one that intends to shame the World out of Love with it self; and he is therefore singular in all his Actions, not because he affects to be so, but because he cannot meet with Company like himself, to make him otherwise. In a Word, he is such, that (con'd we want him) it were pity but that he were in Heaven, to which he has been riding Post all his Life; and yet I pity not much his Continuance here, because he is already so much an Heaven to himself.

But to be a little more particular in his Character—— His whole Behaviour and Carriage is Masculine and Noble, such becomes his Heroick Spirit; and yet always accompany'd with a wonderful Humility and Courtesie: His Body is only made strait, and the more it self, not (as most Men's are) new moulded by Art: He has just so much of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to laugh at those that have too much. He has made more Use of the Vaulters and Fencer, than the Dance; for his Desire was more to be a Man than a Poppet, and to be a servant to his Country, rather than to his Lady. His Inferiours may behold in him how well Humility may consist with Greatness,

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ness, and how great an Affability Authority will admit of: his Practice our licentious World might easily be convinced that Freedom and Subjection may dwell together like Friends.

All his Words, and all his Actions, are so many Calls to Virtue, and Spurs to quicken his Pace to Heaven; and by what himself is, he shews others what they ought to be. If Heaven were such a Thing as stood in need of an Assistant Temptation (which a Man wou'd almost believe, when he sees how little Men love it for it self) certainly it wou'd make Choice of this Gentleman as the loveliest Bait to draw others thither, were the Generality of Mankind grown so stupid in their Sins, as to fall in Love with Hell; were they not infatuated even to a Confidence in those Vanities, which are worse than nothing, and bespotted into a Sensuality below what's Brutish, who would not make Haste to Heaven, (*i. e.* who wou'd not part with it) were there no greater Happiness than the Fruition of such a Companion as the *True Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all Speed he must resolve to go, though he intends to enjoy him long; for he rides too fast to that Place of Happiness, to stay long by the Way. After this Manner does he in the first Place Lord it over his Passion, 'till in a kind of Obedience she have serv'd out her Apprenticeship to his Reason; then is he deservedly enfranchis'd into a Virtue, and becomes at length her Lord's Mistress; and 'tis she will give him a Reward for his Service, when he gets to Heaven.

There is a brave Heroick Virtue, which is as a second Skin upon the *True Gentleman*, and enspirits every Part of him with an admirable Gallantry: I mean Christian Magnanimity, or Greatness of Soul. This presently heaves him up to that Station that the wide World seems too strait and narrow to contain him, or afford Room enough for him to express the Activity of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at little Things, and disdain to go less than his Name. Being carried up on high, upon the Wings of this Virtue, he casts down his Eye upon those little Happinesses which so much delight the *Mounted Beggars*, and Men of a proud and narrow Soul. But the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, knows not how to be good, and not to do good, and therefore one Half of his Study is to give himself away. Neither his Breast nor his Purse are ever shut to such as need him. Nor doth this Virtue more manifest it self in a liberal Distribution and Instruction, than in as liberal and impartial a Correction and Reproof, whensoever it is requisite, chusing much rather to cross the Humour of his Friend, than flatter his Vice; and to lose his Friendship here, than to keep it another Day. He is not afraid to call every Man by his Name, or add the Epithet which is due unto it; that so every one that comes into his Presence, may be afraid to bring

his Name along with him. He can envy no Man, because he cannot see any one *better* than himself; neither yet can he despise any Man, because he really desires every one shou'd be as good as himself.

So that what's most of all commendable, this most excellent Virtue is accompany'd with a most exemplary Humility; and there is nothing can more deservedly exalt him in the Thoughts of all Men, than this, that he is such a Diminutive in his own. The Truth is, *His high Abilites were accompany'd with so much Candor and Sweetness, that they made him equally lov'd and admir'd; 'twas a Debt due to virtuous Modesty, that those receive most Honour who least seek it.* Nor does this proceed from an Ignorance of his own Excellencies, but rather hence, that he knows whence he had them. Neither does he therefore prefer every Man in Honour before himself, because he knows not what other Men are, but because he knows not what they may be. He is really so high that he may with Ease reach Heaven, but (like the *Courteous Russel*, the *Humble Stiles*, and the *Most obliging Cbelsum*) he makes himself so low, that he may go in at the *Strait Gate*. When he looks upon his own Virtues (which he had rather shew than see, and have than shew) he will not think them great, because he intends to make them yet much greater; neither can he tell how to applaud himself when he sees them great, because he knows well how little he either made or deserv'd them. It is this Virtue that makes him much more desire the Friendship of a virtuous Beggar, than the Favour of a vitious and licentious Prince; because this he must assuredly lose, seeing he knows not how, in a Compliance to his Humour, to become wicked: But that shall never end, but last as long as Heaven, to which he is riding Post. He chuses his Companions not by the outward Habit of their Body, but that internal of the Soul; and sets an higher Value on them for their Merits than their Births. He is so little proud of what he is, that he is indeed very humble for what he is not. He will never be perswaded (like the *Mounted Beggars*) to *Pride* himself in his Vanity, *Boast* of his Folly, and *Glory* in his Profaness.

In a Word, *The True Gentleman's Charity is no other than his Soul drawn out to his Fingers Ends.* Every Piece of Money he hath bears as well the Impression and Image of this Virtue, as that of his Prince; and this is it which makes him value the Coin more, and the Silver less. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many Hands as he meets with Receivers; and for this Cause he is look'd upon as a Monster, in these latter Days, and very rarely to be met with amongst *Mounted Beggars*.

The Course he takes to Air his Bags, and keep them from moulding, is to distribute freely to all that are in Need. He

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esteems it a very high Honour, that God hath vouchsaf'd to make him one of the Stewards in his great Family; and he is nothing ambitious of his Epithet to his Name, or Reward of his Pains who is recorded in the Gospel for his Injustice.

When by giving to the Poor, he lends to the Lord, the Honour of being the Lord's Creditor is all the Interest he expects; and doubtless this Happiness is not every Man's, to have God his Debtor. He accounts it much the safer Way, to trust his Charity than his Luxury with the Bag; the former will bring in an even Reckoning in Heaven; the latter perhaps a jolly one in the Tavern, but a very sad one in Hell. But the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, considers he is riding Post to Heaven, and therefore delights not to see any thing starve but his Lusts, he lets these crave without an Answer, and die without Compassion. I would to God there were many in the World such as he, we shou'd then see fewer Beggars, and more Gentlemen. Mens Backs and Bellies wou'd not then so frequently rob and undo their Souls.

— Then happy that Man, thrice happy he,
That tho' possess'd of Riches, yet can be
From all the Crimes that it produces free;
Who, Spight of that Temptation to be ill,
Can his Desires and Wealth command at Will;
What God design'd his Servant manage so,
As ne'er to let his proud Master grow;
Ungovern'd then, as Water, or as Fire,
Who, tho' for Servants we so much admire,
Yet ruin all when they to rule aspire;
That does the Genuine Use of Money know,
And, serv'd himself, the Surplus can bestow;
That does believe Compassion on the Poor
A truer Key to Heaven's Eternal Door,
Than all the Merits of his Birth and Store:
That does with Virtue, Peace and Truth comply,
The Centre of his Actions, Charity,
The Camel then goes thro' the Needle's Eye!
But where? O where! (and search the Land around)
Can Ten of these True Gentlemen be found?
Cou'd Ten be found, they wou'd atone our Crimes,
And, by their bless'd Example, fix the Times,
Keep all Calamities from entering here,
Plague, Famine, Sword, and Fire we need not fear;
Our Sodom had not burnt, had Ten such Lots been there.

Thus the *Man of Honour, or True Gentleman*, where he is not able to make his Estate adequate to his Desert, he takes a better Course, and levels his Desires to his Fortune: Tho' he

seldom

eldom have all that he deserves, yet he always has whatsoever he covets. He never wants much of that which is needful, because he enjoys all that he is in love with. He makes his Life and Health, not his Estate or Ambition, the Standard; his Reason, and not his Humour, the Judge of his Necessities, for he is above this World that believes he is riding Post to Heaven.

Such is *Temperance* and *Sobriety* to the *True Gentleman*, in the life of those Creatures, of which by God's Blessing he is made Owner; that he sacrifices very much to his God in the Relief of the Indigent, nothing to Sin, in satisfying the importunate Cravings of his Carnal Lusts.

He is content with any thing, and by this Means enjoys all things; and is so charitable of a little, that it is evident in that little he wants not much.

He chuses rather to be well in the Morning, than drunk over Night, and at any Time had rather be free from the Sin than please his Companions with the Frolick. His Money is too little to love, but too much to throw away; and he had much rather give it than lose it, preferring his Charity before his Game, and the poor Man's Life before his own Wantoness and Riot: *Tho' he had never so much he cou'd never have more than enough, because he sees so many that want what he has, and pities all he sees in Want.* He looks upon his Estate as that which was given him for Use, and not for Waste; and upon so much of it as he loses in Play, as that whereby he hath rob'd himself of a Virtue, and another of a comfortable Livelihood, and he cannot sport himself with such Losses; for he knows there is no riding Post to Heaven either upon Avarice or Extravagance, and therefore keeps to Moderation in all Things, except in religious Worship, where he thinks he can never be too devout or zealous.

Divinity can never lie out of the *True Gentleman's Way*, because he is always riding Post towards Heaven: For, notwithstanding she seems so pale fac'd, and of so sour a Countenance to those that love her not, because they do not know her, yet is there so much Heavenly Beauty, and so many noble Features discernable in her Face, by the Gentleman's undistemper'd Eye, that he soon begins in earnest to love her, and he can never go on far in any other Path whatsoever, but he must often cast a longing Eye back upon her: Still bearing in Mind the happy Place whither he is Posting with so good a Will; he calls in at other Arts and Sciences as at so many Inns, to take a short Repast by the Way; or he stands looking upon them a while, as upon so many Way-marks set up at the several Turnings and cross Paths, that from them he may receive Directions which Way to turn. But the Knowledge of his God, that's the Way he constantly rides in, and that which will certainly bring him at last to that Home, where he shall meet with a Welcome, which will abundantly recompence the Tedioussness of his Journey, and

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an Entertainment suitable to the QUALITY of a GENTLE
MAN.

His Way being long, it is not amiss that he allows himself sometimes a Recreation and Diversion. But then his Recreation shall be always such as he dares not make his Business, and yet such as he dares safely make his Play: It hath always so much of Innocence as to be blameless, and so much Brevity as to be no Hindrance. It hath so much Youthfulness as not to be a Business, and yet so much Business as not to be Boyish. It shall bring with it so much real Pleasure as may make it a Refreshment, and yet so little Loveliness as may spoil the Temptation. He may step over the Hedge into the pleasant Meadow, and pluck a sweet Flower or two to smell to as he goes along, but he dares not lie down, or roll himself upon the tender Grass, lest he shou'd be tempted to too long a Stay, and thereby be benighted in his Journey to Heaven.

He thinks it no Prudence to fall in Love with any Sport which like a cunning Thief, smiles him in the Face, whilst it cuts his Purse; steals away his Time, and cheats him of a good Conscience. If Hagar once begin thus to insinuate her self into those Affections, which are only due to her Mistress, out of Doors she shall go. He intends not to sell his Charity at so cheap a Rate, as the false Pleasure of his Game; nor has he so little, either Thrift or Religion, as to make so foolish an Exchange, and part either with his Soul or his Time, for the transitory Delight of a dangerous Temptation: His usual Recreation therefore is to make a Play of his Study. He makes one Study, like a Shoeing-Horn, to draw on another, and makes the Variety the Recreation. Thus he takes the surest Course that may be for making his Study so much his Delight, he saves himself the Labour of studying for a Pastime.

Thus, Reader, I have given you the Reverse of the Beggar Mounted, and shewn in what Manner he rides Post to Heaven, and tho' the Mounted Beggar will ride as fast to the Devil, I hope I have said enough to invite all Humble Christians to bear the True Gentleman Company; for, be they never so poor, being a Man of Honour, or True Gentleman, he is not ashamed of their Company; ——— for the True Gentleman is not ashamed to be call'd a Religious Man, altho' that Epithet be thought no better than a Term of Debasement, by the Mounted Beggars of our Age. He owns a God, and he worships him, and makes that Honour which he observes others to render unto God, the Ground of his Respect to them. He looks upon no Man as a Gentleman, but him alone, who derives his Pedigree higher than from Adam, even from Heaven; and he accounts all those who can brook any Dishonour or Contempt of their God, that one common Father of us all, as a Bastard and no Son. It would be no Honour for him to seek an Acquaintance here upon Earth, and

therefore by his frequent Devotions he often goes to seek out a better in Heaven; where he may be sure to meet with such as shall be worth his keeping. He dares call every Man a Fool to his Face, who with David's Fool, suffers either his Tongue or his Heart to say, *There is no God.*

If you ask him what Religion he is of, his Answer is ready, *Of his Mother's*; that is, *he is a true Son of the Church*; he fears not the Name of *Precise* and *Zealous*, wherewith the Devil, in the Mouths of his Disciples, thinks to fright him out of all Holiness, as they understand them, who thus too frequently abuse them. That boisterous Breath which the prophane World sends forth to deride and cross him in his intended Voyage, he, like a skilful Pilot, so orders by the right composing of his Sails, that he makes that his greatest Advantage and Furtherance, which was intended for his Ruin. *He can sail to Heaven with any Wind, and with any Name*, where he is so sure to meet with a *Title of Honour*, a *Name written in the Book of Life*, even the *Honour of all the Saints*. He thinks it an Happiness to go into *Canaan*, tho' it be thro' a *Red Sea*.

And now this Religion, which he has thus wisely espous'd, and entirely loves, he dares not prostitute to *Interest* or *Humour*: But as any Man accounts the Enjoyment of one thing which he principally loves, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part with in his Pursuit after it: So the Man of Honour, or True Gentleman, can freely part with both Honour and Interest, with all he enjoys, and all he hopes for here, for his Religion's Sake, being sure to find them all again hereafter, in the Fruition of her whom he so sincerely loves. Like a prudent Lover, he removes all Occasions of Jealousie from his Lovers; his Religion shall never have Cause to fear, that either his Pleasure, or his Honour, or his Profit, shall gain so much upon his Affections, as to become her Rival; for he has all his Life Time been riding Post to Heaven, and he'll part with Riches, Honours, and even Life it self, to mount that Glorious Place; And he that thus expects all others in Piety, Humility, and other Graces, may (as his Speed is so very great) be as properly said to ride Post to Heaven, as the proud Beggar on Horseback may be said to ride to Devil.

Thus, Reader, whilst I go about to give you the Character of a Man of Honour, or True Gentleman, I am fallen into that of a Christian; and indeed no Wonder, for there is such a necessary Connexion betwixt those two, that they seem to be no more than the different Names of the same Man. If you desire to see his Picture in a less Compass, here it is.

The Man of Honour, or True Gentleman, is one that is God's servant, the World's Master, and his own Man. His Virtue is his Business, his Study, his Recreation, Contentedness his Rest, and Happiness his Reward. God is his Father, the Church is his Mother, the

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Saints his Brethren, all that need him his Friends, and Heaven his Inheritance. Religion is his Mistress, Loyalty and Justice her Ladies of Honour, Devotion is his Chaplain, Chastity his Chamberlain, Sobriety his Butler, Temperance his Cook, Hospitality his Housekeeper, Providence his Steward, Charity his Treasurer, Piety is Mistress of the House, Discretion the Porter, to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is his whole Family made up of Virtues, and he the true Master of his Family. He is necessitated to take the World in his Way to Heaven, but he rides thro' it as fast as he can; and all his Business by the Way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two Words, he is a Man and a Christian.

And here, Reader, 'tis Time that I beg both the Gentleman's Pardon and yours, for thus abusing his Name, and presuming to give you his Character, whose Excellencies are not to be comprehended, much less express'd, by any one less than himself. But, Reader, having gaz'd so much before on the Mountebeggar, or Degenerate Gentleman, 'tis no Wonder that the Picture I have here abridg'd of the Man of Honour, fall short of his true Features; but, if in any Place you meet with too deep a Shadow, where there shou'd be more Light, I desire, that beside the Weakness of my Eye, you wou'd consider the Darkness of the Time, and the uncertain Light I saw by. For we live so much in the Evening of the World, when the thick and foggy Mists of Ignorance darken the Air, and the fading Light we have is so variously refracted by our glittering Vices, that to speak the Truth, the excellent Original I wou'd have copy'd, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this Day, in England.

PROJECT XIV.*

The ROYAL VIOLET; or PURPLE MONARCH.

I.

Hail! Infant Flow'r! Heav'n's chiefest Care,
Darling of all the Groves, and Woods,
More beautiful, more sweet, more fair
Than all their gawdy Flow'rs and Buds.
Thou Spring's soft Joy, Mankind's Delight,
Cloath'd in gay Purple Robes of Light.
On whom (as *Phœbus* does his Progress take,
And all the Earth one painted Landskip make)

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His Pencil does nice Strokes impart
Of double Care, and double Art;
And on thee nobler Colours does bestow,
Than those with which he paints his Heav'nly Bow.

II.

Hail thou the Spring's first Purple Morn,
Thou bright *Aurora* of its East;
That do'st the rising Year adorn,
In thy rich Princely Honours dress'd;
And when thy teeming Mother Earth
Gives thee her little Infant Birth,
She feels no Pangs, tho' labouring all the while,
But at the Sight of thee begins to smile:
She smiles, and all the Trees around,
And Earth with Buds, and Grass are crown'd,
Brooks murmur out their Joy, the Birds they sing
To welcome thee, the Goddess of the Spring.

III.

Now Western Gales begin to sport,
And am'rously about thee move,
And thee with tender Voice they court,
And in soft Sighs they whisper Love;
Then, as they kiss in wanton Play,
Increasing Sweets they bring away;
Which thence upon their downy Wings they bear;
And all along perfume the circling Air.
And when with their sweet Prize they come
On joyful Wings, in Triumph Home,
Young, new-fledg'd Winds, lur'd with those Sweets, fly out,
And with them, to embrace thee, roam about.

IV.

Whence! Nature's pregnant Wonder, whence!
Hast thou these various Treasures! tell;
That thus thou should'st delight each Sense,
The Taste, the Touch, the Sight, and Smell.
What wou'd not Monarchs give to be
Chang'd to the happy Shape of thee?
When thee each Grace, and ev'ry Nymph does wear
In Chaplets bound about their fragrant Hair,
Fair Maids (and sure there's nought so gay
Besides thy beauteous self, as they!)
Treasure thee in their Breasts, and think they are
Never so charming, as when thou art there,

V.

Nor is it Wonder this kind Flow'r
 Shou'd to the Fair propitious prove,
 That it shou'd have a Sov'reign Pow'r
 O'er Woman's Beauty, and our Love:
 For when kind *Venus* strove to shield
 Her Son *Aeneas* in the Field,
 She from a *Grecian* Spear receiv'd a Wound;
 And as the purple Show'r drop'd on the Ground,
 Immediately the precious Juice
 This pretty Infant did produce;
 And ever since upon this Flow'r remains
 The Noble Dye she gave it from her Veins.

VI.

'And as all Beauty, and each Grace,
 In all their Strength and Charms are seen
 In *Philomela's* lovely Face,
 And justly stile her Beauty's Queen;
 So in this Flow'r alone does meet
 All that's lovely, fair, or sweet.
 When Jess'mine and the Woodbine near thee grows,
 They all their Sweets, and all their Beauties lose:
 That they to thee may Homage pay,
 They breath their fragrant Souls away.
 All Flow'rs to thee all Sweets and Perfumes yield,
 The little *Purple Monarch* of the Field.

PROJECT XV.*

Family Duty: Or, a modest Essay upon Due Benevolence; shewing with what Caution and Decency a young and unexperient'd Couple shou'd act, that they might not exceed the chaste and lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed—Intermix'd with several Nice Cases relating to Conjugal Venery—with some Reflections on such Brutish Husbands as turn the innocent and allowable Freedoms in Marriage, into a sort of Adultery, by their undue and unseasonable Enjoyments.

The Whole publish'd to promote Chastity, in that State of Life wherein Men and Women, if they first say GRACE, think they may fall to as they please.

Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence; and likewise also the wife unto the husband. 1 Cor. 7. 3.

I Hope I have sufficiently expos'd the heinous Sin of Adultery, in my Remarks upon the *Secret Narrative* of those *Four Dissenting Parsons* that were silenc'd for Whoredom; but there be many Husbands tho' they dare not be lewd, yet as they are marry'd they think they have (by the Right they have to their Wives) a lawful Warrant for whatever immodest Actions they think good to practise with their modest Yoke-fellows; and therefore this *Fifteenth Project* is design'd as a *Secret Oracle*, to teach that Part of *Family Duty* that relates to *Due Benevolence*, that no Brutish Husband, or Wife, may hereafter turn the innocent Use of the Marriage-Bed into an Act of Whoredom, by an undue, or unseasonable Use of the Act of Venery.

Due

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Due Benevolence being a Case that was never stated by any Casuist, if I cou'd set this *Nice Point* in so clear a Light as not to offend any chaste Ear, (which I shall attempt to do in this *Fifteenth Project*) it wou'd be a Subject worth my serious Thoughts: But before I state the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*, 'twill be necessary I lay down some few Preliminaries founded on the Form of Matrimony, which acquaints us,

First, That Matrimony was ordain'd for the Procreation of Children, to be brought up in the Fear and Nurture of the Lord, and to the Praise of his holy Name.

Secondly, That Matrimony was ordain'd for a Remedy against Sin, and to avoid Fornication, that such Persons as have not the Gift of Continency might marry, and keep themselves undefil'd Members of Christ's Body.

Thirdly, That Matrimony was ordain'd for the mutual Society, Help, and Comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in Prosperity and Adversity, into which holy Estate (says the Form of Matrimony) these Two Persons present come now to be joyn'd.

Thus, Reader, you see that the Procreation of Children (or rendring to the Husband and Wife *Due Benevolence*) was one of the Ends of Matrimony; and therefore, for either the Husband or Wife to deny to each other the lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed, (the Husband perhaps for Fear of Charges, and the Wife for Fear she shou'd die in Child-bed) is, (to use the Words of Five honest Gentlemen) *Fantastical, Humourism, Whimsical*, and frustrating the Ends of Marriage: For, as 'tis the Husband's Duty to render to his Wife *Due Benevolence*, as fit and seasonable Times, so the Wife likewise, (for she'll find it her Duty, in 1 Cor. 7. 3.) shou'd be as willing and forward to render to her Husband the like *Due Benevolence*. But seeing ——— *Due Benevolence* is a Case that was never stated, that I may the better shew with what Caution and Decency a young and unexperient'd Couple shou'd act, that they might not exceed the sober and lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed, and might shew also what is that undue and unseasonable Enjoyment between a Man and his Wife that is immodest and lewd, (or which is a sort of Adultery) or in plainer Words, that I may set that which is properly call'd *Due Benevolence* in the clearer Light, 'twill be necessary I first treat

Of the Nature of Lusts, or Desires: The Description of the Combust between the Lusts and the Fear of God: And how Satan doth mingle and insinuate himself amidst our Lusts.

It is a difficult Thing for a City besieg'd to keep and save it self, if the Inhabitants do fight one with another; and if the Enemy that besiegeth it hath a Party, and part of the People

People to his Devotion. Such is our Condition; for while that Satan and the World doth besiege us without, within us there is a Combate between the Flesh and the Spirit, and our Lusts do make a Mutiny, with the which Satan and the World have a League and strait Correspondence.

That we may therefore well comprehend the Nature of the Combate between the Spirit and the Flesh, you must understand that before Man sinn'd, his Desires and Appetites were well rul'd, and did not move themselves, but by the Commandment of Reason, and this Reason was enlighten'd and guided by the true Knowledge of God: But even as after the Candles are extinguish'd, a Multitude of Rake-hells and Rascals do push one another in the Dark; so this Light of the Knowledge of God being put out by Sin, Reason is become blind, and the Lusts being destituted of guiding, have begun to move themselves without Order, and to stir up a terrible Tumult.

It is true, there is remaining in the Understanding some small Light, as when a Candle is put out, the Wick thereof gives a little Light: But this Light serves but to see near, and to behold Things Terrestrial, and serves not to penetrate into the Things which concern the Kingdom of God. The worst is, that Man (he is so wicked) endeavours to extinguish in himself that which remains in him of the Feeling and Savour of Equity and Honesty, and the rebellious Lusts do band themselves against the good natural Impressions.

Now that these Lusts are more perverse than Man's Understanding is blinded, it appears: For, when we give Counsel to another in a Thing wherein we have no Interest, we give commonly good Counsel; but you shall see that the same Man who counsell'd well his Friends, will judge otherwise in the very same Business, when it nearly concerns him, because CONCUPISCENCE doth traverse and overthrow it, and that Covetousness, or Pleasure, or Choler, troubleth the Judgment.

Here, with what lively Colours cou'd I pourtray and set forth these Lusts, and the Mixture and Impetuosity of the Desires of the Flesh. Alas, who cou'd represent how many Serpents, how many Plagues, Man doth brood and hatch within himself, and make before the Eyes of Men an Anatomy of himself? There you might behold within, *Fear*, that trembleth, the *Lye* that counterfeits it self, *Pleasure* that tickleth, *Pride* that swells, *Choler* that burns, *Impatience* that itcheth, *Envy* that gnaws, *Covetousness* that hoards, *Prodigality* that scatters, *Despair* that casts it self headlong, *Impiety* which opens its Mouth with Blasphemies against God, and *Ingratitude* that tramples under Feet his Benefices. It is that Legion of Spirits that breaks the Bonds of all Laws, that holds in Man not among the Tombs,

Tombs, but even in Death, and that rusheth Men as Swine into the bottomless and everlasting Pit.

The Motions of these Desires are quick and violent; there needs but an ambiguous or cross Word, a Beauty that palleth before our Eyes, an alluring of Avarice, a dishonest Word, to enflame in an Instant, Choler or LUST; this Concupiscence is like to a smarting and inflam'd Ulcer, which is nett'd and angry with the least Touch; or unto Brimstone, which from divers Parts sets on a light Fire.

And for the over-measure of Evil, these undue and unseasonable Lusts do fight among themselves, and agree in nothing but to disagree with God. Ambition will appear in Expences, but Covetousness pares and clips her Wings, and binders her to take a Flight so high; the voluptuous is hot after his Pleasures, but it vexeth him that they cost him so dear; the Avengeful burns with a Desire to revenge himself, but he is stopp'd by Cowardice, or by the Fear of Punishment, according to the Laws: We are not only to desire, but to wait in the Execution of our Desires. Man hath not the Power to satisfy his LUSTS, and notwithstanding he doth not repress them, he desires the Things he cannot obtain, and the Difficulty thereof augments his Desire; he sees the Acquisition of what he desires impossible unto him, yet he cannot resolve to want it, and be without it. That which he can easily obtain, he esteems of little Value, but that which he cannot attain unto, seems unto him good, and fit to be long'd for: And if it happeneth unto him to have his Heart's Desire, he is presently distasteth therewith; if he changeth his Condition, it is a Wonder if he finds not himself worse in his last.

And these LUSTS are so strong, that the Virtues themselves have Need of their Help; one stirs up the Youth to his Study by Envy and Emulation against his Companions. Ambition incites a Man to generous Actions, and Choler provokes him to Valour: Covetousness doth awake Laziness, and reduceth Man unto Sobriety: Fear and Distrust renders Men witty; even that which we serve God with, proceedeth from that we love our selves, and hope in serving him to get some Profit thereby. It is this perverse FLESH that always kicks against the Spirit, and contradicts his Suggestions, and endeavours to divert his holy Motions, and doth always abate something of the Goodness and Integrity of our best Works.

Having (in order to set *Due Benevolence* in the better Light) first discours'd of the Nature of Lust, shewn how Satan doth mingle and insinuate himself amidst our Lusts, so as to make 'em undue and unseasonable, 'twill be necessary that in the next Place (to set this nice Point of *Due Benevolence* in a clearer Light) I treat

Of the divers Kinds of Concupiscence, and the divers Degrees of evil Desires; and how the good Desires become undue and unseasonable.

Being to treat of the Combate against our own Lusts, it is necessary in the first Place for us to discern the good Desires, and distinguish them from the bad; for there are good Lusts and Desires. That is a good Lust whereof St. Paul speaketh, *Gal. 5. 17. The spirit lusteth against the flesh.* Christ's Desire was a good Desire, which he said, *Luke 22. 15. With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.* It was a good Longing, that of the King and Prophet David, *Psal. 80. 2. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord.*

We call a good, due, or seasonable Desire, that which not only tends to a good End, and desires just Things, and pleasing and acceptable unto God, but also tends to that good End, by Means that are good and lawful.

But my Scope being to speak only of bad, undue, and unseasonable Desires and Lusts against the which we are to fight; it is of that we are to treat. *We must know therefore, that there are Two Kinds of undue and unseasonable Desires; there are some that are altogether evil, in what Sense soever you take them; as a Desire of Murder, or of Treason, or of Adultery; but there are others that are natural, and necessary for the Preservation of Mankind; as is the Desire to eat and drink, and to have a lawful Posterity, and so provide for our Family; but wherein Men do ordinarily sin, by Excess, is desiring these Things otherwise than they shou'd, and more than they shou'd, and for the Causes they shou'd not: So that the Desires are undue, unseasonable, and do degenerate and turn into Gluttony, Drunkenness, Whoredom, and sordid and destructive Avarice, which grudgeth to it self the necessary Things, and fears to eat and drink, and holds his Goods as an Idol that slips away, believing that every one spies his Money.*

The Fear of God fights against these Two Sorts of Concupiscence, but not in the same Manner; for concerning the Lusts that are natural and necessary, it doth not extinguish them at all, but doth govern them, and ranks them within the Limits of Mediocrity and Honesty, teaching them to desire the Things necessary, without troubling themselves about the superfluous Things, for fear lest by Custom the superfluous Things become necessary ones; for Nature contents it self with a little, but the unbridl'd Concupiscence hath no End; nay, which is more, the Fear of God makes one sometimes to abstain from lawful Things, that thereby he may the more easier pass off Things unlawful. But as touching the Lusts that are altogether evil, the Fear of God labours to extinguish them, and root them out wholly. They are hurtful and venomous Plants, which we must not plow or improve by Culture, but pluck them up by the

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the Roots altogether out of our Hearts. *A Man must not flatter himself to be a moderate Adulterer, or Perjurer, for in Things that are altogether evil, we must not seek a Mediocrity, or Qualification.*

These Two Sorts of bad Desires do rise up and encrease in Man's Heart by Three Degrees. The first Degree of evil Concupiscence is a Tickling, which in those Persons that fear God passeth in a short Time, and is suddenly repress'd and extinguish'd by the Fear of God; *as when one doth crush the Scorpion on the Wound as soon as he begins to sting.* It is that which the Philosophers call, *the first Motions*, which they say are not in our own Power, and whereof the most virtuous Persons are not exempted, as when a Man sees a great Heap of Pieces of Gold on a Table, or beholds a Beauty pass before his Eyes, he feels some Emotion of Concupiscence, which he represseth and rebates incontinently by the Fear of God.

But sometimes this Concupiscence goeth further, and kindles burning Desires, unto which the Fear of God resists, but with Difficulty; so that the Spirit of Man is a great while in Ballance, *willing and not willing, driven and retir'd, and suspended with Unquietness between Concupiscence and the Fear of God.* The Philosophers call him *Temperate*, who is not tempted nor troubled with the Combate of his Lusts; but they call him *Continent*, who is troubled therewith, but finally adhereth to the good Side, so that Virtue and Honesty wins the Victory.

But if Concupiscence hath the Victory over the Fear of God, then there doth form in a lustful Man a firm Will and Resolution to execute his evil Desires, and satiate his Lusts. And if he finds some Obstacles in the Way, which hinder him to attain unto the End of his evil Desires, he is not for all that the less guilty before God; as Jesus Christ teacheth us, that *whoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.*

Now altho' this last Concupiscence is the worst of all, and a greater Sin than the other, notwithstanding the Law of God condemns them all, saying, *Thou shalt not covet*, for God will have us to serve him and love him with all our Heart, and with all our Strength; which we do not, when in those Things which concern his Service, we vary and float in Uncertainties. It is no small Sin to doubt if we shall serve God in our Lusts, and ballance our Desires between Carnal Lusts and the Love we owe unto God; If a Virgin hath never so little hearden'd unto unchast Sollicitations, she draws on her self a great Shame and Blame, tho' she came not to a full Resolution. To have Thoughts to betray our Country, and to have Communication with the Enemy, is a Crime punishable with Death, altho' the Will hath been wavering, and not resolute; where St. Paul the Apostle writing to the Romans, saith he had no firm Will, nor deliberate Purpose to offend God, notwithstanding he

confesseth that *Concupiscence* was in him, and that *Sin* did dwell in him, and that he did the Evil he wou'd not, and acknowledgeth it to be a Sin, because the Law of God saith, *Thou shalt not cover.*

Having (in order to set *Due Benevolence* in a clear Light) largely discours'd— Of the Nature of undue and unseasonable Lusts— and of the diverse Kinds of *Concupiscence*— I shall before I state the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*, (so little consider'd by Brutish Husbands) so far *ATHENIANIZE* this Fifteenth Project, as to answer this Nice Question,

Quest. Whether a Man and Wife, after some Years mutual and loving Fruition of each other, may so far abstain from giving each other *Due Benevolence*, as to part Beds, live asunder, and absolutely renounce all Carnal Knowledge of each other for ever?

Ans. St. Paul never gave a direct Precept, if not in this: His express Charge is, *Defraud not one another, except with consent for a time, that you may give your selves to fasting and prayer, and then again come together, that Satan tempt you not, for your incontinency.* By Consent of all Divines, antient and modern, *Defrauding* is refraining from Matrimonial Conversation; but observe what he says, *For a Time, Consent cannot make this Defrauding lawful, except it be Temporary:* No defrauding without Consent, no Consent for a Perpetuity. How long then, and wherefore? Not for every Cause, not for any Length of Time, but only for a while, and for Devotion; for the Apostle adds, *that you may give your selves to fasting and prayer.* It is solemn exercise which the Apostle here intends, such as is join'd with Fasting, and External Humiliation; wherein all Earthly Comforts must be forborn. But what if a Man list to task himself continually, and will be always painfully devout; may he then ever abstain? No; *Let them meet together again*, saith the Apostle, not as a Toleration, but as a Charge. But what if they both can live safely thus sever'd? This is more than they can undertake: There is danger, saith our Apostle, in this Abstinence, lest Satan tempt you for your Incontinency. What can be more plain? Neither may the Marry'd refrain this Conversation without Consent; neither may they with Consent, refrain it for ever. I see and confess how much some of the Fathers admir'd Virginity; so far, that there wanted not some, which both detested Marriage as vitious, and wou'd force a single Life upon Marriage, as commendable; whose Authority shou'd move me, I saw not some of them opposite to others, and others no less to St. Paul himself. Then certainly forbidding of Marriage may be call'd *A Doctrine of Devils*, both as to its Original and Effects. That it comes from the Devil, the Father of Lies, and by Consequence the Author of every false Doctrine, is not to be controverted, since the Law of God and Nature commands

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us to encrease and multiply, and fits us for it, which made the Reverend C—— declare *, (in his Poem to Madam Singer)

*Neither doth Humane Love Religion harm,
But rather us against our Vices arm;
Shall I not for a charming Mistress die,
When Heaven commands— Encrease and multiply?*

And that it might be in a regular Way, God himself instituted Marriage in Paradise, and the Apostle tells us, that Marriage is honourable in all.— But to return to the Case of Due Benevolence. How oft doth St. Austin redouble that Rule, and importunately urge it to his *Ecclesia*, in that serious Epistle, *that without Consent the Continence of the Marry'd cannot be warrantable*, teaching her that if her Husband shou'd contain, and she wou'd not, he were bound to pay her the Debt of Marriage Benevolence; and that God wou'd impute it to him for Continence notwithstanding. Hence is that of St. Chrysostom, *that the Wife is both the Servant and the Mistress of her Husband, a Servant to yield her Body, a Mistress to have Power of his*: Who also in the same Place determines it forbidden Fraud, for the Husband, or Wife, to contain alone; according to that of the Paraphrast, *Let either both contain, or neither*. St. Hierom contrarily, defines thus; *But if one of the two* (saith he) *considering the Reward of Chastity, will contain, he ought not to assent to the other which contains not, &c.* Because Lust ought rather to come to Continency, than Continency decline to Lust, concluding that a Brother or Sister is not subject in such a Case, and that God hath not call'd us to Uncleanneß, but to Holiness. A strange Gloss to fall from the Pen of a Father; which yet I durst not say, if it were more Boldness for me to dissent from him, than for him to dissent from all others. He that censures St. Paul to argue grossly to his Galatians, may as well tax him of an unfit Direction to his Corinthians. It is no Presumption to say, that in this Point all his Writings bewray more Zeal than Truth. Whether the Conscience of his former Slip caus'd him to abhor that Sex; or his Admiration of Virginity transported him to Contempt of Marriage. Antiquity will afford you many Examples of holy Men voluntarily sequester'd from their Wives. Precepts must be our Guides, and not Patterns. You may tell me, Reader, of *Sozomen's Ammon*, that famous Monk, who having perswaded his Bride the first Day to continue her Virginity liv'd with her Eighteen Years in a distinct Bed and Habitation upon the Mountain *Nisria*, Twenty Two Years. You may

* See Mr. C——'s Poem more at large, in my Project of a new Poem, *The Double Courtship*; or Dunton's Character of Madam Singer. p. 14.

tell me of *Jeromes, Malchus, Austins Ecclesia*, and Ten Thousand others; I care not for their Number, and suspect their Example: Do but reconcile their Practice with *St. Paul's Rule*, I shall both magnifie and imitate them. I willingly grant with *Abanassius*, that for some set Time, especially (as *Anselme* interprets it) for some holy Time, we may, and (in this latter Case) we must forbear all Matrimonial Acts and Thoughts, not for that they are sinful, but unseasonable. As Marriage must be always us'd chastly and moderately, so sometimes it must be forgotten. How many are drunk with their own Vines, and surfeit of their own Fruits? Either Immodesty or Immoderation in Man or Wife is adulterous, (as I shall shew when I come to discover the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*.) If yet I shall further yield that they may conditionally agree to refrain from each other so long 'till they be perplexed with Temptations on either part I shall go as far as the reach of my Warrant at least, perhaps beyond it, since the Apostle chargeth, *Meet again lest you be tempted*. Not meet when you are tempted. But to say absolutely and for ever renounce (by Consent) the Conversation of each other, what Temptation soever assault you, is directly not beyond; but against *St. Paul's Divinity*; for Meats are for the Preservation of Man, Marriage acts for the Preservation of Mankind; neither of them are without some Carnal Delight, which yet, if by the *Bridle of Temperance* it be held to the proper and natural Use, cannot be term'd Lust. There is no Ordinance of God which either is of more excellent Use, or hath suffer'd more Abuse in all Times; the Fault is in Men, not in Marriage; let them rectify themselves their Bed shall be blessed. Here need no Separation from each other, but rather a Separation of Brutishness and close Corruption from the Soul, which whosoever hath learn'd to remove shall find the Crown of *Matrimonial Chastity* no less glorious than that of single Continence.

Having by these *Preliminaries* made way to render this nice Point of *due Benevolence* the more intelligible, I will next explain both to the chaste and brutish Husbands what *due Benevolence* is, in a short PARAPHRASE upon these Words.

"Let the Husband render unto the Wife *due Benevolence*, and likewise also the Wife unto the Husband, 1 Cor. 7. 3.

The Word translated *due Benevolence* signifieth due good Will, or Kindness; but from Verse 5. it appeareth what the Apostle meaneth. *Moses, Exod. 21. 10.* calleth it the *Duty of Marriage*, both of them using a modest Term in expressing the Conjugal Act, as we shall observe the Scripture always doing when there is occasion to mention what Men of profane Hearts are ready to make a Scoff at. The Apostle maketh this the mutual Duty both of Husband and Wife under due Circumstances, therefore useth the Word *Render*, which implieth the Thing requir'd, to be an Act of Justice.

Observe here, (1.) That Matrimonial Conversation, or the Husband's and Wife's performing towards each other all the Duties of Marriage which they promis'd, is an Act of Justice which they owe to one another: This is intimated in the Word *Render*, and consequently to deny the same is Injustice and Fraud. *Defraud not one another.* Marriage takes away from Persons that Power which they had over themselves and their own Bodies, and transfers it in some sort to the Person they are marry'd to. Yet observe, (2.) That Persons in a marry'd State may, and in some Cases ought, (namely, for religious Ends and Purposes) by mutual Consent to abstain from a Conjugal Duty for some Time. *Defraud not one another, except it be with Consent for some Time, that ye may give your selves to Fasting and Prayer.* Observe (3.) The Apostle lays no Obligation upon any single Persons to take upon them a Vow for a single Life, nor doth he direct marry'd Persons to those perpetual Divorces from the Marriage-Bed which the Papists practise under Pretence of Religion, for the Apostle admits of no perpetual Separation between Husband and Wife upon any Pretence whatever; no, not that they may give themselves to Prayer and Fasting, but only permits it for a Time, upon Condition that they come together again; so far was this holy Man from laying a Share upon the Consciences of any Persons, either in a single or marry'd State.

Thus (in a short Paraphrase upon 1 Cor. 7. 3.) I have briefly stated the Nature and Necessity of *Due Benevolence*: But that no young marry'd Couple may be ignorant of the proper Season and Measure that ought to be observ'd in the performing this Conjugal and pleasant Duty, I'll here give 'em some further Directions for the Management of themselves in the Act of Enjoyment, that so by seeing the whole Case of *Due Benevolence* rightly stated, they may no more either abuse or deny to each other the lawful Use of the Marriage-Bed.

And here, that the young and unexperient'd Couple might not mistake or transgress in this *nice Point*, I'll recommend 'em to the Directions of the learned Italian, who tells 'em "that because the Union of Man and Wife was chiefly ordain'd, and ought to be esteem'd, for the sake of Children, they must use Conjugal-Embraces chiefly with the hope of propagating Issue; we sufficiently understand and perceive what manner of Nature there is in most Beasts, which for this Reason hath appointed them certain Laws of Congress, that the mortal Kinds of living Creatures might in a manner be render'd immortal by a perpetual Succession; wherein they may be Examples to us, to whom a more free and noble Desire is given, that we should not mutually embrace for the sake of Pleasure; even Beasts, never when great with Young, but always for the sake of Generation, they exhibit their Venereal Appetites; but if Women shall pass these Limits,

" *erit*

even at least let them govern themselves so that they may be accounted modest; and they shou'd so evidence their Nuptial Honour and Modesty, that in their Congress Decency may accompany their Embraces, lest by too much Ardour and Immodesty they be both defective in their Honour, and also less acceptable to their Husbands. A Wife ought at no time to be deficient in her Duty, and altho' her Body cannot be beheld, yet she shou'd preserve a Modesty in all Places, that she may deservedly seem chaste to her Husband, even in the dark: Wherefore very excellently Commodus Caesar, when his Wife endeavour'd to persuade him to use unusual and disallow'd Pleasures with her, answer'd, *How much it is fit to obey other Women in these Things let them look to it, a Wife certainly is a Name of Honour, not of Pleasure.* Wherefore Cato the Censor ejected Manilius out of the Senate, because he kiss'd his Wife in the Presence of his Daughter.

Marriage is honourable in all, and the Bed undefil'd, Heb. 13. 4. and the great Care both of Husband and Wife shou'd be to be chaste in Marriage, to abhor all wanton Speeches and unfit Intemities of Lust, and to be sober, seasonable, and regular in the Use of the Marriage-Bed. They shou'd beware lest they make that Ordinance which is the Remedy of impure Affections to be the Nurse and Exciter of them; they must not think that their Relation doth legitimate every Folly which they can perpetrate, or that inordinate or immoderate Pleasures can ever agree with the Bed undefil'd; a Man may be a wicked Drunkard with his own Drink, and a wretched Beast in his own Marriage-Bed: I might here bring in Divines of late, Fathers of old, yea, Philosophers themselves, agreeing in their Censures of these Extravagances, and telling us, That the Pleasures of Marriage shou'd be serious, circumspect, and mix'd with Severity, and that an intemperate Man in Wedlock differs little from an Adulterer. Let all marry'd Persons therefore remember that the holy Eye of God is upon them, that their Bodies are the Temples of the Holy Ghost, and that they must render a strict Account unto the Lord of every secret thing. There is need even in a marry'd State to crucify our fleshly Lusts, and to deny our natural and lawful Desires, at such Times as natural Modesty or Religion command Abstinence, and so make them unlawful; keep therefore an inviolable *Decorum* in your Conversation together, shew Reverence to God, bear Reverence to one another, reverence your selves. Be assur'd of this, that true Love behaves not it self unseemly, and that Modesty is the best Preserver of Nuptial Chastity. But since this Case of due Benevolence is so very nice and difficult to state aright, that no chaste and conscientious Couple may mistake that part of Family Duty that relates to lawful Procreation, I'll here add to my own Opinion the Advice and Rules given by those eminent Casuists

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the Author of *The whole Duty of Man*, — Bishop Taylor,
and the truly pious and learned Mr. Richard Baxter. —

I'll begin with *The whole Duty of Man*, who tells us, "The
"Virtue of Chastity consists in a perfect abstaining from all Kinds
"of Uncleaness, not only that of Adultery and Fornication, but all
"other more unnatural sorts of it, committed either upon our selves or
"with any others. In a word, all Acts of that kind are utterly against
"Chastity, save only in lawful Marriage, and even there Men are
"not to think themselves let loose to please their brutish Appetites,
"but are to keep themselves within such Rules of Moderation as agree
"to the Ends of Marriage, which being these Two, the begetting
"of Children, and the avoiding of Fornication, nothing must be
"done which may hinder the first of these Ends, and the second aim-
"ing only at the subduing of Lust, the keeping Men from any sinful
"Effects of it, is very contrary to that End to make Marriage an Oc-
"casion of beightening and enflaming it. — Bishop Taylor adds,
"Concerning marry'd Persons, besides the keeping of their mutual
"Faith and Contract with each other, these Particulars are useful to
"be observ'd.

"1. Altho' their mutual Endearments are safe within the Pro-
"tection of Marriage, yet they that have Wives or Husbands must be as
"tho' they had them not, that is, they must have an Affection greater
"to each other than they have to any Person in the World, but not
"greater than they have to God; but that they be ready to part with
"all Interest in each others Person rather than sin against God.

"2. In their Permissions and License they must be sure to observe
"the Order of Nature, and the Ends of God. He is an ill Husband
"that uses his Wife as a Man treats a Harlot, having no other End
"but Pleasure; concerning which our best Rule is, that altho' in this,
"as in eating and drinking, there is an Appetite to be satisfy'd, which
"cannot be done without pleasing that Desire, yet since that Desire
"and Satisfaction was intended by Nature for other Ends, they should
"never be separate from those Ends, but always be join'd with all or
"one of these Ends, with a Desire of Children, or to avoid For-
"nication, or to lighten and ease the Cares and Sadnesses of
"Household Affairs, or to endear each other, but never with a
"Purpose either in Act or Desire to separate the Sensuality from these
"Ends which bellow it. Onan did separate his Act from its proper
"End, and so order'd his Embraces that his Wife should not conceive,
"and God punish'd him.

"3. Marry'd Persons must keep such Modesty and Decency of
"treating each other, that they never force themselves into high and
"violent Lusts with Arts and unbecoming Devices, always remem-
"bring that those Mixtures are most innocent which are most simple
"and most natural, most orderly and most safe.

"4. It is a Duty of Matrimonial Chastity to be restrain'd and
"temperate in the Use of their lawful Pleasures; concerning which,
"altho' no universal Rule can antecedently be given to all Persons, yet

" more than to all Bodies one Proportion of Meat and Drink, yet marry'd
 " Persons are to estimate the Degree of their License according to the
 " following Proportions. 1. That it be moderate, so as to consist with
 " Health. 2. That it be so order'd as not to be too expensive of Time,
 " that precious Opportunity of working out our Salvation. 3. That
 " when Duty is demanded it be always pay'd (so far as in our Powers
 " and Election) according to the foregoing Measures. 4. That it be
 " with a temperate Affection, without violent transporting Desires, or
 " too sensual Applications; concerning which a Man is to make Judg-
 " ment by Proportion to other Actions, and the Severities of his Reli-
 " gion, and the Sentences of sober and wise Persons, always remem-
 " bering that Marriage is a Provision for Supply of the natural Ne-
 " cessities of the Body, not for the artificial and procur'd Appetites of
 " the Mind. And it is a sad Truth, that many marry'd Persons think-
 " ing that the Flood-gates of Liberty are set wide open without Mea-
 " sures or Restraints, (so they sail in that Channel) have felt the final
 " Rewards of Intemperance and Lust by their unlawful using of lawful
 " Permissions; only let each of them be temperate, and both of them
 " be modest. Socrates was wont to say, That those Women to whom
 " Nature hath not been indulgent in good Features and Colours, should
 " make it up themselves with excellent Manners; and those who were
 " beautiful and comely should be careful that so fair a Body be not pol-
 " luted with unbandsome Usages. To which Plutarch adds, That a
 " Wife, if she be unbandsome, should consider how extremely ugly she
 " should be if she wanted Modesty; but if she be bandsome, let her
 " think how gracious that Beauty would be if she superadds Chastity.

" 5. Marry'd Persons, by Consent, are to abstain from their mutual
 " Entertainments at Solemn Times of Devotion, not as a Duty of it
 " self necessary, but as being the most proper Act of Purity which in
 " their Condition they can present to God, and being a good Advantage
 " for attending their Preparation to the solemn Duty, and their Demea-
 " nour in it. It is St. Paul's Counsel, That by Consent for a Time
 " they should abstain, that they may give themselves to Fasting
 " and Prayer. And tho' when Christians did receive the Holy Com-
 " munion every Day it is certain they did not abstain, but had Chil-
 " dren, yet when the Communion was more seldom they did with Reli-
 " gion abstain from the Marriage-Bed during the Time of their solemn
 " preparatory Devotions, as anciently they did from Eating and Drink-
 " ing till the Solemnity of the Day was past.

" 6. It were well if marry'd Persons would, in their Penitential
 " Prayers, and in their general Confessions, suspect themselves, and
 " accordingly ask a general Pardon for all their Undecencies and more
 " passionate Applications of themselves in the Offices of Marriage, that
 " what is lawful and honourable in its kind may not be sullied with im-
 " perfect Circumstances, or, if it be, it may be made clean again by
 " the Interruption and Recallings of such a Repentance of which such
 " uncertain Parts of Action are capable.

And we are told by that learned and great Divine, Mr. Richard Baxter, "The Duty of Husbands and Wives is Cohabitation, (and where Age prohibiteth not) a sober and modest Conjunction for Procreation, avoiding Lasciviousness, Unseasonableness, and whatever tends to corrupt the Mind, and make it vain and silly, and hinder it from holy Employment. And therefore Lust must not be cherish'd in the marry'd, but the Mind be brought to a moderate, chaste, and sober Frame; and the Remedy must not be turn'd into an Increase of the Disease, but us'd to extinguish it. For if the Mind be left to the Power of Lust, and only Marriage trusted to for the Cure, with many it will be found an insufficient Cure, and Lust will rage still as it did before, and will be so much the more desperate, and your Case the more miserable, as your Sin prevaileth against the Remedy; yet Marriage being appointed for a Remedy against Lust, for the avoiding all unlawful Congress, the Apostle hath plainly describ'd their Duty, in these Words, 1 Cor. 7. 2, 3, 4, 5. Nevertheless, to avoid Fornication, let every Man have his own Wife, and let every Woman have her own Husband. Let the Husband render unto the Wife due Benevolence; and likewise also the Wife unto the Husband. The Wife hath not Power of her own Body, but the Husband; and likewise also the Husband hath not Power of his own Body, but the Wife. Defraud you not one the other except it be with Consent for a Time, that ye may give yourselves to Fasting and Prayer, and come together again, that Satan tempt you not for your Incontinency—Therefore those Persons live contrary to the Nature of their Relation, who live a great part of their Lives asunder, as many do for Worldly Respect when they have several Houses, Possessions, or Trades, and the Husband must live at one, and the Wife at another for their Comodity sake, and only come together once in a Week, or in many Weeks when this is done without great Necessity, 'tis a constant Violation of their Duties: And so it is for Men to go trade, or live beyond Sea, or in another Land, and leave their Wives behind them; yet tho' they have their Wives Consent: It is an unlawful Course, except in a Case of meer Necessity, or publick Service, or when they are able on good Grounds to say, that the Benefits are like to be greater to Soul and Body, than the Loss; and that they are confirm'd against the Danger of Incontinence: But, (adds Mr. Baxter) 'tis really such an incurable Unsuitableness be between Husband and Wife, as that their Lives must needs be miserable by their Cohabitation, I know not but they may live asunder; so be it that (after all other Means us'd in vain) they do it by deliberate Consent: But the Offices which Husband and Wife are bound to perform for one another, are such as for the most Part suppose the Cohabitation, like the Offices of the Members of the Body for one another; which they cannot perform, if they be dismember'd and divided.

There are Two very necessary Queries yet behind, which the young Couple may be too modest to propose, and therefore since I have promis'd to Athenianize every Project, I'll here answer these nice Questions.

(1.) Which are the fittest Seasons of Enjoyment, and how frequently do they make Returns?

(2.) How far may our Imagination and Desires be unbridl'd upon such Occasions?

As to the former of these, there's no Universal Rule can possibly be prescrib'd, for some Constitutions may run a greater Length than others. *Riverius* tells you, *The Night for Health, and the Morn for Pleasure*; but Nature her self must appoint the Seasons, where such Satisfaction, if they ben't abus'd, are made lawful by Marriage. Age and Diet make Nature run either high or low. But this I propose, That for the Sake of Health, and upon a certain Knowledge of the Vigor or Constitution, there be certain Seasons fix'd for these allowable Freedoms, for unless Nature has sufficient Time to ripen your Vigor and Inclination you must expect the Off-spring to be weak and spiritless, and short liv'd.

As for the latter Difficulty, there's without doubt a very lively Degree of Inclination and Desire allow'd, which must give the very Life and Spirit to the Embrio, as indeed a cold Inclination and Disaffection will give certain Death. The Sacred Writings seem to hint as much as this comes to, *Be thou ravish'd with her Love*. However, after all, the Excess of Inclination and the Agony of Desire may make a Man commit Adultery with his own Wife. And as to the necessary Restraints to be fix'd here take the following Advice.

First, Consider the Temper and Constitution of your Bodies, and in what Instances you are most inclin'd to do your natural Actions in an unlawful manner, and resolve upon such Means as may prevent that.

Again, Consider what Instances of these natural Actions, tho' lawful, yet tempt you to do them, rather for the pleasant Sensation than in Obedience to the Command of God,

The Path of Virtue, if narrow any where, it is in this respect.

The right ordering of the Intention makes the Act acceptable, which otherwise would be sinful; if we eat because God commands us to preserve our Lives by all lawful Means, and that we may keep our Bodies fit to do the Work of God, we eat to please God, and the Act is acceptable; but if we do the same thing with intent only to please our Palates, we serve our selves and sin.

By the Sensation in all natural Acts the Soul is to distinguish concerning the Health of the Body, and of the Fitness of the Means then us'd to preserve it, and where the Body is in Health, and fit Means us'd to preserve that Health, the Use of them will

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be pleasant, and cause very delectable Sensations, and the mortifying these Sensations must one way or other prejudice the Health, and consequently cannot be the Intent of the Holy Ghost.

Yet a *Christian*, when Two Things equally healthful are present, will chuse the less pleasant of the Two, to testify the *Pureness of his Intention*; for as I take it, the Intention of pleasing our selves in our Natural Acts, is the proper Object of Mortification.

This *Due Benevolence* is a Matter of very nice Speculation, and the Rule might indeed be strain'd a great deal too high for the Practice; but the World may expect full Satisfaction in all these, and many other Difficulties, in my next *Apollo* which is preparing for the Press.

Thus, Reader, I have said all that's necessary upon the Subject of *Due Benevolence*; and I hope I have fully and modestly stated that *Nice Point*.

*But Experience teacheth best,
All own mutual Love has Charms,
When the Wife and Husband rest
Lock'd in one anothers Arms.*

However, Reader, if I have said enough to set that part of *Familial Duty* in a true Light, which concerns *Due Benevolence*, I have oblig'd the young unexperienc'd Couple in a Subject which was never handled before in a distinct Treatise; and therefore I now leave 'em in each others Arms, and I hope in such innocent Embraces as may produce a Son and Heir. I won't say to *SAMPSON*; but were it my own Case I shou'd heartily wish it,

PROJECT XVI.*

The Marry'd Widower; or Dunton in Mourning for the Death of his living Wife, and New Life of his dead Friend, a Paradox; being Two Condoling Elegies to his dear Friend and School-fellow Mr. Elias Cock, and likewise to himself, upon the Natural and Conjugal Death of Mrs. Mary Cock, and Mrs. Sarah Dunton, the first of which departed this Life October the 27th, 1709. in the Fifty Second Year of her Age, and the last dy'd as a Wife, ever since the much desir'd Death of Mada Jane Nicholas.

Before my PROJECTS all are finished,
 Sure all my Friends will die and be interr'd!
 (I mean my Winter Friends, and such I most admir'd.)
 For since SAM. TREACHER soar'd among the Bless'd,
 And Pious LARKIN was by Death possess'd,
 Another Chesham Friend is gone to Rest.
 But shall? Oh shall this— best of Women go,
 And we not sing her Worth, and sigh our Woe?
 The last sad Task that Gratitude can do.
 Shall Fame amidst such Merit silent lie?
 Shall e'er the Springs that water Grief be dry?
 No! No! — DEAR COCK — whene'er we think of thee
 We'll write, or rather weep — an ELEGY.
 Ev'n Dunton mourns if dear Maria go,
 That was the best of Friends, and Women too:
 But who can tell the mutual Sighs and Tears,
 The Manly Groans, and gentle Wifely Fears,
 'Twixt thee and MARY, at that fatal Tide
 Which did the KNOT of Heav'n it self divide?
 Oh! that I were her HUSBAND for an Hour!
 For who can else describe Love's Mighty Pow'r?
 How sweet his Moments flow! how free from Strife,
 When bless'd like thee, ELIAS, in a Wife!
 But yet if dearer still, Friends still must part,
 They go — but leave behind each other's Heart;
 The Wife goes first, and Husband feels the Smart.
 But when, dear Saint, so near to Bliss you be/
 Remember Chesham, and remember me.

Some

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Some think that they in Heav'n their Learning share,
 But sure Love and Friendship enter there!
 However, Friend, I'll ring *Maria's* Knell;
 Death calls for Tears, but Angels scarce can tell
 Her Praise sufficient, she deserv'd so well:
 But not too much for such a Spouse as you,
Who truly mourn in Heart, and not in Shew.
 I as your *Brother Widower* too do mourn,
 For there's more Ways of losing Wives than one;
 For don't that Woman truly LIVE INTERR'D,
 ('Tis *Paradox*, but what is often heard)
 That marries— but her Husband will not Bed,
 For Fear (Forsooth) to lose her M—head.
 This is my Case, and I go mourning hence;
 For she is *Bury'd* in a Nuptial Sense,
 That does deny me *Due Benevolence*,
 I therefore as a *Widower* too do mourn;
 But 'tis not for a Wife, but for a Son;
 For Spouse does LIVE, and yet to me is DEAD,
 'Till she return unto her Husband's Bed.
 Then *Brother widower* if my Wife you see,
 Condole her *Death* in Tears, and do't from me:
 But as my Spouse in all Things else is kind,
 And calls me too the best of Human-kind,
 If she'll REVIVE by trying for a Son,
 I'll put my *Widower's* Mourning off again.
 'Till then I'll mourn her Death and *Mary's* too;
 One's dead to me, the other's so to you.
 Spouse complements to live an ANGEL's LIFE*,
 I like it not, I marry'd for a—WIFE,
 And therefore's DEAD 'till she as Wife does LIVE.
 Let me but have a Wife, whate'er she be,
 So she be *Woman* 'tis enough for me.
 I ask not one in whom all Graces shine,
 Her Sex alone endears her to be mine.
 If she be young she is not stubborn grown,
 And I may form her Manners to my own;
 If old, a Wife and Mother both I have,
 And either may a Kiss or Blessing crave:
 If she be fair she's lovely as the Light,
 If ugly, why what's Matter in the Night?
 If she be barren, I am free from Care,
 If fruitful, Children costly Blessings are;
 (But such I want, my Lands have ne'er an Heir.)
 If poor, she'll humble and obedient be,
 If rich, O! who'd fear Golden Slavery?

* i. e. she both desires and prays that we may live Angelical Lives.

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If Scold she be she'll teach me Patience,
 If Sluttrish, I may Temp'rance learn from thence;
 If full of Tongue, I shan't want Company,
 If mute, I'll love her for her Rarity;
 I'm Lord and Master if she be a Fool,
 If wise, I shall be so to let her rule.
 Unjust are they who 'gainst the Sex declaim,
 When 'tis not they, but we deserve the Blame;
 They all are good enough had we the Skill
 The Good in them to take and leave the Ill.
 That Wives and Husbands Humours seldom meet
 'Tis not 'cause they want Goodness, but these Wit:
 But your dear Wife (and therefore I condole)
 Was *all these Wives*— she was a matchless Soul;
 So full of Courage she'd her Husband Bed
 (Almost) tho' in the Grave he lay interr'd,
 She ne'er wou'd part, she ne'er wou'd lie alone,
 She ne'er did ask, but ne'er refus'd a Son;
 Witness *ELIAS* and my Name-sake *JOHN*.
 She was so full of Kindness that her Life
 Might be the Figure of a perfect Wife,
 As justly shall my dear *Valeria's* Name*
 Be handed with *MARIA's* down to Fame;
 For she by Virtue does assert her Blood,
 And values less her Birth than being good:
 Her only Crime is, *she wou'd lie alone*;
 She has no Mind to *Trifle* for a Son†.
 This makes me Mourn, for Sons perpetuate,
 And en't it Pity that a fine Estate
 Shou'd go to Strangers Brats— *Heirs prove such Wills a Cheat*.
 But you no *Widower* are for want of Heirs,
 For in your Bed your Consort freely shares;
 She did the noblest modern Instance prove
 Of JOY in Wedlock, and of Truth in Love.
 Then well may *Dunton* Mourn for such a Friend,
 And well may *'LIAS* weep for such a Gem.
 She was a Wife, obliging, tender wife,
 She was a Friend to comfort and advise;
 Such a true Wife, and such a noble Friend,
 All *Chester* does lament, and all commend.
 Thus *Dunton* Mourns at this sad Funeral;
 A Wife as tender, and as true withal,
 As the first Woman was before her Fall:

* My present Wife.

† Alluding to that learned Man Erasmus, who (in his Praise of Folly) says that the Act of Copulation is the most foolish and trifling Thing a wife Man can be guilty of.

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Made for the Man, of whom she was a Part;
 Made to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart;
 A Second Eve, but by no Crime accus'd;
 As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
 Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
 And Death had found no Entrance by her Sin.
 So she not only had preserv'd from Ill
 Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.
 All this was *MARY*, and you well may grieve,
 You'll never meet with such another Wife.
 Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore,
 She much obey'd you, but she lov'd you more.
 Not aw'd to Duty by superior Sway;
But taught by your Indulgence to obey.
 Thus we love God as Author of our Good;
 So Subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd
 Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd;
In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd:
 One Joy possess'd you both, and in one Grief you mourn'd.
 Your Passion still improv'd; you lov'd so fast
As if you fear'd each Day wou'd be her last,
 Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate
 That shou'd so soon divide your happy State:
 When you to Heav'n entirely must restore
 That Love, that Heart, where you went Halves before.
Tet as the Soul is all in ev'ry Part,
 So God and you might each have all her Heart.
 So had her Children too; for Charity
 Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she;
 Not *Cybele* with half so kind an Eye,
 Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Sky.
 Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit,
As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may suit.
 Her pious Love excell'd to all she bore;
New Objects only multiply'd it more.
 And as the Chosen found the pearly Grain,
 As much as ev'ry Vessel cou'd contain;
 As in the Blissful Vision each shall share
 As much of Glory as his Soul can bear;
 So did she love, and so dispense her Care.
 Her eldest thus, by Consequence, was best,
 As longer cultivated than the rest:
 The Babe had all that Infant Care beguiles,
And early knew his Mother in her Smiles:
 But when dilated Organs let in Day
 To the young Soul, and gave it Room to play,
 At his first Aptness, the Maternal Love
 Those Rudiments of Reason did improve:

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So that her Sons (which I think were but TWO)
Were ever modest, dutiful and true,
And mourn her Death almost as much as you.
That's *Lias* does, for *JOHN* is gone to Heav'n;
Where Friend you'll one Day find 'em all agen.
Thus all do grieve for *Mary's* Funeral,
And *Dunton* Mourns perhaps the most of all;
For since she dy'd my Thoughts and Spirits sink,
My very Soul for Grief forgets to think.
We well may Mourn—with *Cock* our Pleasures end,
In her we lose a Saint, as well as Friend.
Her very Thoughts, for those we understood,
And private Motions of her Soul were good.
Then whilst I MOURN dear *Sarah's* Marriage-Death,
I'll likewise WEEP for *Cock's* departed Breath,
A marry'd Widower — shou'd for ever grieve.

Dunton, then, publish what you MOURN and hear,
And here give Mrs. *Cock's* just Character.
The Woman's dead, whom vain 'twere to pretend
For single Virtues only to commend:
Her Modest, Chast, or Affable to call,
For she was more, nay, she alone was *All*.
And if her real Worth you'll try to find,
Say all the Good you can of Woman-kind.
When you want Words (and that I'm sure you must,
If that her Character be true and just)
Then let your subtle Imagination try
To form a Notion in the high'st Degree
Of some abstracted Good in'ts Purity,
Conceive it aright, and then I'm sure 'tis *She*.

The wife is dead, whom Nature never made,
Or Int'rest taught, to love in Masquerade.
To feign Obedience that was really none,
Or by dissembling gain Affection.
By which some their fond Husbands Passions move,
And gently cheat, and wheedle into Love.
But as for her, who scorn'd that trifling Way,
'Twas the same Thing to love, and to obey.
She ne'er compell'd her struggling Will to bend
To humour Husband, or to flatter Friend.
For all she did, was done with so much Ease,
Was so sincere, so free from Artifice,
That in her very Nature 'twas to please.
She made her Peace with God — and was a Wife
That was CONTENT in ev'ry State of Life.

* They are Mrs. *Cock's* own Words on her Death-Bed; "That
she had made her Peace with God.

Then

Then Pious Evans* well might preach Contentment
 In ev'ry State, for 'twas what COCK had learnt.
 For Three and Twenty Years she was a Spouse,
 She's still CONTENT, and charm'd her very Foes:
 Ev'n in her Sickness, that did end in Death,
She never drew one discontented Breath,
 We well may Mourn, for she was thus inspir'd
 That now in Chesham Church-yard lies interr'd.
 She was—— I never can declare the best;
 She was— *The best of Wives*— and Friends at least:
 For such a Wife does *best of Husbands* mourn,
 (For COCK is such, as all his Neighbours own.)
 For such a MAM the *best of Children* sighs;
 Nay, which is more— weeps 'till he drowns his Eyes†;
 For such a Loss all Chesham does condole,
 And Duntou Mourns in's very Heart and Soul:
 But all my Sighs and Tears are spent in vain,
 For I can't weep her into Life again.
 Then Sarah LIVE, you'd breath in Son and Heir,
 After you're DEAD and rotten Sixty Year;
 Let me not die— *A Marry'd Widower*,
 Dear COCK is DEAD, but 'twasn't— *a Marriage Dead*;
 She's dead indeed, but you in Death can breath:
 Yes, COCK has taken her Eternal Leave.

She's gone, she's gone, and a small Grave contains
 Her Breathless Dust, Maria's dear Remains.
 Safe on the Æth'rial Shoar methinks I see her stand,
 And there she waits, and there she waves her Hand;
 She courts you up to Bliss, and wonders at your Stay,
 Kindly dear COCK she cries, come quickly, come away.
 There, if your Innocence you still retain,
 Your dear Maria you shall clasp again.
 But cou'd the dear Maria see you mourn,
 From that blest'd Place she wou'd perhaps return:
 But vain alas are your Complaints, she's gone
 And left you in this Desert World alone;
 For COCK depriv'd of her dear Company,
 The World is all a Hermitage to thee.
Let ev'ry thing a sadder Look put on,
Maria's dead! she lov'd Maria's gone!
 And so is Sarah, if she get no Son.

* This truly pious and eminent Dissenting Minister, Mr. Evans of Chesham, preach'd Mrs. Cock's Funeral Sermon on this Text; For I have learned in whatsoever State I am therewith to be content, Phil. 4. 11.

† Mr. Elias Cock Junior is here meant, who has mourned for the Death of his tender Mother, at an extraordinary Age.

PROJECT XVII. *

The Apparition-Evidence: Or, *A miraculous Detection of the unnatural Lewdness of Dr. John Atherton, (formerly Bishop of Waterford in Ireland) by a Spectrum, (the same Prelate whose extraordinary Penitence I recommended in the Eleventh Project of this Book to the four dissenting Parsons accus'd of Adultery,——) attested by Sir George Farwel, Knight, the Reverend Mr. Buckley, and other Persons of Quality, who heard the whole Examination: Intermix'd with a Prophetick Account of the manner of Bishop Atherton's untimely End many Years before he was Executed:——The whole being an Original Manuscript, (and very great Rarity) never printed before.*

R Eader,—since I writ the Remarks on the four dissenting Parsons accus'd of Adultery, and recommended to their Imitation the extraordinary Penitence of Bishop *Atherton*, by a very remarkable Providence, there was sent to me by a Citizen of great Integrity now living in London the *Apparition-Evidence*, or a miraculous Detection of the unnatural Lewdness of Bishop *Atherton*; and as 'twas sent to me on purpose to be publish'd in this work, I'll here print it without the Addition or Alteration of one Word; which I the rather do, not only as 'tis a further Confirmation of the Account I gave in my *Eleventh Project* of the extraordinary Penitence of Bishop *Atherton*, but as this *Apparition-Evidence* (or further Detection of Bishop *Atherton's* unnatural Lewdness and great Penitence) seems to be a new Call from Heaven to Mr. *John L——* Mr. *F——* C—— Mr. *David ——* and Mr. *D——* L—— to make their Repentance as publick as Bishop *Atherton's*, as related in the following Narrative, entitl'd, *The Apparition-Evidence*, which was this, without the Addition or Alteration of one Word.

The

The Apparition-Evidence.

TH E Providences of God ought to be observ'd and recorded, especially when they be singular, and have extraordinary Circumstances in them. What I now write I heard from Persons of Quality, and great Veracity, who were present at the Examination, and had Relation and Conversation with Two of the Parties concern'd in this History.

Dr. Bernard, Dean of *Ardagh*, that writ the History of Bishop *Atherton's* Repentance, (which in Truth was very great and rare, a wonderful Instance of the mighty Power of Divine Grace) did not in the least touch at the Crime for which he suffer'd. We may guess at the Reasons: *First*, He would not bespatter his Order, it being a very foul Reflection upon the Hierarchy, that one of that eminent Character should be branded for such heinous Crimes, and have his Fingers dip'd in the Blood of his own innocent Bowels. *Secondly*, Better, next to its never having been committed, never to have Sin remembered more. In truth, all Sins should be forgotten and forsaken; But that miraculous Work of God in detesting it, and thereby bringing that proud, incestuous, and bloody Prelate, into a most bitter, evangelical Repentance; and, as a rational Charity must needs oblige us to believe, into the blessed State of Grace, and of Eternal Glory. I say such a miraculous Work of God ought to be had in Everlasting Remembrance. "The Works of the Lord are great, and lought out by all them that have Pleasure therein."

There be Three Scenes of this Tragedy, and we shall pass over to them in their proper Order.

At *Mynehead*, in the County of *Somerset*, in the Year of our Lord 1636. or thereabouts, there liv'd an ancient Gentlewoman, the Widow of one Mr. *Leaky*, of what Quality her Husband was I cannot tell, but his and her only Son was a Merchant in that Town, that drove a considerable Trade betwixt it and *Waterford*, and some other Ports in *Ireland*, and was reputed worth about Eight or Ten Thousand Pound Estate. This Gentleman had but one Child by his Wife, of both which we shall hear more by and by.

Mrs. *Leaky*, the Old Gentlewoman, was of a free, pleasant and cheerful Temper, exceeding good Company, and would render her self by her Carriage and Discourses, by her Expressions and Conversation, exceeding acceptable and delightful to all sorts of Persons, insomuch that they would often say to her and to one another, "That it was a Thousand Pities such an excellent good-natur'd Gentlewoman should die. And in the midst of all their Mirth she would ordinarily tell them, "pleas-

"pleasing as my Company is now to you, you will not care
 "to see and converse with me when I am dead, tho' I be-
 "lieve you may. However die she doth, and being dead
 and buried, some time after, she is seen again, by Night,
 and at last at Noon-Day, in her own House, in the Town
 and Fields, at Sea and Shore. I shall give you some emi-
 nent Instances; a Dr. of Physick, who liv'd at *Mynbead*,
 having been in the Country to visit a Patient, as he return-
 ed Home towards the Evening, meets in the Field, travel-
 ling on Foot to the Town, an ancient Gentlewoman;
 he accosts her very civilly, falls into Discourse with her,
 and coming to a Stile, lends her his Hand to help her over;
 but finds and feels her's to be prodigiously cold, which
 makes him eye this Gentlewoman a little more wisely than
 he had done before; and observes that in speaking, she never
 moves her Lips, and in seeing never turns her Eye-Lids, nor
 her Eyes. This and some other Circumstances affright him,
 and suggests to his fearful Mind that it might be *Mrs. Lenky*,
 of whom there was a general talk in the Town, that she was
 dead, and yet walked again, and was seen of many; where-
 upon when he comes to the next Stile, he passes over, but
 never turns back to pay her his former Ceremony, and Re-
 spect of the Hand; which so incens'd this old Hag, that she
 grew as froward and fullen as the Doctor, and kept silence,
 and gave him no more Mouth-speech, since he was become
 as mute as a Fish towards her, and when they came to the
 next Stile, she got before him, and sat just in the middle of
 it, so that when he came to it, his Way was block'd up;
 hereupon he turns aside, and goes to a Gate, thinking to
 cross over that into the Highway, but when he came thi-
 ther, she sits astride over that also; but yet some how or
 other he got over, and coming to the Towns-end, the Spe-
 ctrum gives him a kick on the Breech, and bids him be more
 civil to an ancient Gentlewoman next time: But this was a
 petty and inconsiderable Prank to what she play'd in her
 Son's House, and elsewhere; she wou'd, at Noon Day, ap-
 pear upon the Key of *Mynbead*, and cry, *A Boat, A Boat,*
ho! A Boat, a Boat, ho! If any Boatmen or Seamen were
 in Sight, and did not come, they were sure to be cast away,
 and if they did come, 'twas all one, they were cast away:
 It was equally dangerous to please and displease her. Her
 Son had several Ships sailing between *Ireland* and *England*;
 no sooner did they make Land, and come in sight of *En-*
gland, but this Ghost wou'd appear in the same Garb and
 Likeness, as when she was alive, and standing at the main
 Mast, would blow with a Whistle, and tho' it were never so
 great a Calm, yet immediately there wou'd arise a most
 dreadful Storm, that would break, wrack, and drown Ship
 Z z and

and Goods, only the Seamen would escape with their Lives; the Devil had no Permission from God to take them away; yet at this Rate, by her frequent Apparitions and Disturbances, she had made a poor Merchant of her Son, for his fair Estate was all buried in the Sea, and he that was once worth Thousands, was reduced to a very poor and low Condition in the World; for whether the Ship were his own, or hired, or he had but Goods on Board it, to the Value of Twenty Shillings, this troublesome Ghost would come as before, whistle in a Calm, at the Main-Mast, at Noon Day, when they had descried Land, and then Ship and Goods went all out of Hand to wrack; insomuch that he could at last get no Ships wherein to stow his Goods, nor any Mariner to sail in them, they knowing what an uncomfortable, fatal and losing Voyage they should make of it, did all decline his Service.

In her Son's House she hath her constant Haunts by Day and Night: But whether he did not or would-not own if he did see her, he always profess'd he never saw her: Sometimes when in Bed with his Wife, she would cry out, *Husband, look there's your Mother*; and when he would turn to the right Side, then was she gone to the left, and when to the left Side of the Bed, then was she gone to the right; only one Evening, their only Child, a Girl of about five or six Years old, lying in a Truckle-bed under them, cries out, *O help me, Father; help me, Mother, for Grandmother will choke me*; and before they could get to their Child's Assistance, she had murder'd it; they finding the poor Girl dead, her Throat having been pinch'd by two Fingers which stop'd her Breath, and strangled her: This was the forest of all their Afflictions; their Estate is gone, and now their Child is gone also; you may guess at their Grief and great Sorrow.

One Morning after the Child's Funeral, her Husband being Abroad, about Eleven in the Forenoon, Mrs. Leaky the younger goes up into her Chamber to dress her Head, and as she was looking into the Glass, she spies her Mother-in-law, the old Beldam, looking over her Shoulder; this cast her into a great Horror; but recollecting her affrighted Spirits, and recovering the Exercise of her Reason, Faith and Hope, having cast up a short and silent Prayer unto God, she turns about and bespeaks her; "In the Name of God, Mother, why do you trouble me? Peace, says the Spectrum, I will do thee no Hurt. What will you have of me? Says the Daughter: "Why, says the Spectrum, thou must go over to Ireland, and visit thy Uncle, the Lord Bishop of Waterford, and tell him, that unless he repent of the Sin whereof he knows himself guilty, he shall be hang'd: "Mother, saith she, this is a sleeveless Errand that you
" send

" send me about; my Uncle is a great Man, and if I
 " should deliver him such an idle Message, I shou'd but
 " render my self ridiculous: Pray, Mother, what was
 " the Sin hereof he was guilty, and must repent, or he must
 " be hang'd? Why, saith she, if thou wilt know, it is
 " Murther; for when he lodg'd at my Brother's House in
 " *Barnstable*, he being then married to my Sister, got my
 " Brother's Daughter with Child, and I deliver'd her of a
 " Girl, which as soon as he had baptized, I pinching the
 " Throat of it, strangled it, and he smok'd it over a Pan
 " of Charcoal, that it might not stink, and we buried it
 " it in a Chamber of that House. Now tell him, that this
 " is the Sin, of which if he don't repent, he shall be hanged.
 " Oh, but Mother, replies the young Mrs. *Leaky*, there's no
 " Body will carry me over, for if any of our Family or
 " Goods be in a Ship, you appear and raise a Storm, and
 " they be all cast away. To this the Spectrum retorts,
 " Thou shalt go, and return home again in Safety, and I
 " will not trouble thee; and I give thee thirty Days for thy
 " Voyage, but see that thou deliver the Message to the Bi-
 " shop that I have told thee. Upon this the Daughter takes
 " Heart, and bespeaks her, " Pray, Mother, where be you
 " now, in Heaven or in Hell? At which Words the Spe-
 " trum looks very stern upon her, but gives her no An-
 " swer, and immediately vanishes out of her Sight. A while
 " after her Husband returning Home, she relates to him all
 " this Dialogue, and the Commission was given her, and de-
 " mands his Advice in it, who tells her, he wou'd have her go:
 " But this young Gentlewoman before she wou'd pass over
 " into *Ireland*, doth first of all consult with some godly Mini-
 " sters about it, to whom she discovers all these Passages; and
 " they, considering the whole, advise her to go to *Waterford*.
 " She crosseth over in the next Vessel, and goeth strait to the
 " Bishop's Palace, where she meets his Lordship in the Hall,
 " and delivers him the Message she was enjoyned, who makes
 " none other Reply than this, *That if he were born to be hang'd,*
 " *he should not be drown'd.* Not being invited to drink or
 " stay in the Palace one Night, she taketh the very first Op-
 " portunity of a Ship sailing to *Mynhead*, and returns Home
 " again in a very few Days to her own House; and being
 " known to be come back from *Ireland*, she is apprehended by
 " the Warrant of some Justice of the Peace, and brought to
 " the Sessions at *Taunton*, and being examined, giveth this Ac-
 " count unto the Bench, which I have here written. Sir *George*
 " *Farrel*, Kt. living at *Hill Bishops* near *Taunton*, was one of the
 " Justices upon the Bench: Mrs. *Bruen*, a Widow, one of his
 " Daughters, was also present in Court; and Mr. *Buckley*,
 " then a Minister near *Taunton*, afterward when I was of

Kingsbridge, he was Rector of *Thurstone* in the South Hams of Devon, heard the whole Examination : From these two last Persons, *Madam Bruen*, and *Mr. Buckley*, I had this Relation, and this Circumstance more. That the Justices having examined *Mrs. Leaky* upon Oath, sent her Deposition up to *Whitehall* to the Council-Table, *Charles the First*, being then King. But this Deposition being no legal Evidence, no Witness in Law, the Business was let fall, and the Bishop however he might be suspected, was not at all prosecuted for this time.

And now we must shift and change our Scene, and remove from *Mynhead* in *Somersetshire*, to *Barnstable* in Devon.

The Town-Clark of *Barnstable*, about the Year 1639. was one of those whom the World call'd Puritans; he had an Apprentice of about sixteen Years of Age, a sturdy stugged Boy, stout enough; his Name was *Chamberlin*, he complains often to his Master, that the House was haunted, and that he was frighted with Apparitions. Sometimes he shou'd see a young Gentlewoman about Eighteen or Twenty Years old, all in white, with her Hair dishevell'd, leading a very little Child up and down the Room, which seem'd as if it were new born; otherwhiles she would carry it in her Arms, but very dejectedly and disconsolately, and would look upon him in a very doleful and sorrowful Manner: Ordinarily there would come an old Man in his Gown, and sit upon the Bed by him, staring him in the Face, but speak never a Word: These Apparitions were very troublesome and afflictive to him: His godly Master hath him to several worthy Ministers, who do converse with him, and advise him to speak to it; and one of them to encourage him to do it, watch'd some Nights with him, but upon Sight of the Spectrum, was so affrighted himself, that he could not speak, nor would suffer young *Chamberlin* to speak neither: But one Night as he was sitting up, writing some Instrument (engrossing a Deed) he came to a Place which was interlin'd and blotted, and just then comes into the Room, as he thought, his Master, who sits him down by him, wedging him in, so that he could not in any wise get out, he reads the blurr'd Paragraph over and over, but not being able to make any Sense of it, he takes it up, and bespeaks, as he suppos'd, his Master; " Sir, saith he, would you be pleas'd " to read this to me, for I can't tell what Sense to make of " it; but there is no Answer given him: He supposing his Master was busie in Meditation, conceived it good Manners not to interrupt him, till having tired himself, to pick out Sense out of this blotted Passage, which he could never do, he takes it up the second time, and bespeaks his supposed Master, " Sir, saith he, wou'd you be pleas'd—— and
with

with that casting his Eye upon him, soon discovers his Mistake, and finds that it was the Spectrum that had so long troubled him; he would now have given his Life for a halfpenny, but plucking up his Spirits, Necessity and Despair making him valiant, he boldly asks him, "Sir, why do you trouble me? To which the Apparition replies, "Don't be afraid, I'll do thee no Harm: Well, what is it that you would have? Why, saith the Spectrum, do thou go into such a Room in the House, and dig there up the Planking, and thou shalt find four Boxes, one upon the other; in the first there is all Sorts of wearing Apparel, of Silks, Satins and Velvet (unless my Memory fails me) for Men and Women; in the second, abundance of good Table and Bed Linnen, very choice and fine, of Holland and Damask; in the third, there was a Sum of Money in Gold and Silver, ready coined: And two silver Pots, one full of Gold; which together with all the rest of those buried Goods, the Apparition very liberally bestows upon him; but the other Pot, he commands him upon Pain of Death, not to look into it, but to take it and carry it into *Wales* to Mrs. Betty, his Master's Daughter; and when he landed in *Wales*, at such a Place as the Apparition assign'd him, he would meet him, and deliver him a further Message for her, and he shou'd dispatch all in ten Days time; but he bad him look to it that he did not so much as peep into that silver Pot he was to carry over to her, for it was as much as his Life was worth: Young *Chamberlain* fairly promiseth to perform all that is enjoyn'd him; and at Parting, the old Spectrum tells him, "In the fourth and innermost Box, there be two Cups of precious Stones, enchased in Gold, take them also, for I freely give them to thee, and so good Night. *Chamberlin* is glad to be so fairly rid of this troublesome Company; betakes himself immediately to his Rest, and the next Morning acquaints his Master with his last Night's Adventure; his Master bids him do as he was commanded, and he had promised; accordingly he gets into the Parlour where he was directed, breaks up the Boards of the Planking, and finds all that the Spectrum had discovered to him; he had in Money near twelve hundred Pound, besides the Goods, Pots and Cups, of which we shall hear more News anon. Never did any Fellows Teeth water more upon a sweer Bit, or his Fingers itch to meddle with prohibited Wares, than *Chamberlin's* Eyes did to be looking into the forbidden silver Pot; but the Fear of the Spectrum's Menaces aw'd him and kept him much against his Will within Bounds, tho' a thousand times a Day he would be pedling about it, to see what was in it: However, at last he takes his Opportunity, with his Pot gets into

into a Boat, crosseth over the Bar of *Barnstable*, and the *Servant* into *Wales*, and arrives at the Place appointed for his Interview with the old Apparition, which was about two Miles and an half from the Shore : At the first meeting, the Spectrum is very froward and angry, and tells him very chidingly, " Sirrah, thou hast an earnest longing to be looking into this Pot. Not I, saith *Chamberlin* ; Nay, Sirrah, " but thou hast, saith the Spectrum, and therefore do not lye unto me, but get thee presently unto thy Master's Daughter, and deliver her this Message which I now tell thee, and give her the Pot : what this Message was, tho' he was earnestly importun'd by *Madam Fortescue*, the Widow of *John Fortescue*, of *Spriddlestone*, in the Parish of *Brixton*, and County of *Devon*, Esq; from whom I had this Relation in the Year, 1663, having been Minister of that Parish, and outed of it by the Act of *Baribolomen* the Year before, to whom *Chamberlin* was Steward for his Mannors in the Town and Parish of *Collumpton*, in the said County of *Devon*, yet would he never discover it, and crav'd that Lady's Excuse, because he had married her Sister, and it would but cast Dung and Reproach upon his Wife's Blood and Family. But to go on with my Story, *Chamberlin* had a very scrupulous Conscience, and moves this Case to the Devil ; " But what " and if Mrs. *Betty* will not take the Pot ? Then, saith he, " leave it with her, and tell her from me, that it were better " she had taken it, for she shall hear further from me.

Of this Mrs. *Betty*, by the Way ; She was the dearest of her Father's Children, who was exceeding fond of her ; but she having got a great Belly, without an Husband, in her Father's House, her godly Parents very severely reprov'd her for her grievous Sin against God and her own Soul, and the Scandal to Religion, and Infamy to their Family. She, after she had gotten it away, as you before heard, quits her Father's House, withdraws her self from her Relations, and lives privately there in *Wales*, for about seven Years time, upon a Portion that she had left her either by an Aunt or Grandmother.

Well, *Chamberlin* the next Morning, betwixt five and six, comes to her House, knocks at the Door, and down comes a young Gentlewoman of about 27, with her Breasts naked, Hair dishevel'd, in a very forlorn and disconsolate Condition, and asks him, what his Business is ? To whom *Chamberlin* replies, Mrs. *Betty*, " I am commanded to deliver you such a Message from a Spirit that hath appeared to me ; and he tells her what was given him in Charge, and delivers her the Pot ; she refuseth to take it ; he tells her she must ; she saith she will not, but he must carry it to him from whom he had it ; *Chamberlin* then replies, " Mrs. *Betty* if you

“do not, it will be so much the worse for you, for I am order’d to leave it with you. With that, fetching a deep Sigh, and smiting her Breast; “Ah, saith she, it was not for nothing that I have been so troubled all this Night, I was born to be miserable. And so without enquiring for her Parents, or inviting him in to drink; she takes the silver Pot, and gets up into the Chamber: *Chamberlin* having now discharg’d his Trust and Errand, immediately returns to the Sea side, where finding a Boat ready for *Barnstable*, he enters into it, and before it launched off from Land, Mrs. *Betty* comes down into it also, and sits just against him, but all the time they were passing over, never speaks a Word to him, nor he to her: As soon as they arrive at *Barnstable*, he goes to a Tavern, and she to her Father’s House, whom seeing, and her Mother, she falls down upon her Knees, and craves their Blessing: Great is the Joy in the whole Family at the Presence of this Stranger; but having sat and discoursed with them, about a Quarter of an Hour, she riseth, and takes a Key and Hammer that hung in the Parlour, and goes up Stairs, unlocks a Chamber-door, and then locks it again upon her, where she was heard beating out a Board in the Window, and then nail it fast again. What she took thence is not known, but having dispatch’d her Business, she opens the Door, locks it again, comes down, puts the Key and Hammer in their Places, and having sat and discours’d with her Parents a quarter of an Hour more, she then begs their Blessing, and departs, no Intreaty or Importunity being able to detain her a Night; no, not so much as to drink with them; but over to *Wales* she will go again, where indeed she returns, and lives about some fourteen Months, and then falling sick, she calls her Maid to her, telling her, she would make her her Heir, and leave her 700*l.* after her Death, which was now near at Hand, provided she would solemnly promise and swear to her, that as soon as she was buried, she would take the first Opportunity to go over to *Ireland*, and carry that silver Pot (but she must not look into it) unto her Uncle the Lord Bishop of *Waterford*, with her dying Message to him, that if he did not repent of the Sin he knew himself guilty of, he should be hang’d. The Maid engageth to her Mistress to perform her Will, who a few Hours after dieth.

Mrs. *Betty* being dead, and her last Will being noised Abroad, a Justice of Peace near unto that Place, being inform’d of this unusual Gift and Charge, sends out his Warrant to bring this Maid, and the silver Pot before him; and being examined, she gives this Relation of her Mistress’s last Will and Injunction on her, as I have related; the Justice commands the Cover to be taken off the Pot, and looking

looking into it, finds the Skeleton and Bones of a little new born Infant: This surprizeth his Worship and all the Spectators; presently News of this is sent up to his Majesty King Charles I. and the Privy-Council, who dispatcheth an Order to the Council at Dublin, to seize the Bishop of Waterford: This and some other Circumstances jumping in at the same time, caused his Arraignment, Condemnation and Execution. But as he had been a Sinner above many, so was he an extraordinary Penitent. The Relation of his Repentance was writ and printed with his funeral Sermon, which was preach'd by Dr. Bernard. But as I said at first, without any, the least Notice taken, or mention made of his Crimes, or of this which I have now from faithful and credible Witnesses inserted into this Paper.

As for the great Treasure which the Devil so freely bestowed on Chamberlin: In those unhappy civil Wars, the Cavaliers, i. e. the King's Soldiers, in those Parts, plunder'd him of all; excepting five broad Pieces, which he reserv'd, and his two Cups, of which there is this remarkable Story and Providence.

Mr. Chamberlin had by his Wife, his Master's Daughter, two Children, with these he and she travel from Barnstable to Collympton. The Children were put in a pair of Panniers, one in each, and the two Cups tied upon the Saddle betwixt them; as they were travelling in a fair Summers Day in July 1650. over Black Down in the Way to Collympton, about Noon, the Sun is overcast with a very dark and thick Cloud; and on the sudden, it falls a thundering very grievously and terribly, and a great Thunderclap strikes in between the poor Children; which done, the dark Cloud vanisheth, and the Heavens clear up again as bright as before; only poor Mrs. Chamberlin, all in Terror and Horror, supposing her Children to have been destroyed by it, cries out; *O, my Children! My Children!* But coming up to them, she and her Husband find them very merry, laughing and playing without any Hurt; then they took for their two Cups of two precious Stones, enshel'd in Gold, but they find them gone; the same Hand that gave them him ten Years before, did now take them away; no one having been a jot the better for the Devil's Gift. There went a Report Abroad in the Countrey, that the Devil took these Cups out of Mr. Chamberlin's Hands, but it was not so, but as I have now recorded and here related unto that worthy Lady Madam Fortescue, for whose Mannors, as I said before, he was Steward, and from whose Mouth I had this remarkable Providence; he having acquainted her with all these Passages and Particulars.

Thus, Reader, I have obliged you, with a great (and perhaps matchless) Rarity, I mean with the Apparition Evidence (for so you see 'tis properly call'd) or in rarer's Direction of the unnatural Lewdness of Bishop Atherton; and this I have done without any Remarks of my own upon it (save those few Words that introduce and conclude it) for you see, Reader, the Narrative is so plain and well attested, it stood in no need of a further Paraphrase, but if any one doubt of the Truth of the Narrative, as I think no Man can in his right Senses (being so well attested by Sir George Farrel, the Reverend Mr. Buckley, and other Persons of Quality) if any are so CURIOUS to see the Original Manuscript, if they'll repair to my worthy Friend Mr. Daniel Webb in Noble-Street, they may there know by what credible Hand this Narrative (or Apparition Evidence) was sent to me, and where the Original Manuscript is now repositied.

And so, Reader, farewell, 'till I meet thee again in a Second Volume of Danton's Athenianism, which if this FIRST meets with a kind Reception, will be about next Midsummer.

F I N I S.

